





1568/1330.

WORKS

THE

WORKS

OF

Laurence Sterne, M. A.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

WORKS

OF

Lawrence Sterne, M. A.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE *Francis Works*
WORKS

O F

Laurence Sterne, A. M.

PREBENDARY of *York*, and VICAR of *Sutton*
on the Forest, and of *Stillington* near *York*.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE FIFTH EDITION.



DUBLIN.

Printed for H. SAUNDERS, D. CHAMBERLAINE,
and J. POTTS, Booksellers.

MDCCLXXV.

W O R K S

O F

Laurence Sterne, A. M.

Parson of Wakefield, and Vicar of Thirsk
on the North, and of Thirsk near York.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE FIFTH EDITION.



DUBLIN

Printed by J. G. ...
...
...

A
Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

BY

MR. YORICK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I

A

SCOTTISH JOURNALS

FRANCE AND ITALY

MR. YOUNG

IN TWO VOLUMES

701

Advertisement.

THE Author begs leave to acknowledge to his subscribers, that they have a further claim upon him for Two Volumes more than those delivered to them now, and which nothing but ill health could have prevented him from having ready along with these.

The Work will be compleated and delivered to the Subscribers early the next Winter *.

* The Author died soon after the Publication of these Two Volumes, before he was able to fulfil the above Engagement.

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Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

— **T**HEY order, said I, this matter better in France —

— You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world. — Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one and twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights — I'll look into them: so giving up the argument — I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches — “the coat I have on,” said I, looking at the sleeve, will do” — took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning — by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricassée'd chicken so incontestibly in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the * *Droits d'aubaine* — my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches — port-mantua and all must have gone to the King of France — even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have I told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. —

A 3

Ungenerous!

* *All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are seized by virtue of this law, tho' the heir be upon the spot — the profit of these contingencies being farm'd, there is no redress.*

6 A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Ungenerous! — to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckon'd to their coast — by heaven! SIRE, it is not well done: and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of the people so civilized and courteous, and so renown'd for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with —

But I have scarce set a foot in your dominions —

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finish'd my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper — I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

— No — said I — the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek — more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

— Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us, fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with — In doing this I felt every vessel in my frame dilate — the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life, perform'd it with so little friction, that 'twould have confounded the most *Physical precieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine —

I'm

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I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have over-
set her creed.

The accession of that idea, carried nature, at
that time, as high as she could go — I was at peace
with the world before, and this finished the treaty
with myself —

— Now, was I a King of France, cried I — what
a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's
portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD scarce utter'd the words, when a poor
monk of the order of St. Francis came into the
room to beg something for his convent. No man
cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies —
or one man may be generous, as another man is pu-
issant — *sed non, quo ad hanc* — or be it as it may —
for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and
flows of our humours; they may depend upon the
same causes, for aught I know, which influence the
tides themselves — 'twould oft be no discredit to us,
to suppose it was so: I'm sure at least for myself,
that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied,
to have it said by the world, "I had had an af-
fair with the moon, in which there was neither sin or
shame," than have it pass altogether as my own
act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

— But be this as it may. The moment I cast
any eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give
him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse
into my pocket — button'd it up — set myself a little
more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to
him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in
my look: I have his figure this moment before my
eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved
better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tressure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about seventy — but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty — Truth might lie between — He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads, which Guido has often painted — mild, pale — penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth — it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure — but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right) — when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order — and did it with so simple a grace — and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure — I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it —

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— A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

— 'TIS very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address — 'tis very true — and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick — I felt the full force of the appeal — I acknowledge it, said I — a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet — are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm — the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmantau, full chearfully should it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate — The monk made me a bow — but of all others, resum'd I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore — The monk gave a cordial wave with his head — as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent — But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal

—— we distinguish, my good Father! betwix those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour —— and those who eat the bread of other peoples, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry —— Nature seem'd to have had done with her resentments in him; he shew'd none —— but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart smote me the moment he shut the door —— Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times —— but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed without the addition of unkind language —— I consider'd his grey hairs —— his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me? —— and why I could use him thus? —— I would have given twenty livres for an advocate —— I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise — and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old * Desobligeant in the furthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight, so I instantly got into it; and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessen the master of the hotel — but Monsieur Dessen being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn — I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Desobligeant*.

PREFACE.

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

IT must have been observed by many a peripatetic philosopher, that nature has set up by her own unquestionable authority certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his sufferings

* A chaise so called in France, from its holding but one person.

ferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits, but 'tis so ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, customs and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the *expatriated* adventurer: he must buy what he has little occasion for at their own price — his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large discount — and this, by the by, eternally driving him into the hand of more equitable brokers for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party —

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *Desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as the final causes of travelling —

Your idle people that leave their native country and go abroad, for some reason or reasons which may be derived from one of these general causes —

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The first two include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity or spleen, subdivided and combined in *infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the Clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction

direction of governors recommended by the magistrate — or young gentlemen transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is so small that they would not deserve a distinction, was it not necessary in a work of this nature to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character. And these men I speak of are such as cross the seas and sojourn in a land of strangers with a view of saving money for various reasons and upon various pretences: but as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble by saving their money at home — and as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *Heads*:

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow the Travellers of Necessity:

The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The simple Traveller,

And last of all (if you please)

The Sentimental Traveller

(meaning thereby myself) who have travelled, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account — as much out of *Necessity*, and the *besoin de Voyager* as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my fore-runners; that I might have insisted upon a whole nitch entirely to myself

myself ——— but I should break in upon the confines of the *Vain Traveller*, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle*.

It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himself, that with study and reflection hereupon he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue ——— it will be one step towards knowing himself; as it is great odds, but he retains some tincture and resemblance, of what he imbibed or carried out to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape, that the same grape produced upon the French mountains — he was too phlegmatic for that — but undoubtedly he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent — he knew enough of this world to know, that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynbeer* might possibly overset both in his new vineyard; and by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor Traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but whether useful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery — and even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety to turn to any profit — But as the chances run prodigiously the other way both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge

ledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either — and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me, when I have observed how many a foul step the inquisitive Traveller has measured to see sights and look into discoveries; all which, as Sancho Panca said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry-shod at home. It is an age so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others — Knowledge in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake who pay nothing — But there is no nation under heaven — and God is my record, (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work) — that I do not speak it vauntingly — But there is no nation under Heaven abounding with more variety of learning — where the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more surely won than here — where art is encouraged, and will so soon rise high — where Nature (take her all together) has so little to answer for — and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with — Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going? —

— We are only looking at this chaise, said they — Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat — We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *inquisitive traveller* — what could occasion its motion — 'Twas the agitation, said I coolly, of writing a preface — I never heard, said the other, who was a *simple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Desobligeant* — It would have been better, said I, in a *Vis à Vis*.

— As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.

C A L A I S.

I Perceived that something darken'd the passage more than myself, as I stepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Mons. Dessein, the master of the hôtel, who had just return'd from vespers, and with his hat under his arm, was most complainantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *Desobligeant*; and Monk Dessein speaking of it, with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belong'd to some *innocent traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Mons. Dessein's honour to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finish'd its career of Europe in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard; and having sallied out from thence but a vanipt-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures — but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be said for it — but something might — and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

— Now was I the master of this hôtel, said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Mons. Dessein's breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Desobligeant* — it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it —

Mon Dieu! said Mons. Dessein — I have no interest — Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Mons. Dessein, in their own sensations — I'm persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your

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your spirits — You suffer, *Monf. Dessein*, as much
as the machine —

I have always observed, when there is as much
sour as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman
is eternally at a loss within himself, whether to take
it, or let it alone: a Frenchman never is: *Monf.*
Dessein made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he — But in this case I should
only exchange one disquietude for another, and with
loss: figure to yourself, my dear Sir, that in giving
you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you
had got half way to Paris — figure to yourself how
much I would suffer, in giving an ill impression of
myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy,
as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit*.

The dose was made up exactly after my own pre-
scription; so I could not help taking it — and re-
turning *Monf. Dessein* his bow, without more ca-
sualty we walk'd together towards his *Remise*, to
take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when
the buyer (if it be but of a sorry postchaise) can-
not go forth with the seller thereof into the street to
terminate the difference betwixt them, but he in-
stantly falls into the same frame of mind and views
his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he
was going along with him to Hyde-park corner to
fight a duel. For my own part, being but a
poor sword's-man, and no way a match for *Mon-*
sieur Dessein, I felt the rotation of all the move-
ments within me, to which the situation is incident
— I looked at *Monsieur Dessein* through and
through — ey'd him as he walked along in pro-
file — then, *en face* — thought he look'd like a
Jew

Jew — then a Turk — disliked his wig — cursed him by my gods — wished him at the devil —
 — And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four louis d'ors, which is the most I can be over-reach'd in? — Base passion, said I, turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment — base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and, every man's against thee — heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk — she had followed us unperceived — Heaven forbid, indeed! said I, offering her my own — she had a black pair of silk gloves open only at the thumb and two fore fingers, so accepted it without reserve — and I led her up to the door of the Remise.

Monsieur *Dessein* had *disabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himself to have it open'd; and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand almost without knowing it; so that Monsieur *Dessein* left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street: in the latter case, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without — when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank — you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment upon Monsieur *Dessein*'s leaving us, had been fatal to the situation — she had infallibly turned about — so I begun the conversation instantly. —

— But what were the temptations, (as I write not to apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour, — but to give an account of them) — shall be described with the same simplicity, with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn—I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed; something jarred upon it within me—I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgement a world of pains—I was certain she was of a better order of beings—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned, upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, shewed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread calmness over all my spirits—

—Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!—

I had not yet seen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and long before we had got to the door of the Remise, *Fancy* had finished the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the TIBER for it—but thou art a seduced, and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us seven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it, and thou deckest out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When

When we had got to the door of the Remise, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original — it was a face of about six and twenty — of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without rouge or powder — it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it, which attached me much more to it — it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that state of its declension, which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss — but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines; I wish'd to know what they had been — and was ready to enquire, (had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted, as in the days of Esdras) — “*What aileth thee? and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?*” — In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and resolved some way or other to throw in my mite of courtesy — if not of service.

Such were my temptations — and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the Remise than what was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings: to take two utter strangers by their hands — of different sexes, and perhaps from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation, as Friendship herself could scarce have atchieved for them, had she projected it for a month —

— And

—And your reflection upon it, shews how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure. —

When the situation is what we would wish; nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so: you thank Fortune, continued she — you had reason — the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who but an English philosopher would have sent notice of it to the brain to reverse the judgment?

In saying this, she disengaged her hand with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning, that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could not have inflicted. — I was mortified with the loss of her hand, and the manner in which I had lost it carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a sheepish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

— She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled — the muscles relaxed, and I beheld the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest — melancholy! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow. — I pitied her from my soul; and though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart, — I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within

in me: she looked down — a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own — not as if she was going to withdraw hers — but as if she thought about it — and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct more than reason directed me to the last resource in these dangers — to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it, of myself; so she let it continue till Monsieur *Dessein* returned with the key; and in the mean time I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. — He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me — You shall taste mine — said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand — 'Tis most excellent, said the monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together — you never used me unkindly. — I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from

from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyse — Excuse me, Madame, replied I — I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations — 'Tis impossible, said the lady. — My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him — the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal — the lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible, that a spirit so regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. — We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubb'd his horn-box, upon the sleeve of his tunick; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction — he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest — but be it as it would — he begg'd we might exchange boxes — In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiss'd it — with a stream of good nature in his eyes he put it into his bosom — and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spir of its owner to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learn from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandon'd the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him — when, upon pulling out of his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections that I burst into a flood of tears — but I am as weak as a woman: and I beg the world not to smile but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffer'd a revulsion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we must be *man and wife* at least; so stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the Remise, the one of them, who was the inquisitive traveller, ask'd us, if we set out for Paris the next morning? — I could only answer for myself. I said; and the lady added, she was for Amiens. — We dined there yesterday, said the simple traveller — You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris*; but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of snuff — I made them a quiet bow, and wish-
ing

ing them a good passage to Dover — they left us alone —

— Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise? — and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion, and bad propensity in my nature, took the alarm as I started the proposition — It will oblige you to have a third horse, said AVARICE, which will put twenty olivres out of your pocket. — You know not who she is, said CAUTION — or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whisper'd COWARDICE —

Depend upon it, Yorick! said DISCRETION, 'twill be said you went off with a mistress, and came by assignation to Calais for that purpose —

— You can never after, cried HYPOCRISY aloud, shew your face in the world — or rise, quoth MEANNESS, in the church — or be any thing in it, said PRIDE, but a lousy prebendary.

— But 'tis a civil thing, said I — and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose, that I know of, but to encompass the heart with adamant — I turn'd instantly about to the lady —

— But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street, by the time I had made my determination; so I set after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of; but observing she walk'd with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand — with the slow, short measur'd step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fix'd upon the ground, it struck me, she was trying the same cause herself.

— God help her! said I, she has some mother-in-law, or tartufish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself: so not caring to interrupt the proceſſe, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than by sur-

prize, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the Remise, whilst she walk'd musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on the first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, "that she was of the better order of beings"——and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress——I went no further; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me——and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for particular enquiry——it brought on the idea of a further separation——I might possibly never see her more——the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces thro' which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself: in a word, I wish'd to know her name——her family's——her condition; and as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I form'd a score different plans——There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly——the thing was impossible.

A little French *debonaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, shewed me, it was the easiest thing in the world; for popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the Remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to present him to the lady

——I

— I had not been presented myself — so turning about to her, he did it just as well by asking her, if she had come from Paris? — No: she was going that route, she said. — *Vous n'etez pas de Londres?* — she was not, she replied. — Then Madame must have come thro' Flanders. — *Apparemment vous etez Flammande?* said the French captain. — The lady answered, she was. — *Peut être, de Lille?* added he — She said, she was not of Lille. — Nor Arras? — nor Cambray? — nor Ghent? — nor Brussels? she answered, she was of Brussels.

He had had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war — that it was finely situated, *pour cela* — and full of noblesse when the Imperialists were driven out by the French (the lady made a slight courtesy) — so giving her an account of the affair, and of the share he had in it — he begged the honour to know her name — so made his bow.

— *Et Madame à son Mari?* — said he, looking back when he had made two steps — and without staying for an answer — danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us, Mons. Dessein came up with the key of the Remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Mons. Dessein open'd the door of the Remise, was another old tatter'd *Desobligeant*: and notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before — the very sight of it stirr'd up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter, to construct

struct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: so Mons. Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris, so were in all respects as good as new — They were too good — so I pass'd to a third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price — But 'twill scarce hold two, said I, opening the door and getting in — Have the goodness, Madam, said Mons. Dessein, offering his arm, to step in — The lady hesitated half a second, and stepped in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Mons. Dessein, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'tis very droll, said the lady smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies — *c'est bien comique*, said she —

— There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the comick use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to — to make love the first moment, and an offer of his person the second.

'Tis their *fort*: replied the lady.

It is supposed so at least — and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

— To think of making love by *sentiments*!

I should

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I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants: — and to do it — pop — at first sight by declaration — is submitting the offer and themselves with it, to be fitted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if she expected I should go on.

Consider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers —

That grave people hate Love for the name's sake —

That selfish people hate it for their own —

Hypocrites for heaven's —

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frighten'd than hurt by the very report — What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at least after the time, that his silence upon it becomes tormenting. A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm — nor so vague as to be misunderstood, — with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it — leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind —

Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing — you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR *Dessin* came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady, the Count de L —, her brother, was just arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite good will for the lady, I cannot say, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event — and could not help telling her so — for it is fatal to a proposal, Madam, said I, that I was going to make you —

— You need not tell me what the proposal was, said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted.

errupted me. — A man, my good Sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before —

Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation — But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend — and to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it. — If I had — (she stopped a moment) — I believe your good will would have drawn a story from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice, and with a look of sensibility mixed with a concern she got out of the chaise — and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life: my time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion — I ordered post horses directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! said I, hearing the town clock strike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais —

— What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see, what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on. —

— If this won't turn out something — another will — no matter — 'tis an essay upon human nature — I get my labour for my pains — 'tis enough — the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beer-sheba*, and cry, 'tis all barren—and so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands chearily together, that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections—If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection—would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from *Boulogne* to *Paris*—from *Paris* to *Rome*—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted—He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the *Pantheon*—he was just coming out of it—*'Tis nothing but a huge cock pit**, said he—I wish you had said nothing worse of the *Venus of Medicis*, replied I—for in passing through *Florence*, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and had used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at *Turin*, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures had he to tell, "wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the *Anthropophagi*"—he had been flea'd alive and bedevil'd, and used worse than *St. Bartholomew*, at every stage he had come at—I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

B 4 Mundungus

* *Vide S---'s Travels.*

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples — from Naples to Venice — from Venice to Vienna — to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled straight on, looking neither to his right hand or his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it — every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival — nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity — I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happiest mansion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the Souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting — Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me, that, that was the very thing.

A servant! that I do most sadly, quoth I — Because, Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman — But why an English one, more than any other? — They are so generous, said the landlord — I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night

night — But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur, added he — It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois presentoit un ecu a la fille de chambre — Tant pis, pour Madlle Janatone,* said I.

Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis* — but, *tant mieux*. *Tant mieux, toujours,* Monsieur, said he, when there is any thing to be got — *tant pis* when there is nothing. It comes to the same thing, said I. *Pardonnez moi,* said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French marquis at our ambassadors's table demanded of Mr. H —, if he was H — the poet? No, said H — mildly — *Tant pis,* replied the Marquis.

It is H — the historian, said another — *Tant mieux,* said the Marquis. And Mr. H —, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he calls in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of — saying only first, That as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing — Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon — and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of peolpe at first sight; but never more so than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account — and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case — and I may add the gender too, of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first — and then began to enquire what he could do: But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them — besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *servng* for a few years; at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found moreover, That the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him — he retired *a se terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit a Dieu* — that is to say, upon nothing.

— And so, quoth *Wisdom*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of your's through France and Italy! Psha! said I, and do not one half of your gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon du voiage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When a man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match — he is not ill off — But you can do something else, La Fleur? said I — *O qu'oui!* —

he

he could make spatterdashes, and play a little on the fiddle——Bravo! said *Wisdom*——Why, I play a bass myself, said I——we shall do very well——You can shave, and dress a wig a little, La Fleur!——He had all the dispositions in the world——It is enough for heaven! said I, interrupting him——and ought to be enough for me——So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French Valet with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other——I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTRIUE.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow——he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, tho' very good in themselves, happen'd to be of no very great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper——it supplied all defects——I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own——I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeying, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by——he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am——it always mortifies the pride of the conceit,

conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for framing me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb——but he seemed at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise—get the horses put to—and desired the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'est un garçon de bonne fortune, said the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postillion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, “He is always in love.”——I am heartily glad of it, said I—’twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur’s elege, as my own, having been in love with one princess or another almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so, till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval between one passion and another: whilst this interregnum lasts, I always perceived my heart locked up—I can scarce find in it, to give Misery a sixpence;

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sixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can, and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good will again; and would do any thing in the world either for, or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

— But in saying this — surely I am commending the passion — not myself.

A F R A G M E N T.

— THE town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies and assassinations — libels, pasquinades and tumults, there was no going there by day — 'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass, that the *Andromeda* of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus,

O Cupid, prince of God and men, &c.

Every man almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perseus his pathetic address — “O Cupid! prince of God and men” — in every street of Abdera, in every house — “O Cupid! Cupid!” — In every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drops from it whether it will or no — nothing but “Cupid! Cupid! prince of God and men” — The fire caught, and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itself to Love.

No pharmacopoliſt could ſell one grain of hellebore — not a ſingle armourer had a heart to forge one inſtrument of death — Friendſhip and Virtue met together, and kiſſ'd each other in the ſtreet — the golden

golden age return'd, and hung o'er the town of Abdera -- every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chafily sat her down and listen'd to the song.

'Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little sour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise; and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "let them go the devil" — 'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise: he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them — they will be register'd elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! said I. I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul without a shirt on instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such

such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

--- I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over against me in the circle, putting something under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined--- The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with a nod of well-comeness--- *Prenez en---prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch--- Pity thy box should ever want one! said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it---taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it--- He felt the weight of the second obligation more than that of the first--- 'twas doing him an honour--- the other was only doing him a charity--- and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

--- Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service--- here's a couple of sous for thee--- *Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd--- The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well, upon any other motive.

Mon cher et tres charitable Monsieur--- There's no opposing this, said I.

My Lord Anglois--- the very sound was worth the money--- so I gave *my last sous for it*. But in the eagerness of giving I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perish'd, ere he could have ask'd one for himself: he stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days--- Good God! said I--- and I have not one single sous left to give him

him—But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature stirring within me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think how little, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse—Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore*—said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre bonteux* could say nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet**, and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.

—But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life: A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career—his bidet would not pass by it—a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French christian, saying neither more or less upon it, than, *Diable!* so presently got up and came to the charge again astride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again—then this way—then that way, and

* *Post-horse.*

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and in short every way but by the dead ass. — La Fleur insisted upon the thing — and the bidet threw him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, said I, with this bidet of thine? — *Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde* — Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I — so La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scamper'd back to Montriul. — *Peste!* said La Fleur.

It is not *mal à propos* to take notice here, that tho' La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter — namely, *Diable!* and *Peste!* that there are nevertheless three, in the French language; like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable? which is the first and positive degree, is generally used upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations — such as — the throwing once doublets — La Fleur's being kick'd off his horse, and so forth — cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always — *Le Diable!*

But in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots — 'tis the second degree.

'Tis then *Peste!*

And for the third —

But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly so refined a people must have smarted, to have forced them upon the use of it.

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress! whatever is my *cast*, Grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

But as these were not to be had in France, I resolved

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solved to take every evil just as it befell me without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant with himself, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of sight — and then you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horse in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaise, or into it.

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the post-house at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

—AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet — and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time — then laid them down — look'd at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand — then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle — looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made — and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were

were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seem'd desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleas'd heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive—but now he is dead I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him

him — they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for. — Shame on the world! said I to myself — Did we love each other, as this poor soul but loved his ass — 'twould be something. —

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into, required some attention: the postillion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pave* in a full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had an high opinion of the postillion had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace — On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's sake to go slower — and the louder I called the more unmercifully he galloped. — The deuce take him and his galloping too — said I — he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill about half a league from Nampont, — he had put me out of temper with him — and then with myself, for being so.

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me —

—Then, prithee get on — get on, my good lad, said I.

The

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The postillion pointed to the hill — I then tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass — but I had broke the clue — and could no more get into it again, than the postillion could into a trot. —

— The deuse go, said I, with it all! Here am I sitting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which nature holds out to us; so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep; and the first word which aroused me was *Amiens*.

— Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes — this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

A M I E N S.

THE words were scarce out of my mouth, when the Count de L***'s post-chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by: she had just time to make me a bow of recognition — and of that particular kind of it, which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look, for, before I had quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which she said, she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to Madame R*** the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story — that she still owed it me; and if my route should ever lay through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L*** — that Madame de L*** would be glad to discharge the obligation.

Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels — 'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home — 'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it ten thousand! with what a moral delight will

will it crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer? to see her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is their still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her.

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one; and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before ——— swearing as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey ——— Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity — she had a right to my whole heart ——— to divide my affections was to lessen them ——— to expose them, was to risk them: where there is risk, there may be loss ——— and what wilt thou have, Yorick! to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence ——— so good, so gentle and unrepublishing?

— I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself — but my imagination went on ——— I recall'd her looks at that crisis of our separation when neither of us had power to say Adieu! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck — and blush'd as I look'd at it, — I would have given the world to have kiss'd it, — but was ashamed. And shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands — shall it be smitten to its very root ——— and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal fountain of happiness? said I, kneeling down upon the ground — be thou my witness ——— and every pure spirit which tastes it, be thou

thou my witness also, That I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIEŒS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur ; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry — and not one thing had offer'd to signalize his zeal for my service from the time he had enter'd into it, which was almost four and twenty hours. The poor soul burn'd with impatience ; and the Count de L***'s servant, coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offer'd, La Fleur had laid hold of it ; and in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy ; and the Count de L***'s servant in return, and not to be behind in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him ; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in shewing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pull'd out his fife, and leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *filles de chambre* the *maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the household, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a dancing : I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L***, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *filles de chambre* to ask about it ; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant

servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she order'd him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaded himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his master — added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health — told her, that Monsieur his master was *au desespoir* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey — and, to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour — And he has done me the honour, said Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return?

Madame de L*** had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations — he trembled for my honour — and possibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attach'd to a master who could be wanting *en égards vis à vis d'une femme*; so that when Madame de L*** asked Le Fleur if he had brought a letter — *O qu'oui*, said La Fleur: so laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right side pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right — then contrary wife — *Diable!* — then sought every pocket — pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob — *Peste!* — then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor — pulled out a dirty cravat — a handkerchief — a comb — whip lash — a night-cap — then gave a peep into his hat — *Quelle étourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge — he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was: and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot (*par bazar*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity

portunity to recover the *faux pas* — and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had — a devil himself could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have mistook the road — or embarrassed me in so doing — his heart was in no fault — I was under no necessity to write — and what weighed more than all — he did not look as if he had done amiss.

— 'Tis all very well, La Fleur, said I. — 'Twas sufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been express'd in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings and could no way please myself.

In short I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stept out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink — then fetch'd sand and seal-wax — It was all one: I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again — *Le Diable l'emporte!* said I half to myself — I cannot write this self-same letter: throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour — Then prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book cramm'd full of small letters and billets-doux in a sad condition, and laying it upon the table,

and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in question — *La voila!* said he, clapping his hands; so unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE suis penetré de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en même temps au desespoir par ce retour impreveu du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne sera de penser a vous.

L'amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se desesperer.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le Corporal monte la garde Mecredi: alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun a son tour.

En attendant — Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je suis, MADAME,

Avec toutes les sentiments les plus respectueux et le plus tendres tout a vous,

JAKUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count — and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday — and the letter was neither right nor wrong — so to gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter, — I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way — I seal'd it up and sent him with it to Madame de L*** — and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS

PARIS.

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry all on floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks — tis very well in such a place as Paris — he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field; and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it — I say *up into it* — for there is no descending perpendicular amongst 'em with a "*Me voici! mes enfans*" — here I am — whatever many may think.

I own my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hôtel were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and looking through the glass saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure. — The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizards — the young in armour bright which shone like gold, be-plumed with each gay feather of the east — all — all tilting at it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love. —

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom — seek — seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled or flambeau shot its rays — there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *grisette* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries! —

— May I perish! if I do, said I pulling out the letter which I had to present to Madame de R***. — I'll wait upon this lady the very first thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly — and come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

— But I fear, friend! said I, this buckle won't stand. — You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand —

What a great scale is every thing upon in this city! thought I — The utmost stretch of an English periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water." — What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions; as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this — that the grandeur is *more* in the words; and *less* in the thing. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas, but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it to try the experiment — the Parisian barber meant nothing. —

The pail of water standing besides the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech — but 'twill be said — it has one advantage — 'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiae*

tie, than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and stalk so much alike, that I would not give nine-pence to choose among them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account, so taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go. — I shall confiden of that, said I, as I walk along,

*T H E * P U L S E .*

P A R I S .

HAIL ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open this door and let the stranger in.

— Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opera comique: --- Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work —

had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door —

— *Tres volontiers*; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so chearful a movement and so chearful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said — "This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you must cross—and there, any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you——

She repeated her instructions three times over to me with the same good natured patience the third time as the first—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out——she seem'd really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said—so looking, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot.—Is it possible! said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

—*Attendez!* said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into

into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. — So I walk'd in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down besides her.

— He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment — And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world — Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery —

— Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lackadayfical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever — How wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profession — and thou shouldst have laugh'd and moralized on — Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, “there are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse.*” — But a Griffer's! thou wouldst have said — and in an open shop! Yorrick —

— So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning. — 'Twas nobody but her husband, she said — so I began a fresh score — Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse — The husband took off his hat, and making a bow, said, I did him too much honour — and having said that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out — and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there — in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women — by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions they

they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant — Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot —

— Surely — surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone — thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

— And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she, — With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected — She was going to say something civil in return — but the lad came into the shop with the gloves — *A propos*, said I; I want a couple of pair myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Grisset rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her; they were all too large. The beautiful Grisset measured them one by one across my hand — It would not alter the dimensions — She begg'd I would try a single pair, which seem'd to be the least — She held it open — my hand slipp'd into it at once — It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little — No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety — where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them — they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the instructor. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it — it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter — it was

narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Griffet look'd sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves — and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence — I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her — and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack — she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins — It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did —

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Griffet had not ask'd above a single livre above the price — I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about — Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger — and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy? — *M'en croyez capable?* — Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome — so counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was no body in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse; but that I once knew one — for he is no more — and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name

in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death — but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, return'd them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world --- the sense is this:

“ Here’s a poor stranger come into the box — —
 “ he seems as if he knew no body; and is never like-
 “ ly, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every
 “ man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his
 “ nose --- ’tis shutting the door of conversation
 “ absolutely in his face --- and using him worse than
 “ a German.”

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud; and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him,
 “ I was sensible of his attention, and return’d him a
 “ thousand thanks for it.”

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini’s concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall,
 when

when the Marquêsina di F*** was coming out in a sort of a hurry — she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass --- She had done the same, and on the same side too; so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get cut; I was just as unfortunate as she had been, for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again --- We both flew together to the other side, and then back — and so on — it was ridiculous; we both blush'd intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first — I stood stalk still, and the Marquêsina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage — She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather side-ways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her — No, said I — that's a vile translation: the Marquêsina has a right to the best apology I can make her and that opening is left for me to do it in — so I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intencion to have made her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intencion towards me — so we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *chichestee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach — so we went down the stairs, stopping at every step to talk of the concert and the adventure — Upon my word, Madame, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out — And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter — I wish to heaven you would make a seventh, said I — With all my heart, said she, making room — Life is too short to be long about the forms of it — so I instantly stepp'd in, and she carried me home with her — And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I supposed, was at it, knows more than I.

I will

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I will only add, that the connection which arose out of that translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre* — and that was the unaccountable sport of nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs — No doubt, she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world: but in Paris, there is no end to her amusements — The Goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it — Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little — the face extremely dark — the eyes quick — the nose long — the teeth white — the jaw prominent — to see so many miserales, by force of accidents driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down — every third man a pigmy! — some by ricketty heads and hump backs; — others by bandy legs — a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth — a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees; from the first rudiments and flamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might say, 'tis owing to undue bandages — a splenetic one, to want of air — and an inquisitive traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses — the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the
sixth

sixth and seventh stories such number of the *Bourgeoisie* eat and sleep together; but I remember, Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be encreased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them — I do not call it getting any thing, said he — 'tis getting nothing — Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five and twenty years of the tenderest care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said upon it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carousal to the Palais Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty — Never mind, said I: some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful toward this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size or strength to get on in the world — I cannot bare to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the parterre, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless

defenceless being of this order had got thrust somehow or other into this luckless place — the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first on one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined — the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress — The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliath did upon David — and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn box — And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so temper'd to *bear and forbear!* — how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter — I told him the story in three words; and added how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife — The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to who it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it. — The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel,

nel, and pointing at the same time with his finger to the distress. — the centinel made his way up to it. — There was no occasion to tell the grievance — the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket — he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him — This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together. — And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

— In England, dear Sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance, — by saying it was a *bon mot* — and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to ask the old French officer “What was the matter?” for a cry of “*Haussez les mains, Monsieur l’Abbé,*” re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the parterre, was as unintelligible to me, as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was some poor Abbe in one of the upper loges, who he supposed had got planted perdu behind a couple of griffets in order to see the opera, and that the parterre espying him, were insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation. — And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastic would pick the Griffet’s pockets? The old French officer smiled, and whispering in my ear, open’d a door of knowledge which I had no idea of —

Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment — is it possible, that a people so sinit with sentiment

ment should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves — *Quelle grossierete!* added I.

The French officer told me, it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church, which begun in the theatre about the time the *Tartuffe* was given in it, by Moliere — but like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining — Every nation continued he have their refinements and *grossieretes*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns — that he had been in most countries, but never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others seem to want: *Le POUR, et le CONTRE se trouvent en chaque nation*; there is a balance, said he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is so can emancipate one half of the world from the prepossessions which it holds against the other — that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *savoir vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candour and good sense, as coincided with my first favourable impressions of his character — I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object — 'twas my own way of thinking — the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and his beast — if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before — I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honestly confess, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blush'd at many a word the first month — which I found insequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town — Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues

virtues and purity of heart — In our return back, madame de Rambouliet desired me to pull the cord — I ask'd her if she wanted any thing — *Rien que pour piffer*, said madame de Rambouliet —

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let madame de Rambouliet p—s on — And, ye fair mystic nymphs! go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path — for Madame de Rambouliet did no more — I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste CASTALIA, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

END OF VOLUME I.

A
Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

BY

MR. YORICK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

3d Annual Journey

FRANCE and ITALY.

BY
M. Y. O. R. C. E.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

Sentimental JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE and ITALY.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son upon the same subject into my head — and that bringing in Hamlet; and Hamlet, the rest of Shakespear's works, I stopped at the Quai de Conti in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world — *Comment!* said I; taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us — He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B****.

— And does the Count de B****, said I, read Shakespear? *C'est un Esprit fort*; replied the bookseller. — He loves English books; and what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too. You speak this so civilly, said I, that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a Louis d'or or two at your shop — the bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by her air and dress, seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egarements de Cœur & de l'Esprit*: the bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green satin purse

purse run round with a riband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out at the door together.

— And what have you to do, my dear, said I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one? nor till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, can't thou ever be sure it is so. — *Le Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl. — With reason, said I — for if it is a good one, it is a pity it should be stolen: it is a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dressed out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her satten purse by its riband in her hand all the time — It is a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it — she held it towards me — and there is very little in it, my dear, said I; but be as good as thou art handsome, and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespear; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and tying up the riband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courtesy than a low one — it was one of those quiet, thankful sinkings where the spirit bows itself down — the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you will remember it — so do not, my dear, lay it out in ribands.

Upon my word, Sir, said the girl, earnestly. I am incapable — in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand — *En vérité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart*, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks; so
notwithstanding

notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop to tell me again, — she thanked me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world — but I see innocence, my dear, in your face — and foul befall the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seemed affected some way or other with what I said — she gave a low sigh — I found I was not empowered to enquire at all after it — so said nothing more, till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

— But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the hotel de Modene? she told me it was — or, that I might go by the Rue de Guineygaude, which was the next turn — Then I will go, my dear, by the Rue de Guineygaude, said I, for two reasons; first I shall please myself, and next I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil — and said, she wished the hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre. — You live there? said I. — She told me she was *filie de Chambre* to Madam R**** — Good God! said I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens — The girl told me that Madame R****, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him — so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R****, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this passed — We then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements de Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand — they were two volumes; so I held the second
for

for her whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put the other in after it.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off afresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm — I was just bidding her — but she did it of herself, with that undeliberating simplicity, which shewed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness — Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guineygaude, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness — She bid me adieu twice — I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I am not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men — I did, what amounted to the same thing —

— I bid God bless her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been enquired after by the Lieutenant de Police — The deuce take it, said I — I know the reason. It is time the reader should know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head; but that had I told it then, it might have been forgot now — and now is the time I want it.

I had

I had left London with so much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France, and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it: so hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *suite*. The Count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty——only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no further than Calais; as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris: however, when I had once passed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends and shift for myself.—Let me get to Paris, Monsieur Le Compte, said I—and I shall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me—the thing instantly recurred—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hotel came into my room to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after: the master of the hotel concluded with saying, He hoped I had one.—Not I, faith! said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distressed one—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that single *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Mon seigneur, cried the master of the hotel—but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it—If Monsieur,

said he, has not a passport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one. — Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference. — Then *certes*, replied he, you will be sent to the Bastile or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! said I, the king of France is a good-natured soul — he will hurt no body, — *Cela n'empêche pas*, said he — you will certainly be sent to the Bastile to-morrow morning. — But I have taken your lodgings for a month, answered I, and I will not quit them a day before the time for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whispered in my ear, That no body could oppose the king of France.

Pardi, said my host, *ces Messieurs Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires* — and having both said and sworn it — he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

The HOTEL at PARIS.

I Could not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly: and to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talked to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the *opéra comique*. — La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the streets as far as the book-seller's shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the *Quai de Conti* together, La Fleur deemed it unnecessary to follow me a step further — so making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut — and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the Police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation. —

— And

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— And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us the moment I was going to set out — I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthened with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said it would not do; so pulled out his purse in order to empty it into mine; — I have enough in conscience, Eugenius, said I. — Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius — I know France and Italy better than you. — But you do not consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence — I beg pardon, said Eugenius, drily, I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity — or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

— And as for the Bastile! the terror is in the word — Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you cannot get out of — Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year — but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man cannot get out, he may do very well within — at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and re-

member I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning — Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly — for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue she overlooks them — It is true, said I, correcting the proposition — the Bastile is not an evil to be despised — but strip it of its towers — fill up the fosse — unbarricade the doors — call it simply a confinement, and suppose it is some tyrant of a distemper — and not of a man who holds you in it — the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained “it could not get out.” — I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. — “I cannot get out — I cannot get out,” said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentations of its captivity — “I cannot get out,” said the starling — God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get to the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces — I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient — I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty — “No,” said the starling — “I cannot get out, I cannot get out,” said the starling.

I vow,

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I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I — still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account — It is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change — no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron — with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. — Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent — grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion — and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but

finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me —

— I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood — he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time — nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice — his children —

— But hear my heart began to bleed — and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there — he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down — shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle — He gave a deep sigh — I saw the iron enter into his soul — I burst into tears — I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn — I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

— I will go directly, said I, myself to Monsieur Le Duke de Choiseul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see any thing upon my cheek, which would cost the honest fellow a heart-ach — I told him

I would

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I would go to bed by myself --- and bid him go do
the same.

THE STARLING.
ROAD to VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my *remise* the hour I proposed: La
Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman
make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather no-
thing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up
the blank better than with a short history of this self
same bird, which became the subject of the last
chapter.

Whilst the Honourable Mr. **** was waiting for
a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs
before it could well fly, by an English lad who was
his groom; who not caring to destroy it, had taken
it in his breast into the packet --- and by course of
feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in
a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along
with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a liver in a little cage
for the starling, and as he had little to do better, the
five months his master stayed there, he taught it in
his mother's tongue the four simple words --- (and no
more) --- to which I owned myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy --- the lad had
given it to the master of the hotel --- But his little song
for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris ---
the bird had little or no store set by him --- so La
Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bot-
tle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy I brought him with me to
the country in whose language he had learned his
notes --- and telling the story of him to Lord A --- Lord
A begged the bird of me --- in a week Lord A gave
him to Lord B --- Lord B made a present of him to
Lord C --- and Lord C's gentleman sold him to Lord

D's for a shilling --- Lord D gave him to Lord E--- and so on--- half round the alphabet --- From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners --- But as all these wanted to *get in* --- and my bird wanted to get out --- he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him --- I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird, --- or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms. — Thus :



— And

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— And led the heralds officers twist his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind, when I am going to ask protection of any man: for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself; but this going to Monsieur Le Duc de C***** was an act of compulsion — had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastille for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into Monsieur Le Duc de C*****'s good graces — This will do — said I — Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his measure — Fool! continued I — see Monsieur Le Duc's face first — observe what character is written in it; take notice in what posture he stands to hear you — mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs — And for the tone — the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all these together you will compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the Duke — the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it well over — Coward again! as if man to man was not equal, throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field — why not face to face in the cabinet too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself; and betrays his own succours ten times, where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C***** with the Ba-

stille in thy looks — My life for it, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour, with an escort,

I believe so, said I — Then I will to the Duke, by heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world. —

— And there you are wrong again, replied I, — A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes — it is ever on its centre --- Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates --- I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmost, — nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon, I was met by a person who possibly might be the maitre d'hotel, but had more the air of one of the under secretaries, who told me the Duc de C**** was busy — I am utterly ignorant, said I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman too. — He replied that did not increase the difficulty. — I made him a slight bow, and told him I had something of importance to say to Monsieur Le Duc. The secretary looked towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to some one — But I must not mislead you, said I — for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur Le Duc de C**** — but of great importance to myself. — *C'est une autre affaire*, replied he — Not at all, said I, to a man of gallantry. — But pray, good sir, continued I, when can a stranger hope to have *accesse*? In not less than two hours, said he looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect — and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Bastille itself, I instantly went back to my *re-*
mise,

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mise, and bid the coachman drive me to the *cordon bleu*, which was the nearest hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it — I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half way down the street, I changed my mind: as I am at Versailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; so I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets — I suppose the town is not very large, said I. — The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that numbers of the first dukes and marquises and counts had hotels — The count de B****, of whom the Bookfeller at the Quai de Conti had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind — And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count de B****, who has so high an idea of English books, and English men — and tell him my story? so I changed my mind a second time — In truth it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R**** in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *filles de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her — but I am governed by circumstances — I cannot govern them; so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and enquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *palets* — It is impossible, La Fleur! said I. — La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story; he had seen the *croix* set in gold, with its red riband, he said, tied to his button-hole — and had looked into his basket and seen the *palets* which
the

the Chevalier was felling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in a man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the *remise* — the more I looked at him — his *croix* and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain — I got out of the *remise* and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib which went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his *croix*. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout; that one might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of an hotel, for those to buy who choose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight — of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder. — I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *patés* into my hand — I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the *croix* with it; but that at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision — he found himself in a wide world without friends, without a *livre* — and indeed said he, without any thing but this — (pointing, as he said it to his *croix*) — The poor chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene, with winning my esteem to.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes, but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst

mongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way — unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his croix had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the same enquiry which I had done — He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the King's ears — who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity — he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg leave he will allow me to relate another out of its order, to please myself — the two stories reflect light upon each other, — and it is a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNE S.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is — I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E**** in Brittany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve and still shew to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been — their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity* — But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light* — he

— he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword — it could not open the way — the *mounting* was too expensive — and simple œconomy was not a match for it — there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Britany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom — But in Britany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two sons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force; he took his sword from his side — Here — said he — take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword — he stayed a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house — and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked for bequests from distant branches of his house — returned home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn — it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady — his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother — he put his handkerchief to his face twice —

— There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family — he reclaimed his sword. — His sword was given him, and the moment

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ment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard — it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up — he looked attentively a long time at it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same — when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it — I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

“ I shall find, said he, some other way, to get it off.”

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it — and, with his wife and daughter and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur Le Compte de B****. The set of Shakespear's was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were — I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me — it is my countryman the great Shakespear, said I, pointing to his works — *et avez la bonté, mon cher ami,* apostrophizing his spirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur là.* —

The Count smiled at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I looked a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair: so I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I told him simply of the incident in the book-seller's shop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the story of a little embarrassment.

I was

I was under, than to any other man in France — And what is your embarrassment? let me hear it, said the Count. So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader. —

— And the master of my hotel, said I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monsieur Le Compte, that I shall be sent to the Bastile — but I have no apprehensions, continued I — for in falling into the hands of the most polished people in the world, and being conscious I was a true man, and not come to spy the nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I lay at their mercy. — It does not suit the gallantry of the French, Monsieur Le Compte, said I, to shew it against invalids.

An animated blush came into the Count de B****'s cheeks, as I spoke this — *Ne craignez rien* — Do not fear, said he — Indeed I do not, replied I again — besides, continued I, a little sportingly — I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monsieur Le Duc de Choiseul is such an enemy to mirth, as to send me back crying for my pains.

— My application to you, Monsieur Le Compte de B**** (making him a low bow) is to desire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good nature, or I had not said half as much — and once or twice said — *C'est bien dit*. So I rested my cause there — and determined to say no more about it.

The Count led the discourse: we talked of indifferent things; — of books and politicks, of men — and then of women — God bless them all! said I, after much discourse about them — there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do: after all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them, being firmly persuaded that a man who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.

Heb bien! Monsieur l'Anglois, said the Count, gaily — You are not come to spy the nakedness of the land.

land — I believe you — *ni encore*, I dare say, *that* of our women — if, *par hazard*, they fell in your way — that the prospect would not affect you.

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together — the least of which I could not venture to a single one, to gain heaven.

Excuse me, Monsieur Le Compte, said I — as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them — and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on — But I could wish, continued I, to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts, and through the different disguises of customs, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them, to fashion my own by — and therefore am I come.

It is for this reason, Monsieur Le Compte, continued I, that I have not seen the Palais royal — nor the Luxembourg — nor the Façade of the Louvre — nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches — I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings and loose sketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.

The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home into France — and from France will lead me through Italy — it is a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of NATURE, and those affections which rise out of her, which make us love each other — and the world, better than we do.

The Count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion: and added very politely how much he stood obliged to Shakespear for making me known

known to him — but, *a-propos*, said he — Shakespear is full of great things — He forgot a small punctilio of announcing your name — it puts you under a necessity of doing it yourself.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am — for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myself; and I have often wished I could do it in a single word — and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life, I could accomplish this to my purpose — for Shakespear lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers scene in the fifth act, I layed my finger upon YORICK, and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name — Me, *Voici!* said I.

Now whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the Count's mind, by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account — it is certain the French conceive better than they combine — I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case. —

“He could not bear, he said, to look into sermons wrote by the king of Denmark's jester.” — Good, my lord! said I — but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordship thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourished in Horwendillus's court — the other Yorick is myself, who have flourished, my lord, in no court — He shook his head — Good God! said I, you might

as well confound Alexander the Great, with Alexander the Copper-smith, my lord — It was all one, he replied. —

— If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship, said I — I am sure your lordship would not have said so. —

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the same error —

— *Et, Monsieur, est il Yorick?* cried the Count.

— *Je le suis*, said I. — *Vous?* — *Moi — mais que j'ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monsieur Le Comte — Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me — *Vous etes Yorick.*

The Count instantly put the Shakespear into his pocket — and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespear into his pocket — *Mysteries which must explain themselves, are not worth the loss of time, which a conjecture about them takes up:* it was better to read Shakespear; so taking up "*Much ado about Nothing,*" I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro and Benedick and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the Passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments! — long — long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too sleep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it,
come

come back strengthened and refreshed — When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course — I leave it — and as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them — I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido — and wish to recognize it — I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours — I lose the feelings for myself in hers — and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow — nor does man disquiet himself in vain, by it — he oftner does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only. — I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation, to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my passport in his hand. Monf. Le Duc de C****, said the Count is as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman — *un homme qui rit*, said the Duke, *ne sera jamais dangereux*. — Had it been for any one but the king's jester, added the Count, I could not have got it these two hours. — *Pardonnez moi*, Monf. Le Compte, said I — I am not the king's jester. — But you are Yorick? — Yes. — *Et vous plaisantez?* — I answered, Indeed I did jest — but was not paid for it — it was entirely at my own expence.

We have no jester at court, Monf. Le Compte, said I; the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles the 11d — since which time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is so full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country — and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout — there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of —

Voilà un persiflage! cried the Count.

THE

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the Passport was directed to all lieutenant governors, governors and commandants of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's jester, and his baggage, travel quietly along—I own the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnished by the figure I cut in it---But there is nothing unmixed in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried it so far as to affirm, that enjoyment itself was attended even with a sigh---and that the greatest *they knew of* terminated in a general way, in little better than a convulsion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his commentary upon the generation from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at last had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

—It is strange! writes Bevoriskius; but the facts are certain, for I have had the curiosity to mark them down one by one with my pen——but the cocksparrow during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caresses three and twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is heaven to his creatures.

Ill fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world, which stains thy face with crimson, to copy even in thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels——So I twice—twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

C H A R A C T E R.

V E R S A I L L E S.

AN D how do you find the French! said the Count de B****, after he had given me the passport.

The reader may suppose that after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the enquiry.

— *Mais passe, pour cela* — Speak frankly, said he; do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of? — I had found every thing, I said, which confirm'd it — *Vraiment*, said the count — *Les François sont polis*. To an excess, replied I.

The count took notice of the word *excesse*; and would have it I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time as well as I could against it — he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

I believe, *Monf. Le Compte*, said I, that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social and other calls have occasion by turns for every key in him; so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony. — The Count de B**** did not understand music, so desired me to explain it some other way. A polished nation, my dear Count, said I, makes every one its debtor: and besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms; it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is empowered to arrive at — if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, than gets them. I must not presume to say, how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of — but should it ever be the case of the English

glish in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse de cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than to courteous ones — we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them, not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

I had a few of king William's shillings as smooth as glass in my pocket; and foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them in to my hand, when I had proceeded so far —

See, *Monf. Le Compte*, said I rising up, and laying them before him upon the table — by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English like antient medals, kept more apart, and passing but few people's hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which the fine hand of nature has given them — they are not so pleasant to feel — but in return, the legend is so visible, that at the first look you see whose image and superscription they bear. — But the French, *Monf. Le Compte*, added I, wishing to soften what I had said, have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this — they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good temper'd people as are under heaven — if they have a fault — they are too *serious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, rising out of his chair.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation. — I laid my hand upon my breast, and with earnest gravity assured him it was my most settled opinion.

The Count said he was mortified, he could not stay to hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C****.

But if it is not too far to come to Versailles to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your
opinion

opinion — or, in what manner you support it. — But if you do support it, Monf. Anglois, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world against you. — I promised the Count I would do myself the honour of dining with him before I set out for Italy — so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel the porter told me a young woman with a band box had been that moment enquiring for me. — I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R**** had sent her upon some commissions to a *merchande des modes* within a step or two of the hotel de Modene; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had left Paris; and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door she turned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May — the crimson window curtains (which were of the same colour of those of the bed) were drawn close — the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre's* face — I thought she blushed — the idea of it made me blush also — we were quite alone; and that super-induced a second blush before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man — it is
sent

sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it — not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves — it is associated —

But I will not describe it. — I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before — I sought five minutes for a card — I knew I had not one. — I took up a pen — I laid it down again — my hand trembled — the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one, he is an adversary, whom if we resist, he will fly from us — but I seldom resist him at all ; from terror, that though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat --- so I gave up the triumph for security ; and instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bureau where I was looking for a card --- took up first the pen I cast down, then offered to hold me the ink : she offered it so sweetly, I was going to accept it --- but I durst not --- I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon. --- Write it, said she simply, upon any thing. —

I was just going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl ! upon thy lips. —

If I do, said I, I shall perish --- so I took her by the hand and led her to the door, and begged she would not forget the lesson I had given her --- She said, indeed she would not --- and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turned about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine --- it was impossible not to compress them in that situation — I wished to let them go ; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it — and still I held them on. --- In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again --- and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing --- I had still hold of her hands --- and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither asked her --- nor drew her

--- nor did I think of the bed --- but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I will just shew you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to day to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it for some time --- then into the left --- "She had lost it." --- I never bore expectation more quietly --- it was in her right pocket at last --- she pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted sattin, and just big enough to hold the crown --- she put it into my hand --- it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand resting upon her lap --- looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock --- the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word took out her little hussive, threaded a small needle, and sewed it up --- I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as she passed her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off --- See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot --- I could not for my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap --- and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right --- in doing it too suddenly --- it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre --- and then ---

THE CONQUEST.

PARIS.

YES --- and then --- Ye whose clay cold heads and luke warm hearts can argue down or mask your passions --- tell me, what trespass is it that man should have

have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits, but for his conduct under them?

If nature has so wove her web of kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece—must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—Whip me such stoics, great governor of nature! said I to myself—Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one—I will trust the issues to thy justice, for thou hast made us—and not we ourselves.

As I finished my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room—she stood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket—and then—the victory being quite decisive—and not till then, I pressed my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of musick, which had called forth my affections—therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philosophic, serious, adult look, which passed and repassed sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel—the man was about fifty-two—had a small cane under his arm—was

dressed in a dark drab-colour'd coat, waistcoat, and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years service — they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn — he passed by me without asking any thing — and yet did not go five steps further before he asked charity of a little woman — I was much more likely to have given of the two — He had scarce done with the woman when he pulled off his hat to another who was coming the same way. — An ancient gentleman came slowly --- and, after him a young smart one --- He let them both pass, and asked nothing: I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose --- the first was, why the man should only tell his story to the sex --- and secondly — what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which softened the hearts of the women, which he knew it was to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery — the one was, he told every woman what he had to say in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition — the other was, it was always successful — he never stopped a woman, but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to to amuse me for the rest of the evening, so I walked up stairs to my chamber.

The CASE of CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the master of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere — How so, friend? said I. — He answered, I had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bed chamber, and it was against the rules of his house. — Very well, said I, we will all part friends then — for the girl is no worse — and I am no worse — and you will be just as I found you — It was enough, he said, to overthrow the credit of his hotel. — *Voyez vous, Monsieur*, said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon. — I own it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

I should not have minded, *Monsieur*, said he, if you had twenty girls — It is a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon — Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning — And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris make a difference in the sin? — It made a difference, he said, in the scandal. — I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man — I own it is necessary, re-assumed the master of the hotel, that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace and silk stockings and ruffles, *et tout cela* — and it is nothing if a woman comes with a bandbox. — O' my conscience, said I, she had one; but I never looked into it — Then, *Monsieur*, said he, has bought nothing. — Not one earthly thing, replied I. — Because, said he, I could recommend one to you who would use you *en conscience*. — But I must see her this

night, said I. — He made me a low bow and walked down.

Now shall I triumph over this *maitre d'hôtel*, cried I — and what then? — Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow. — And what then? — What then! — I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others. — I had no good answer left — there was more of spleen than principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the Grisset came in with her box of lace — I will buy nothing however, said I, within myself.

The Grisset would shew me every thing — I was hard to please: she would not seem to see it; she opened her little magazine, laid all her laces one after another before me — unfolded and folded them up again one by one with the most patient sweetness — I might buy — or not — she would let me have every thing at my own price — the poor creature seemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seemed artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse — my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly as the first — Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? if thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host, thought I, looking up in her face, so much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *Louis d'ors* in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and shewing her the door, till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

— The master of the hotel will share the profit with her — no matter — then I have only paid, as many a poor soul has paid before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart if he can help it — So I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hotel, that I was sorry on my side for the occasion I had given him — and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice not to him, but myself, having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I entered in.

C'est déroger à noblesse, Monsieur, said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it — *Et encore Monsieur*, said he, may change his sentiments — and if (*par hasard*) he should like to amuse himself — I find no amusement in it, said I, interrupting him —

Mon Dieu! said La Fleur — and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious — something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it was; and indeed gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man's asking charity before the door of the hotel — I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curiosity — it is so low a principle of enquiry, in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two-sous piece — but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so

certainly softened the heart of every woman you came near was a secret at least equal to the philosopher's stone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I tossed and turned it almost all night long in my brains to no manner of purpose; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris, as much as those of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at M^r Leuil to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same — They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing — I wished him hanged for telling me — they looked so fresh, that though I knew the the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased moreover a handsome blue satin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered — this was indeed something the worse for the services it had

had done, but it was clean scoured — the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise — and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a solitaire; and had insisted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees — He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money — and a pair of white silk stockings for five more — and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dressed in the first stile, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast — in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday — and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wished to ask of me the night before, was to spend the day, as every body in Paris spent it, besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis à vis de sa maitresse*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis à vis* Madame de R**** — I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was to have got up behind it: I could never have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments — the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with Nature in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters — no doubt, they have set their self-denials at a price — and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold! — Behold, I am thy servant — disarms me at once of the powers of a master —

—— Thou shalt go, La Fleur! said I.

—— And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said it was a *petite demoiselle* at Monsieur Le Compté de B****'s. — La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master — so that some how or other; but how — heaven knows — he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my Passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his — the family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together; and dance and sing and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth!

THE FRAGMENT.

P A R I S.

LA FLEUR had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had a good step to bring it, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand — As that was plate sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was, and as I resolved to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the

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the *traiteur* to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to
breakfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the cur-
rant leaf out of the window, and was going to do
the same by the waste paper — but stopping to read
a line first, and that drawing me to a second and
third — I thought it better worth; so I shut the
window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down
to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais time, and for-
aught I know might have been wrote by him — it
was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that so faded
and gone off by damps and length of time, it cost
me infinite trouble to make any thing of it — I threw
it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius —
then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience
with it afresh — and then to cure that, I wrote a
letter to Eliza. — Still it kept hold of me; and the
difficulty of understanding it increased but the de-
sire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my
mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again — and
after two or three hours poring upon it, with al-
most as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon
did upon a nonsensical inscription, I thought I made
sense of it; but to make sure of it, the best way, I
imagined, was to turn it into English, and see how
it would look then — so I went on leisurely, as
a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence —
then taking a turn or two — and then looking how
the world went, out of the window; so that it was
nine o'clock at night before I had done it — I then
began and read it as follows.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

— Now as the notary's wife disputed the point:
with the notary with too much heat — I wish,
said

said the notary, throwing down the parchment, that there was another notary here only to set down and attest all this —

— And what would you do then, Monsieur? said she rising hastily up — the notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply — I would go, answered he, to bed. — You may go to the devil, answered the notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat, and cane, and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at ease towards the *pont neuf*.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have passed over the *pont neuf*, must own, that it is the noblest — the finest — the grandest — the lightest — the longest — the broadest that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe —

By this it seems, as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worst fault which divines, and the doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge against it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, it is more blasphemously *sacre Dieu'd* there than in any other aperture of the whole city — and with reason, good and cogent, Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with such unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapped his cane to the side of it, but in raising it up the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the sentinel's hat hoisted it over the spikes of the ballustrade clear into the Seine. —

— *It*

— *It is an ill wind*, said a boatsman, who caught it, *which blows no body any good*.

The sentry, being a Gascon, incontinently twirled up his whiskers, and levelled his harquebuss.

Harquebusses in those days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrowed the sentry's match to light it — it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage — *It is an ill wind*, said he, catching off the notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor notary crossed the bridge, and passing along the rue de Dauphine into the faubourgs of St. Germain, lamented himself as he walked along in this manner:

Luckless man! that I am, said the notary, to be the sport of hurricanes all my days — to be born to have the storm of ill language levelled against me and my profession wherever I go — to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest of a woman — to be driven forth out of my house by domestic winds, and despoiled of my castor by pontific ones — to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents — where am I to lay my head? — miserable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compass can blow unto thee, as it does to the rest of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the notary was passing on by a dark passage, complaining in this sort, a voice called out to a girl, to bid her run for the next notary — now the notary being the next, and availing himself of his situation, walked up the passage to the door, and passing through an old sort of a saloon, was ushered into a large chamber dismantled of every thing but a long military pike — a breastplate — a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, hung up equi-distant in four different places against the wall.

An

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close by the table was placed a chair — the notary sat him down in it; and pulling out his inkhorn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed every thing to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

Alas! Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the history of myself, which I could not die in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it, I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me — it is a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind — it will make the fortunes of your house — the notary dipped his pen into his inkhorn — Almighty director of every event in my life! said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly and raising his hands towards heaven — thou whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man — direct my tongue by the spirit of thy eternal truth, that this stranger may set down naught but what is written in that Book, from whose records, said he, clasping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted! — the notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye —

— It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, which will rouse up every affection in nature — it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herself with pity —

— The notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his inkhorn — and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his story in these words —

— And

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— And where is the rest of it, La Fleur? said I,
as he just then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,
AND THE *BOUQUET.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up close to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapt round the stalks of a *bouquet*, to keep it together, which he had presented to the *demoiselle* upon the *bouvelards* — Then, prithee, La Fleur, said I, step back to her to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *see if you can get* — There is no doubt of it, said La Fleur — and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment — *Juste ciel!* in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of her — his faithless mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen — the footman to a young sempstress — and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it — Our misfortunes were involved together — I gave a sigh — and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear —

— How perfidious! cried La Fleur — How unlucky! said I. —

— I should not have been mortified, Monsieur, quoth La Fleur, if she had lost it — Nor I, La Fleur, said I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be seen hereafter.

T H E

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good sentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon day, in large and open streets — Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner, you sometimes see a single short scene of her's worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together — and yet they are absolutely fine; — and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of them — and for the text — “Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphilia” — is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the opera comique into a narrow street; it is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre**, or wish to get off quietly on foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down, but near the door — it is more for ornament than use: you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns — but does little good to the world that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discerned, as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm, with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre* — as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little

* Hackney-coach.

little more of them, and quietly took my stand—I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman of about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by careffes, unbroke in upon by tender salutations: I could have wished to have made them happy—their happiness was destined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it singular, that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonished at it as much as myself—Twelve sous! said one—a twelve-sous piece! said the other—and made no reply.

The poor man said, He knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

Pool! said they—we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renewed his supplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me—Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change.—Then God bless you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!—I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket—I will see, said she, if I have a sous.—A sous! give twelve, said the suppliant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! said he, addressing himself to the elder—What is it but your goodness and humanity which make your bright eyes so sweet, that they outshine the morning even in this dark passage? and what

what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they just passed by.

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more — it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity — and to end the dispute, they both gave it together and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I Stepped hastily after him: it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me — and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it — it was flattery.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straitened for time, had given it here in a larger dose: it is certain he had a way of bringing it into less form, for the many sudden cases he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentrate, and qualify it — I vex not my spirit with the inquiry — it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-sous pieces — and they can best tell the rest, who have gained much greater matters by it.

P A R I S.

WE get forwards in the world not so much by doing services as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground: and then you water it, because you have planted it.

Monf. Le Compte de B****, merely because he had done me one kindness in the affair of my passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I had got master of my *secret*, just in time to turn these honours to some little account; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have dined or supped a single time or two round, and then by *translating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen, that I had got hold of the *couverti* * of some more entertaining guest; and in course should have resigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.

— As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****: in days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour*, and had dressed himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since — the Marquis de B**** wished to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. “He could like to “take a trip to England,” and asked much of the English ladies. Stay where you are, I beseech you, Monf. le Marquise, said I — Les Messrs. Angloise can scarce get a kind look from them as it is. — The Marquis invited me to supper.

Monf. P**** the farmer-general was just as inquisitive about our taxes. — They were very considerable.

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

ble, he heard — If we knew but how to collect them, said I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monsieur P****'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q*** as an *esprit* — Madame de Q*** was an *esprit* herself; she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat before I saw she did not care a sou whether I had any wit or no — I was let in, to be convinced she had. — I call heaven to witness I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de Q*** vowed to every creature she met, “ She had never a more improving conversation with a man in her life.”

There are three epochas in the empire of a Frenchwoman --- She is coquette --- then deist --- then *dévote*: the empire during these is never lost --- she only changes her subjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominion of the slaves of love, she re-peoples it with slaves of infidelity --- and then with the slaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas: the colour of the rose was shading fast away --- she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sofa with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely. --- In short, Madame de V*** told me she believed nothing.

I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was sure it could not be her interest to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as hers could be defended --- that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world, than for a beauty to be a deist --- that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her --- that I had not been five minutes sat upon the sofa besides her, but I had begun to form designs --- and what is it, but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had existed in her breast, which could have checked them as they rose up.

We

We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand --- and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own time steals in and lays them on us --- but, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand --- it is too --- too soon ---

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V**** --- She affirmed to Monsieur D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopedia had said against it --- I was lifted directly into Madame de V****'s *Coterie* --- and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the furthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinned too strait about my neck --- It should be *plus badinant*, said the Count, looking down upon his own --- but a word Mons. Yorick, to the wife. ---

--- And from the wife, Mons. Le Compte, replied I, making him a bow --- *is enough*.

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met --- *Pardi ! ce Mons. Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres* --- *Il raisonne bien*, said another --- *C'est un bon enfant*, said a third. --- And at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris ; but it was a dishonest *reckoning* --- I grew ashamed of it --- it was the gain of a slave --- every sentiment of honour revolted against it --- the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system* --- the better the *Coterie* --- the more children of Art --- I languished for those of nature : and one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people, I grew sick --- went to bed --- ordered La Fleur to get me horses in the morning to set out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now — to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France — in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up — a journey through each step of which music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters — to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me — and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just heaven! — it would fill up twenty volumes — and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into — and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road to the village where her parents dwelt to enquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures — but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth — She had lost her husband: he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's senses about a month before — she had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left — but on the contrary, it had brought her
more

more to herself — still she could not rest — her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road —

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be turned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar — she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand — a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines — and La Fleur to bespeak my supper — and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk-net. She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green riband which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe — Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string — “Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio,” said she. I looked in Maria’s eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. — I then steeped it in my own — and then hers — and then in mine — and then I wiped hers again — and as I did, I felt such undescribable emotion within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

M A R I A.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts--- that ill as she was she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft--- she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril--- on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once--- and returned back--- that she found her way alone across the Apenines--- had travelled over all Lombardy without money--- and thro' the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes--- how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell--- but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, *to the shorn lamb*.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup--- I would be kind to thy Sylvio--- in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back--- when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense

cense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream. — And where will you dry it, Maria? said I — I will dry it in my bosom, said she — it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows --- she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin.

The string I had touched ceased to vibrate --- in a moment or two Maria returned to herself --- let her pipe fall --- and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I. --- She said, to Moulines. --- Let us go, said I, together. --- Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow --- in that order we entered Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms --- affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly --- still she was feminine --- and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lay in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

F

Adieu,

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! — imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds — the being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me: in every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back ground of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar; and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her —

— Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw — and it is thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN — eternal fountain of our feelings! — it is here I trace thee — and this is thy divinity which stirs within me — not, that in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at a destruction*" — mere pomp of words! — but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself — all comes from thee, great — great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation. — Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish — hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains — he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock — This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it — Oh! had I come one moment

moment sooner! --- it bleeds to death --- his gentle heart bleeds with it ---

Peace to thee, generous swain! --- I see thou walkest off with anguish --- but thy joys shall balance it --- for happy is thy cottage --- and happy is the sharer of it --- and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box, being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of a road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. --- It was a little farm-house surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn --- and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and an half full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house --- and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house --- so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could --- and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and

their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promised joy thro' the stages of the repast --- 'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was sat down the moment I entered the room; so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what else it was which made this morsel so sweet--- and to what magick I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste--- the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over the old man gave a knock upon the table with the hilt of his knife --- to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into the back apartment to tie up their hair --- and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin --- The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle — and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune — then intermitted — and joined her old man again as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, from some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jolity. — In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance — but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now, as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a chearful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay —

— Or a learned prelate either, said I.

The CASE of DELICACT.

WHEN you have gained the top of mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons — adieu then to all rapid movements! It is a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a Voiturin to take his time with a couple of mules and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people! fear not; your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your valies be invaded by it. — Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou

hast created — with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle --- but to that little, thou grantest safety and protection! and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads — your rocks — your precipices — the difficulties of getting up — the horrors of getting down — mountains impracticable — and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road. — The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my Voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of compleating before a passage could any how be gained: there was nothing but to wait with patience — it was a wet and tempestuous night; so that by the delay, and that together, the Voiturin found himself obliged to take up five miles short of his stage at a litile decent kind of an inn by the road side.

I forthwith took possession of my bed chamber — got a good fire — ordered supper; and was thanking heaven it was no worse — when a voiture arrived with a lady in it and her servant maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as she ushered them in, that there was no body in it but an English gentleman — that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another --- the accent in which she spoke of this third bed did not say much for it --- however, she said, there were three beds, and but three people --- and she durst say, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters. --- I left not the lady a momont to make a conjecture about it --- so instantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor,

prietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it --- so I desired the lady to sit down --- pressed her into the warmest seat --- called for more wood --- desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warmed herself five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed --- I felt for her --- and for myself; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this --- but the position of them, for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other as only to allow space for a small wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair still more oppressive to us --- they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which crossed the room on the other, formed a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our sensations --- if any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both of them so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wished, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have passed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no consolation to us; it was a damp cold closet, with a half dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass or oil paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not endeavour to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; so it reduced the case in course to this alternative --- that the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself, and abandon

don the bed next mine to her maid --- or that the girl should take the closet, &c. &c.

The lady was a Piedmontese of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks --- The maid was a Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved. --- There were difficulties every way --- and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now --- I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnished, our tongues had been tied up, till Necessity herself had set them at liberty --- but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her Fille de chambre for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve upon our situation. We turned it every way, and debated and considered it in all kind of lights in the course of a two hours negotiation; at the end of which the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace --- and I believe with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which as yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follow:

First. As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monsieur --- and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviso, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the Fille de Chambre, shall fasten
up

up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread in such manner as shall be deemed a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monsieur shall lie the whole night through in his robe de chambre.

Rejected: inasmuch Monsieur is not worth a robe de chambre; he having nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the robe de chambre, and so it was stipulated and agreed upon that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly. It was insisted upon, and stipulated for by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed—there was but one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting as I do it, that if it is not the most delicate in nature, it is the fault of his own imagination—against which this is not my first complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was, I know not; but so it was, I could not shut my eyes; I tried this side and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when Nature and patience both wearing out—O my God! said I——

—You have broke the treaty, Monsieur, said the lady, who had no more slept than myself.—I begged a thousand pardons--- but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation--- she maintained it was an entire infraction of the treaty--- I maintained it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The

The lady would by no means give up her point, though she weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, Madame, said I — stretching my arm out of bed, by way of asseveration —

— (I was going to have added, that I would not have trespassed against the remotest idea of decorum for the world) —

— But the Fille de Chambre hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet, and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me —

So that when I stretched out my hand, I caught hold of the Fille de Chambre's.

THE END.

THE
POSTHUMOUS
WORKS
OF
LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.

PREBENDARY of *York*, and VICAR of *Sutton*
on the Forest, and of *Stillington* near *York*.

FRONTEM NUGIS SOLVERE DISCE MEIS.

MARTIAL

THE FIFTH EDITION.

W O R K S

LAURENCE STERN, A.M.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

My Lord,

I HAVE not the honour of being known to your lordship. — My sole reason then for presenting these volumes to you arises from the respect and esteem I have often heard the author of them profess towards your lordship's person and character.

Upon reading the following pages to me one day, he stopped at the end of a particular chapter, and expressed himself thus: — " Swift said, that if there were, " but a dozen ARBUTHNOTS in the world, " he would burn his GULLIVER. — In " like manner," added he, " I declare, " that if there were only as many CHAR- " LEMONTs in these kingdoms, I would " also commit my * PRIMER to the " flames."

So honourable a testimony as this, sufficiently justifies the preference with which I subscribe myself, on this occasion, your lordship's.

Most humble

and obedient servant,

THE EDITOR.

* This article will unfold itself in due time.

THE
EDITOR

TO THE READER.

I HERE present the public with the remains of an author, who has long entertained and amused them, and who has been the subject both of applause and censure — himself equally regardless of both. — He was a second Democritus, who sported his opinions freely, just as his philosophy, or his fancy led the way: and as he instilled no profligate principle, nor solicited any loose desire, the worst that could possibly be said, of the very worst part of his writings, might be only, that they were as indecent, but as innocent at the same time, as the sprawling of an infant on the floor.

And I shall give you here his own sentiments about this matter, which I have taken, *ex ore suo*, from one of the following pages —

“ And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of the French school, whose motto is, *ride, si sapiis*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever so arch or free, provided they appear to have no other scope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodistical* a severity — while those, indeed, cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the

[v]

“the most remote obliquity, against any one
“principle of honour, morals, or religion.”

These notes were designed by the author, to frame a larger work from than the present, to be published after he should find himself — or the public — tired of the sportive incoherence of his former volumes. — But his untimely and unexpected death prevented him from digesting and completing this scheme.

These sheets had been put into my hands some time before this unhappy event, to correct or cancel, as I should think proper; and he left them with me, on his death-bed, to dispose of after what manner I might choose — either to be kept among my miscellaneous papers, for my own amusement, or published to the world, or thrown into the fire. — His expression to me, upon that affecting occasion, was equally elegant and flattering. —

Et dixit moriens — *Te nunc habet ista secundum.* —

I imagined that any tract of this author, especially into which he transfuses so much of his very soul, might afford some entertainment to the public; and I have, therefore, committed these incorrect pieces, and unfinished sketches, to the press, without attempting to make any manner of addition, or alteration in them, except the leaving out of some passages, that were either *unintelligible* — or *too plain*.

And

And if there should yet appear to have remained some other particulars, which the scrupulous reader may think to have needed the further use of the *file*, I am very certain that he will meet with sufficient matter, in the rest of the work, to make the author's apology, and to serve also as a justification of

THE EDITOR.

THE
K O R A N:
OR,
THE LIFE, CHARACTER,
AND SENTIMENTS
OF
TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, M. N. A.
OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.
VOL. I.
PART THE FIRST.

Vous y verrez du sérieux,
Entre mêlé de badinage ;
Des traits un peu facétieux,
Dont la morale, au moins, est sage.
Le philosophe de Sans souci,

K O R A N

THE LIFE, CHARACTER,
AND SENTIMENTS

OF
JAMES LINDSAY IN 1800 M. A.
OR MASTER OF THE

PART THE FIRST

THE YOUTH OF LINDSAY
AND HIS EDUCATION
DURING HIS RESIDENCE
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF
EDINBURGH, AS A MEMBER
OF THE SOCIETY OF
SCOTTISH STUDENTS

A

PRIVATE LETTER

FROM

THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR.

TO ONE IN A MILLION.

My very good Friend,

I AM just returned from hunting o'er the hills and far away, and as my manner has ever been, whether riding, walking, skateing, swimming, or boat- ing — and I dare venture to hold a wager, that it would be the same if I was flying — to revolve those subjects in my mind, which I purpose, at any time of my life, to discuss in writing, your request to me lately has occupied my whole thoughts all this morning. — *Experieris non Dianam magis in montibus, quam Minervam inerrare*, as Pliny says.

In such a memoiring and memorable age as this, why not write my own Memoirs? *vexatus toties*. I have gone through a multitude of novels, within these few years past, and have attended, with most exemplary patience and perseverance, chapter after chapter, in hope that the next anecdote might possibly make me some amends for the dulness of the former. In vain! Modern novelists seem to be deficient, even in invention. — We forgive them their total want of language, style, moral, character or sentiment.

My series of life has happily saved me the intire labour of conception. For the mere literal narrative of my adventures, from the moment I was uncased from my first envelope, till the instant I shall escape from

from this second *caul* ——— for the context and complexion of my past life will probably form the west and hue of my future ——— would amuse and interest my readers, though recited in the simplicity of my nurse, the stupidity of my pedagogues, or the tediousness of modern memoirists; who may be said, according to Aristotle's figure, stiled *Paronomasia*, to write more *pour Faim*, than *Fame*. ——— For I take Necessity to be a muse that's fairly worth *the nine*, and literary Fame to be lineally derived from *Fames*.

Eargitor ingenii venter.

Pray don't be alarmed at the word *Koran*, which I have chosen to make the title of these papers. I am not turned Mussulman; but I hate *appropriated names*, because they restrain the language too much, and are apt to lead to superstition. ——— And I see no reason why my visions and vagaries have not as good a right to be called *Al Koran*, or *The Koran*, as the inventions and impositions of Mahomet; which were stiled so, merely as being *a collection of chapters* ——— for so the word in Arabic signifies.

But to proceed ———

THE K O R A N.

CHAP. I.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY.

AS I am, at length and long-run, safely delivered into the world, and fairly entered into life, I think it high time now to give you some account of myself — so often promised, and so long delayed — which I shall do, in as few words as the nature of the subject, and the writer of it, will permit. *Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.*

I was *really* born — no doubt on't: for if I had not, I should never have pretended to say so — But first let me account for myself, in the character I at present stand before you, as an author — which I never intended — nor indeed was ever intended — to be. — I happened to become one by mere chance.

Chance has ever been my *fate*. My father never designed me any manner of education. He was a *brave soldier*, and despised it. What a power of courage he must have had! So I learned to read and write *by chance*. I *miched* once to school, and picked up a little literature, *by chance*. I never meant to marry, and yet it was my *luck* to get a wife. I never had any patron, but was provided for by *fortune*.

Chance, Luck, and Fortune then have been my *Clotho*, *Atropos*, and *Lachesis* — and so I have assumed the cognomen of *Tria juncta in uno* — which is another chance also; as I never once thought of such a derivation, before this very instant.

But how an author by chance, prithee? — I'll tell you, if you'll have but a little patience.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

THIS method of dividing a subject into chapters, is an admirable expedient for your penny-worth wits, and your two-penny readers. It serves as resting pauses to both,

Divisum sic breve fiet opus.

The Bible itself might, perhaps, to some appear tedious, if it was not for the comfortable relief of chapters.

Besides, the intervals, or *white lines*, as the printers stile them; help to swell the volume like a bladder; or may be compared to an article of *potted sawdust* in a *bill of fare*, which helps to *cover a table*, though it adds nothing to the *feast*.

Here now I expect that my old acquaintance the *un-critical Reviewers* will be apt to remark upon this passage, that these spaces are the most valuable parts of my books, as a *blank* is better than a *blot* at any time, with other insipidities of the same sort.

But let them prate; for I have long since brought myself to be very well able to bear with them, by becoming regardless equally of their applause or censure. True critics, like hawks, hunt for pleasure: but the Reviewers, like vultures, only for prey.

And for this reason, I don't think that one should be too severe against the poor devils neither. They ought rather to become the object of our pity than resentment, who, like *hangmen*, are obliged to *execute* for bread. And it should therefore be a considerable advantage to a work, to have received their censure — for an author may set what price he pleases on a book that has been condemned to be burnt by the hands of the *common hangman*.

CHAP. III.

THE UNCLE.

I THINK I promised in my first chapter, to give you my *authority* in literature. --- Thus it was _____

I happened to have an uncle once, who was a minister of the gospel, but his only study was politics. He had a laudable ambition to rise in life. Religion is undoubtedly a necessary qualification for that purpose in the next world --- but is not sufficient to help us forward in this.

He took care, therefore, just to get the *thirty-nine articles* by heart, to enable him to stand an examination of faith on the day of judgment --- not attending to the good old saying, *Live and learn, die and forget all*: but his maxims were, *not to go, while you stay* _____ *to live whilst you live; for at the hour of death, sufficient to that day will be the evil thereof.*

In prosecution then of his scheme of life, he wrote and published several party papers, during the reign of Sir Robert Walpole, in favour of his ministry _____ but Mammon left him in the lurch. _____

They produced no effect toward his advancement. _____ They were poorly written. --- Parsons generally write ill, even upon their own subjects.

He might better have employed himself, in saying his prayers --- for, in this service, whatever is well meant, is well received, though ever so ill performed: but in the other case, whatever is well *executed* only is well accepted of, however *ill intended*. --- This mortified our divine.

Just at this crisis I happened to return into the country; after having quitted college, and brought home some little character from the university, for parts and learning. _____

But I am hurrying the reader on too fast. My stock is small, and needs œconomy. So I think that I have

have now wrote enough for this chapter — and, in the stile of a sermon, I shall leave you to consider of what has been said, and defer the remainder to another opportunity.

CHAP. IV.

ON MURDER.

FOR my own part, I have not the least notion how any man — or woman either — can bring themselves to commit murder — except indeed it happened to be on the body of a brother, a friend, a mistress, or some other such fond and dear connections as these.

Human nature revolts at the very idea; insomuch that I know not what *temptation* can induce any person to be guilty of such a crime — for *temptation* comes from *nature*, whose strongest propensity is the very *reverse* of it. — This vice then must certainly arise from *provocation* only — because provocation proceeds from the devil.

Thus, reader, you may perceive — that is, supposing you to have been attentive to what I am saying all this while, that I have here made a nice distinction of it, between the *flesh and the devil*. — Pray now, please you to observe the consequence.

The *provocation* then must be of the highest kind. — This cannot arise from any indifferent person. They can never *provoke* us sufficiently — A man — or woman either — deserves to be hanged for killing such as these. — No — A brother, a friend, a child, a wife, or a mistress, must therefore become the proper objects of our most deadly resentment. Ergo —

The application of this argument in some other chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE MINISTERIAL WRITER.

MY uncle then employed me to write a pamphlet, in defence of the ministry --- not of the gospel. I obeyed his commands, and put the manuscript into his hands; which he carried forthwith in his own name to Sir Robert.

He approved of it; 'twas sent to the press, and procured the parson preferment --- but prevented his own _____ for it kept the knight out of the House of Lords for the remainder of that septennial.

The method I used in that pamphlet was this _____ I collected together every thing that had been ever objected against the minister, from his first entering into office till that time, and ipse dixit every article of it *point blanc*, in the negative --- *from my own certain knowledge, and other sufficient authority* --- Affirmed myself to be *no courtier*, nor even acquainted with one; but to be *a mere country gentleman*, of an independent fortune, who had never before troubled his head about *party disputes*, vulgarly stiled *politics* --- but, shocked at the *licentiousness of the times*, had entered a volunteer in the service of my king, my country, and the support of ministerial virtue and integrity.

I affirmed, that the high price of provisions, so loudly complained of, arose from the riches and affluence flowing daily into the kingdom, under the auspices of our minister --- and that the accumulation of taxes, like the rising of rents, was the surest token of a nation's thriving --- that the dearness of markets, with these new imposts of government, necessarily doubled industry --- and that an increase of this *natural kind of manufacture*, was adding to the capital stock of the Commonwealth.

I lamented the fatal effects to be apprehended from all these heats, animosities, and revilings, which I

said *I had good reason* to affirm were but a method of acting and instilling treason, under cover — for that whenever *the minister was* abused, *the king was* attacked.

So profligate parsons, whenever they fall into detestation or contempt, inveigh against the impiety of the times, and charge the scandal and reproach they have themselves induced upon their function, to the atheism of the laity.

This book of mine has been the *codex*, or *ars politica*, of all the ministerial sycophants ever since that æra — for I have scarcely met with a paragraph in any of the state-hireling writers, for many years past, that I could not trace fairly back to my own code.

CHAP. VI.

ORIGIN OF UNCLE TOBY.

THE income of my uncle's new benefice was considerable; and I thought that I had some claim to part of the emoluments of it. I was amused with hope for several years; during which time he contrived to get some other useful jobs out of me — But my good uncle was a courtier, as I told you before — He promised, and performed, like one.

This disappointment, this ingratitude, *provoked* my resentment to the highest degree. — Here read the penultima chapter over again, and I'll wait for you.

However,

However, this incident happened afterwards to turn out a good deal to my own advantage. — If I can help others to live by my wits, said I to myself, one day that I happened to be in a reasoning mood, what a fool must I be, not to endeavour to manufacture them a little toward my own profit?

I had been just then priested — I wrote a sermon, preached and published it — But I hate to tell a story twice, as much as others do to hear one.

I then formed the design of writing my own memoirs — Why not? Every French ensign does the same. If we are not of sufficient consequence to the world, we certainly are so to ourselves. We feel our own self-importance — and how natural is it to express one's feelings!

In order to embellish this work, I drew a sketch of my uncle's character. — It was bitter enough, to say the truth of it — for truth it was — But happening to shew this *trait* to some of my friends, they reprehended me for it. — Parsons, said they, God knows, have enemies enough already — they need not slander one another.

No man brooks chiding better — nor can I long harbour resentment. — I have no inimicality in my nature — my blood is milk, and curdles at another's woe — I had forgiven the man long before; and it was more out of humour, than malice, that I had been tempted, not provoked, to introduce him on the scene.

I immediately changed my purpose. — But as this defalcation had left an *hiatus defendendus* in my piece — for they are all but pieces — I supplied the chasm of this dramatis personæ, by an imaginary uncle Toby, already sufficiently known to the world —

Many years before this latter æra, I happened to fall into matrimony — *Sed chartæ silent* — The modest reader, and I desire no other, will surely suffer me to draw the curtain here. — And so finishes the sixth chapter.

CHAP. VII.

LE FEVRE.

AND now it is full time to commence a new one — But I am again precipitating matters and things too hastily. — I was always giddy — The reader must have time allowed him for digestion — Let us take up my story a little higher. My father was an Englishman, and had a command in the army. — He was stationed in Ireland at the time of my birth, which happened — I forgot what year — in the city of Clonmel. — I remained in that kingdom till I was about twelve years old — and there I received the first rudiments of literature, from the kindness and humanity of a lieutenant, who was in the same corps with my father — His name was *Le Fevre*.

But indeed I owe infinitely more to him than my Latin grammar. It was he that taught me *the Grammar of Virtue* — It was this most excellent person who first instilled into my mind the principles — not of a *Parson* — but of a *Divine* — It was he who imbued my soul with humanity, benevolence, and charity — It was he who inspired me with that *vibration* for the distresses of mankind,

“ Which, like the needle true,

“ Turns at the touch of others woe,

“ And turning trembles too *”.

— It was he who instructed me that temperance is the best source of charity. — 'Tis in this sense only that it should ever be said *to begin at home* — Readers, throw your gout, your cholics, your scurvy, to the poor.

— It was he who furnished me with this admirable hint to charity — that *the more a person wants,*
the

she less will do him good. — It was he who softened my nature to that tender sensibility, and fond sympathy, which have created the principal pains and pleasures of my life; and which will, I trust in God, insure the latter, in the next, without its alloy. — Amen!

This good man has been long dead; and in grateful honour of his memory, I have mentioned his name in another place — 'Twas all I could! — I would have *plucked a nettle from his grave*, had I seen one ever grow there — For surely there was nothing, either in the humours of his body, or the temperament of his mind, that such a *noli me tangere* weed could be nourished by, or emblematic of —

CHAP. VIII.

A DIGRESSION ON WIT.

WHAT is wit? — 'Tis not a manufacture — It is not to be wrought out of the mind, by dint of study and labour, as sense, reason, and science are — Ideas, with the very words fitted to them, *ready cut and dry*, come bounce all complete together into the brain, without the least manner of reflection.

Even I have sometimes said things without design, unconscious of any kind of wit in them myself, till the sound of the words has alarmed my own ears, or made others to prick up theirs. If wit had been hanging matter — and so it might, for any great harm it would do — I should then have incurred the penalty of a sort of *chance-medley* treason. It would have required time and thought to have expressed myself worse — or according to law — upon such occasions.

What is the reason, that between two persons, of equal sense and learning, an imagery shall generally strike the one, and never the other? — That upon viewing a green field, stocked with new shorn

sheep, one man shall see nothing there, but grass and mutton, and that another shall resemble it to a *tansy*, stuck with almonds?

That one person shall *plainly* say, of a fine day in winter, that the sun shines, but does not warm — while another shall, at the same instant, compare it to a *jewel*, at once both *bright and cold*? &c.

Thus you see that wit is only a *double-entendre*. — What pity 'tis, ladies, that *double-entendres* are not always wit also —

Nay, the prudish Cowley has, unluckily for us, made them one of the negative definitions of it:

- “ Much less can that have any place,
- “ At which a virgin hides her face —
- “ Such dross the fire must purge away. 'Tis just
- “ The writer blush, where'er the reader must.”

CHAP. IX.

WHETHER I MYSELF HAVE WIT.

THIS point has been questioned by some — One *Biographer*, *Triglyph*, calls me an *anomalous, heteroclite* writer — words, by the bye, that signify the same thing — says, that *I have more sauce than pig**, &c. — They allow me oddness, originality, and humour — but deny me *wit*.

If by this expression they mean epigrammatic point, perhaps I may have but little of it. — But let wit be *sauce*, according to good Master Triglyph. — Must sauces always be poignant? — Is not that esteemed the best cookery, where the ingredients are so equally blended, that no one particular flavour predominates upon the palate? — Decayed appetites only require the sharper seasonings.

They grant me humour, originality, and description. — What then is wit, if these articles do not comprehend

• The Triumvirate, the preface.

comprehend it? — And if it is any thing else, how little necessary must it be, where these already are?

The ancients filled wit *ingenium* — capacity, invention, powers. — Martial was the first person who reduced it to a *point* — and too many of the writings, since that æra of the *faux brilliants*, have been so so very eager, that they have almost set one's teeth on edge.

So far am I easy on this score, whether they allow me no wit, or no.

CHAP. X.

OF WIT, IN MORALS.

I Formerly used to prefer Pliny's Epistles, and Seneca's Morals, before Cicero's writings of both kinds — because of the points of wit, and quaint turns, in the former. — I remember when I thought Horace and Catullus flat and insipid — but then it was when I admired Martial and Cowley.

Plain meats, simply dressed, are certainly more wholesome food, than higher cooked repasts. — But one who has indulged, or rather depraved, his appetite, with the latter viands, cannot, without difficulty, recover his natural relish for the former. — We are just in the same circumstances in literature.

The sport of fancy, and a play of words, may have, perhaps, this effect, to fix the sentiment more strongly in the mind — but I seldom found that they carried their uses further —

Play round the head, but enter not the heart.

Strong phrases, and opposition of terms, may store the *common-place* of memory with apt sentiments which may help a person to *shine*, in writing, or conversation: but this wants the true *splendor* of learning, the *temperato usu*; while sound sense and reason, more plainly expressed, operates upon us

in the nature of an *alterative medicine* — slow, but sure.

And though by degrees we bound, *with vigour not our own*; yet not being able directly to impute our strength to any foreign assistance, we are apt to cherish that sense and virtue, which we by this means acquire, as we do *the heirs of our own loins* --- while those acquisitions we make, by the help of *remembered wit* only, are received into the heart as coldly as an *adoption*.

I find myself moralizing here, somewhat in the very stile I have been reprehending — but I have not restrained my pen --- for when we condemn a fault ——— to carry on the vein ——— we should endeavour *to make an example of it*. --- And it may be applied to me, what was said of Jeremy, in *Love for Love*, “ that he was declaiming against wit, with “ all the wit he could muster.”

But witty I am henceforth *resolved* to be for the rest of my life. --- Lord, Sir, *resolution* is a powerful thing; it has rendered many a coward brave, and a few women chaste. --- Let us try now whether this same miraculous faculty cannot make one parson witty --- for a wonder.

CHAP. XI.

TRIGLYPH AND TRISTRAM COMPARED.

BUT the author of the *Triumvirate* is still more severe on me, on account of some free passages in my works. --- Call them not my *works*, but my *sports* only ——— and please to let Master Triglyph know, that I was not writing treatises on morals, or lectures on religion, at that time --- I wrote intirely *for the benefit of my own health*, and that of my readers also.

Bacon, in his *historia vitæ & mortis*, recommends chearful and light writings to be read, *for life and death*

death--- and I will actually get them inserted among the *materia medica*, in the next edition of the London Dispensatory.--- Why should we find fault with the archness of any passage, that contributes towards so salutary a purpose? what freedoms are not surgeons obliged often to use, particularly in obstructions--- for the health or safety of the chafteft maid or matron?

Some other philosopher recommends *he nuge* too for the relief of the mind.---

--- *Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of the French school; whose motto is, *ride, si sapiis*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever so arch, or free, provided they appear to have no other scope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodistical* a severity--- while those indeed cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the most remote obliquity, against any one principle of honour, morals, or religion.

But prithee, ladies, is not Triglyph full as arch, and free as Tristram? I shall not take the pains to collate the several passages together--- nor, like friend Kidgel, *reveal*, while I *expose*.--- But is not his LXXXVIIIth chapter *un chef d'œuvre* in this way?

He therein mentions the accidental view of a fine woman, stark naked---indeed he neither describes her person, her limbs, her complexion, nor makes use of any one loose idea, or indecent expression--- Better he had--- for then the offence would have ended there--- But how is the reader's imagination inflamed, and his passions emoved, by sympathy, with those effects which the spectator tells you this object had upon his own senses and sensations?

To be able thus to raise a *smile*, without a *blush*, and to provoke *desire*, without offending *decency*, is

an art, good master Triglyph, that is capable of uncalendering a saint.

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art, &c.

But I do not deny the man his merits, as he has also had the candour not to refuse me mine --- for, though we are both great rivals, it is in a sentiment that ought to make us the greater friends. --- We seem equally to wish, and most fervently pray, for "Glorify to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." Amen!

But to proceed —

CHAP. XII.

THE ABIGAIL.

WHEN I was about twelve years old, as I told you before, my father and mother returned into England, and brought me over with them: I was then placed at a regular school --- at my own most earnest instance, threatening, if refused, to enlist myself among the strolling gypsies, to purchase any knowledge at any rate --- From whence I was, in due time, transferred to the university.

I need not trouble you here with a particular account of my education --- the benefits of it are sufficiently apparent in my writings --- *Let your works, not your words prove you*, says somebody --- if not, I say so myself. So that my life is all that the reader has any right to call upon me for here.

In that large field then I was first entered by my mother's maid. --- This was no *slip* of mine --- the *back-sliding* was all her own --- Alas! what wit had I? --- And for this *faux pas* it is needless to make any manner of apology --- Men must be initiated in the mysteries of iniquity, in order the more safely to pursue the paths of virtue ---

And

And if you will not take my word for it, because I am a christian, listen to what Terence, who was a notorious heathen, says upon this subject:

Id verò est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperisse quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia, et mores, posset noscere,
Maturè ut cum cognorit, perpetuò oderit.

EUN.

I happened to marry, sometime after, and communicated my experience to my wife — *she nothing loath, &c.*

It would, I think, be highly improper in me to add one sentence more to such a chapter as this.

CHAP. XIII.

ON LITERAL MODESTY.

AS the world seems not to be charitably enough inclined to give me credit for the merit of the above title, it forces me here to break through the very rules of it, in order to point out those instances where I happen to afford any rare specimen of my *bien-seance*.

The close of my last chapter is a remarkable example of this kind. — With what becoming decency did I drop the curtain, in that scene: According to the rule of Horace,

———— *Non tamen intus*

Digna geri, promes in scenam.

And yet I have read Meursius, Aufonius, and Martinus Scriblerus, I assure you — which I think I may confess, the more freely, as you may perceive that I am not a bit the worse for such dangerous precedents.

A word by the bye. — Precedents are the bane and disgrace of legislature. — They are not wanted, to justify right measures, and are absolutely insufficient,

ent, to excuse wrong ones — They can only be useful to heralds, dancing-masters, and gentlemen ushers — because, in these departments, neither reason, virtue, nor the *salus populi*, or *suprema lex*, can have any operation.

Another instance of my reticence is, that, though I brought Terence upon the carpet, I did not quote that passage from him, where he has the impudence to say,

Non est flagitium, crede mihi, adolescentulum
Scortari, neque potare.

ADELPH.

Which, though, in reality, not spoken in the mere *dictionary sense* of the words, might have, however, been made a sinister use of, had I had any of that profligate turn of mind, that has, sometimes, been so unfairly imputed to me.

I love a joke; I don't deny it — and whether 'tis a *black* or a *white* one, I own that I do not always wait to examine. But what does this signify? Abler persons than I often take things in the lump — and provided we are but pleased, methinks it is being rather more nice than wise to consider through what medium. But then I think it no joke, to debauch or corrupt another person's mind or principles. — Charge this upon me who can.

CHAP. XIV.

ON LIBERAL MODESTY.

DO you comprehend the distinction of this title? for I am no definitioner.

Αἰδώς ἐκ ἀγῶν is an expression of Hesiod's. Horace calls it *pudor malus*, and the French say *mauvaise honte*. By all which terms, is meant that kind of bashfulness which is observed in young persons of the best parts and merit, on their first entrance into life, or mixing with the world; and which many people are never after able to shake off.

This

This sort of modesty is said to be highly commendable, and a token of hopeful presage in youth. For my part I cannot see why. — Is it not an advantage to be in possession of all one's faculties? can a bashful person be so? While a little assurance, like the *Tincture of Sage*, gives a man *the perfect possession of himself* *.

Can a man who has a diffidence of his powers, either write, speak, love, or fight, as well as he who reposes a confidence in them? When we would cast a reflection on the character of a soldier, need we use severer terms than to say, *he is bashful* — he is apt to be *embarrassed* on the day of battle? &c.

But were we to investigate this same *imputed* merit, in the school of philosophy, we should probably find that it has its foundation, not so much in the *modesty* of others, as in the *vanity* of ourselves. We naturally accept this *awe before us*, as a deference to our own superior consequence, and so are first *flattered* before we *praise*.

As I am not much given to adulation myself, I never remember to have paid a *sneaking compliment* of this sort to any one in my life. I have ever sat, walked, or conversed, at perfect ease, among persons of the highest rank or genius — and should be as much *ashamed* of keeping a reserve over whatever little wit or parts I am possessed of, before people of superior talents, as I should be of sinking into a *stut's corner* of the room, because there happened to be a taller or an handsomer man in company.

CHAP. XV.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

WELL, reader — whether you be male or female — methinks I have proved myself *man enough* for you now; and what would you have more?

* See Dr. Hill's Advertisement.

more ? You can have no right to expect any extraordinary adventures, or critical situations, in the life of a sickly, home-bred, married, country parson.

I have, indeed, had some — say many — connections, with certain anecdotes, or private memoirs, relative to others, that would most highly entertain you ; and I think I was never in a better humour for telling a story in my life, than I happen to be at this very instant, — But *my heart fails me.* — Laugh at me as much as you please, and welcome — but I shall never make you merry *at the expence of my friends.*

With regard to myself, I have been ever a thinking — and who would think it ? — rather than an active being. My mind indeed has been an *Errant Knight*, but my body only a *simple Squire* — and it has been so harrassed, and chivalried, with the wanderings and the wind-mills of its master, that it has long wished to *quit the service* — frequently crying out with Sancho, “ a blessing on his heart who first *invented sleep.* ”

However, notwithstanding the natural indolence of this *same body of me*, I have contrived to fulfil, completely, all the characteristics of man — Which some philosopher specifies to be these four. —

To build an house —

To raise a tree —

To write a book —

And

To get a child. —

These four cardinal virtues then, have I, already, most religiously performed — so as to be able, according to the moral of the story of Protogenes and Apelles, told by Prior,

In life's visit to leave my name.

These are, all of them, believe me, *verb. facit.* — very pleasant operations: insomuch that I am really surprized men do not perform every one of them oftener than they do. — They are all of them, moreover, works the most expressly imitative of creation.

— 'Tis

— 'Tis to bring order out of chaos, to elicit light from darkness, and to ornament and people the face of the earth.

Go to — go to — ye idle vagabonds of the world —

Build houses —

Rear trees —

Write books —

And

Get children. —

Endeavour to leave some relative idea of yourselves behind ye — so that if posterity should not happen to be sorry for *your deaths*, let have some reason at least to be sorry *that ye had not lived*.

CHAP. XVI.

A LETTER.

MADAM,

I CAN easily perceive how much you were disappointed upon the close of my last chapter. — You had reason, I confess, to have expected something more arch from me upon that subject, than I have there treated you withall.

Quid tibi vis, mulier?

But I never pimp for others — and I happened not to be in a humour for a joke of *any colour* myself in that section. — I have laboured under a severe fit of cholic and asthma for some time past. — This is a great reformer of manners. —

Nay, so far have I carried my *literal modesty* in that chapter, that where I speak of the four characteristics of mankind, I comprehend them all under the philosophical term of *Creation* — without distinguishing the latter article, as I might very fairly have done, by the *mechanical* technic of *Pro-creation*. — No — in that passage you see I have kept quite clear both of *Pro* and *Con*.

And

And again — where I come to mention this last *manceuvre*, I only make use of the general word *get* — instead of introducing the obstetrical one of *beget*; which, may it please your ladyship, would have pointed, you know, more directly *ad rem*.

I am, madam, &c.

T. J. U.

To the countess of *****.

CHAP. XVII.

THE LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

BUT in general I am not quite so guarded — I mean with respect to my expressions only: — For words sometimes escape me, without corresponding ideas. — I happen unfortunately to be infected with a certain peculiar phraseology, which, in the hurry of speech, I can rarely command — and this makes me often appear to mean what may be very far from my thoughts at the time.

I have sometimes scolded my servants, and rated my wife and children, with all imaginable seriousness. — and when I have been shocked at their appearing to tremble too much, under the terrors of my wrath, think what a mortification it must have been: — *to a man in a passion* — to perceive that their sides were only shaking with laughter, at some odd image, or ridiculous expression I had struck out, *at a beat*, unawares.

The same cannon ball that took off marshal Turenne's head, carried away one of general St. Hilaire's arms. — His son standing by, burst into a passion of grief at his father's misfortune; who reproved him, saying, *Weep not, my child; for me. — but for him.*

The generous concern, and nobleness of sentiment, with which that brave man must have been affected at that instant, were so powerful over my nerves, that

that it *made my heart move within me, like the sound of a trumpet* *.

I happened to repeat this story once in company, and it had its effect — till concluding it with these words — *pointing to the nameless corpse* †, *with the only hand he had left* — they all fell a laughing. — I thought them brutes — but quickly recollecting myself, felt ashamed.

Explaining the mystery of the redemption once to a young templar, I happened to make an allusion, adapted to his own science, of the *lewyng a fine and suffering a recovery*; this simile was repeated afterwards to my disadvantage; and I was deemed an infidel thenceforward.

And why? merely because I am a *merry parson*, I suppose—for St. Patrick, the Irish patron, because he was a grave one, was canonized for illustrating the Trinity by the comparison of a *Shamrock* *.

C H A P. XVIII.

TO THE READER.

YOU complain — that is, I hope you do — of the shortness of my chapters — but if you would have them longer you must take up with them duller. — There are but few subjects that can afford variety enough to entertain you through many pages.

Wherefore, in steps the good old saying, with great propriety, here, that *two heads are better than one* — and my arguments, like those of *Hydra*, grow out of each other: as fast as I dispatch one, another springs up in its place.

But

* So Sir Philip Sidney says of himself, *whenever he heard the ballad of Percy and Douglas.*

† *Sine nomine corpus.* VIRG.

‡ *The Trefoil, or Trois-feuille.*

But never fear, my good readers, for I shall make this work *as long* as I can, though not *so tedious* as I might. I use no *attorney arts* to protract a suit; and wish that the *Frederick-code* was to obtain in literature, as well as in law.

You shall certainly meet with subject matter sufficient for your money, in these volumes — but you will find them all under the head, or chapter, of *short causes*.

Few words among friends are best, they say — fewer still between enemies, I say. — And you must be one or t'other of these, believe me — for I defy your indifference.

CHAP. XIX.

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

ABOUT a year before I was married, I received the following most extraordinary and interesting letter —

See Chapter XV. paragraph 2.

But, as I was saying, what business, now-a-days, since the Reformation has expunged the good old practice of *confessing* out of our Ritual, can a parson have

have with another man's wife? --- To say that she called upon me in her difficulties, and that I relieved her from want, and succoured her in distress — and that these very considerations would have put it absolutely out of my power to have attempted her, had I been ever so much a libertine — availed me not. --- The reply was still — *that she was another man's wife.*

So that it seems all wives are to be treated like the queens of Spain — who, if they happen to tumble into a ditch, must be suffered to lie, kicking and sprawling there, for life, till their royal consort shall be at leisure, or so disposed, to go and take them out of it.

It is death for any subject to lay his prophane finger on her *majesty*. And as the *crown-lawyers* have not yet been able to determine in what *point* of her most *sacred person* her *divinity* resides, hands off from every part of her body, has been always deemed the safest measure.

One of these *miserables of state* happened once to be thrown from her palfry, on the pavement of the *Escorial*. Her royal foot stuck in the stirrup, and she was dragged round the area for a considerable time, her faithful equerry running all the while by her side, his head turned averse, his arm stretched out, and holding his hat between his thumb, index, and middle finger — as dancing-masters teach you on a salute — over *her majesty* — till king Don was summoned from council, to restore *this same majesty* to decency again. — She might have lost her life by the ministerial magna charta of *precedent*.

This adventure of mine was the first thing that ever involved me in debt. — I was obliged to borrow two hundred pounds, beyond my own currency, upon this occasion. — I had no sufficient security to proffer. — But captain Le Fevre happened luckily, just then, to have fold out of the army — *I mortgaged the story* to him, and he lent me the money.

He was not a man to accept of interest, so I made him a present. He loved reading much. — A collection of ingenious and entertaining papers, stiled *The World*

World, happened to be just then collected together, and published, in four volumes. — I sent them to him, with the following lines inscribed. — They were the first rhimes I had ever attempted to tag in my life.

To Captain Lewis Le Fevre.

For one who rashly lent me cash, 'tis fit
That I should make a *venture* too in wit. —
In vain I through my pericranium sought :
But having heard, that *wit is best that's bought*,
I sent to Doddsley's, for *these presents* few,
To let all men know I am bound to you.
Great Sawny wept, that *one world* was no store. —
How happier you, who now may laugh at *four*.

CH A P. XX.

E P I G R A M

AFTER this chearful manner have I hitherto passed through life, disappointments, and bad health — but not without suffering many severe strictures on my dissipation and informality. The lightness of my manners has been reprehended often, though it arises really from the weight of my philosophy. What is there in life that's worth a serious thought? And for the same reason, from having conceived a better opinion of Providence, than is generally reputed *orthodox*, I have been sometimes deemed an infidel.

Upon the present theological computation, ten souls must be lost for one that's saved. — At which rate of reckoning heaven can raise but its *co-borts* *, while hell commands its *legions* †. — From which sad account it would appear, that though our
Saviour

* A body of only 500 men.

† A corps of 5000.

Saviour had conquered *death*, by the *resurrection*, he had not yet been able to overcome *sin* by the *redemption*.

This surely must be most *damnable* arithmetic. — No — no — I think, that if we fairly give him all tyrants, usurers, murderers, both of life and fame, your hypocrites, perjured lovers, and every *premier* upon record, except Sully, Walsingham, and Strafford, *who signed his own death-warrant, to save his king and country*, we do as much for the devil as he, in all conscience, or your reverences for him, can in justice require *.

I happened to dine once with a friend of mine. — Wine was wanting — He sent me to the cellar. — It had been hewed out of a solid rock. — At my return into the room, I wrote the following extempore card to my host, and threw it across the table.

When Moses struck the rock with rod divine,
Cold water flow'd — your's yields us gen'rous wine —
So at the *marriage-feast*, the scriptures tell us,
That water turn'd to wine rejoic'd good fellows.

Some years after this very harmless sport of fancy, these lines, were quoted against me, by a certain bishop, as a proof that I neither believed one word of the Old Testament, nor of the New. — This stopped my preferment. — I only smiled, and preferred myself — to him.

* *Hic quibus invisī fratres, dum vita manebat,
Pulsatusve parens, et fraus in exa clienti;
Aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis,
Nec partem posuere suis; quæ maxima turba est:
Quique ob adulterium cæsi, quique arma secuti
Impia, nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Inclusi pœnam expectant.* — — —

CHAP. XXI.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

SINCE I am in for it, I'll tell you another *ex-communicable thing* I did, — Whether before, or after, I forget. — Is it any matter which?

In the city of ———, the church was repairing, and the corporation of that town had accommodated the parish with their *Tholsel*, or town-house, as a chapel of ease, for the time. — There happened to have been an election for that city not long before. — Upon which *mercantile* occasion, the worshipful mayor, aldermen, &c. had notoriously ———. — You know how elections are usually carried on, and what admirable securities they are become, of late, for our lives, liberties, and properties!

I was among the congregation one Sunday, when the gospel for the day happened to be taken out of the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke, where our Saviour is said to have driven *the buyers and sellers* out of the temple. An *impetus* of honest indignation seized me. — I took out my pencil, and wrote the following hasty lines on one of the pannels of the pew I sat in:

Whoever reads nineteenth of Luke, believes
The *house of prayer* was once a *den of thieves* —
Now, by permission of our pious mayor,
A *den of thieves* is made an *house of prayer*.

I was observed. — I happened to have been admitted a freeman in that corporation some time before this incident; and having been detected in the above sarcasm, the mayor had my name immediately struck out of the books, *ex officio* merely — without any manner of legal process or pretence.

But here I had no reason to complain. — I had certainly, in this instance, been guilty of an *impiety* against

against the fraternity of this corporation — and they resented it *like men* — I am only surprized at the fallibility of your *divines*. —

Among whom there are many pious ejaculators, who think that I ought to have been excommunicated long ago. — However, I am sure that I am well enough entitled, to be received a priest, in the Persian temples at least — as all the initiated were obliged to pass first through a novicate of reproach and pain, to give proof of their being free from passion, resentment, and impatience.

I am in the same predicament with Cato the censor — not in the severity of his discipline, I confess — but in the particular, at least of his having been *four score* times accused. — But he had the advantage of fairer trial than ever I had — for he was as often *acquitted*.

God forgive them! But I forgive them their prayers, in return, on account of an old proverb. — Need I repeat it?

CHAP. XXII.

TOLERATION — OR PERSECUTION.

I WAS speaking of these things one day to Voltaire, and he wished me joy of the great happiness and advantages of living in a country, where such expressions and allusions, which ignorance or malice might be capable of construing into treason or blasphemy against church and state, could escape the Inquisition or Bastile.

He then put into my hand his treatise on *Toleration*, which had been but just published. — It is written, like all his works, with great spirit, wit, and learning, to prove, what no fool could ever yet dispute, that persecution, *for God's sake*, is a most wicked thing, and contrary to reason, nature, and scripture.

It appears an extraordinary thing to me, that since there is such a diabolical spirit, in the depravity of human nature, as persecution for difference of opinion in religious tenets, there never happened to be any *inquisition*, any *auto de fé*, any *crusade* among the Pagans —

That during the ages of ignorance and barbarity, while the devil, as divines tell us, governed the church, equivocated in their oracles, ordained impurities, and commanded human sacrifices, brethren were not set against brethren, nor nation against nation, in *civil fury* or in *pious war*. —

But that, as soon as it had pleased God, by miraculous interposition, to take the church into his own hands, so shocking and impious an æra should thence commence — that the word of peace should call forth the sword, and the precepts of love and concord produce hatred and dissention.

The christian — say un-christian — priest informs me the reason of this remarkable difference was, that the heathen happened to have no one article of *belief* worth the quarreling about — as they universally supposed the soul to perish with the body — *Post mortem nihil est*, was their creed. — And that even those few, among the philosophers, who admitted of a *post-existence*, at the same time denied *an hell*. — *Non est unus*, says Cicero, *tam excors, qui credat*.

Thus then, continues the *good catholic*, while the whole of human existence was ignorantly supposed to have been comprehended within the pale of mortal life, peace, friendship, and good-will, were, most certainly, preferable to war, enmity, and persecution.

But when the immortal soul was once put under the care of *Christ's Vicar here on earth* — how totally unworthy to be stiled *Priests of the Lamb*, and *Oracles of the Dove*, must those divines be, who would not cast the body of an heretic *into the flames* * I cannot

* The popish text for broiling, is taken from that passage

I cannot help differing in opinion from the orthodoxy of this *true catholic* tenet; and am more inclined to agree with Cicero, in the passage above quoted, though he was but groping in the dark himself. — For to believe a soul, and damn it, methinks, is not *light* — but *lightning*.

C H A P. XXHI.

MY RELIGION.

WHAT are my own notions about religion? you ask me. — I'll tell you. — I am now on my death-bed.

I have both conviction and faith enough in that article to become a methodist, and spiritual warmth sufficient to render me an enthusiast that way; but that, I thank God, I have never yet been wicked enough to rush into such extravagancies.

Passions must be combated by passion. — Therefore, your grievous sinners generall turn devotees. — This is the natural consequence of a sort of people, who, though, a paradox, are common enough in life. *qui credunt multum, et peccant fortiter.*

For my own part, I trust that the gentle breezes of the established orthodoxy of our church may be strong enough to waft my soul to heaven. — I have not such a weight of sin suspended at the tail of my kite, as to require a storm to raise it. — And since the ceasing of the oracles, I think that a person may be inspired with sufficient grace, without falling into convulsions.

I am as certain that there is a God above, as that I myself am here below. — My certainty is the same — for how otherwise did I come here?

H

“Tell,

passage in scripture, where it is said, *hominem hæreticum devita* — which last word they construe into *devitâ tollere*.

“ Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus? how here ?

“ Not of myself.” —

He must love virtue, and detest vice. — Consequently, he must both reward and punish. — If we are not *accountable* creatures, we are surely the most *unaccountable* animals on the face of the earth.

After the spirit is fled, and his body perished in the grave, does the resurrection of man combat thy vain philosophy? — Consult the *caterpillar*, thou ignorant, and the *butterfly* shall resolve thee. — In its first state, sluggish, helpless, inert — crawling on the face of the earth, and grossly feeding on the herbage of the field. — After its metamorphosis, its *resurrection*, a winged seraph, gorgeous to behold, light as air, active as the wind, sipping aurorean dew, and extracting nectareous essences, from aromatic flowers *

Has not the improbable fable of the Hydra's heads been long since verified — nay even exceeded, beyond the bounds of the most extravagant fiction, as being absolutely contrary to the whole course of nature before known — by the *polypus*, which *generates by section*? — The analogies of nature sufficiently point out the ways of Providence.

Must every thing be impossible, which our insufficiency cannot account for? Are there not innumerable mysteries in nature, which accident reveals, or experimental philosophy demonstrates to us, every day? And shall we yet presume to limit the powers of the great author of that very nature?

What was it that created matter? What was it that gave that matter motion? What was it that to matter and motion added sensation? What was it that superadded to these, consciousness, intelligence, and reflection? What was it, great God, what was it! — Resolve me, ye infidels, what it was. — Till then, be dumb. — O saddest folly!

1. Levenhoeck, by the help of his glasses, shews you certain fibres in the body of a full grown man,
so

* Psyche, in the Greek language signifies both a butterfly, and the soul.

so very fine, that six hundred of them, combined together, but compose the thickness of a single hair of his head.

2. He also demonstrates to you, through the same medium, that a grain of sand is large enough to cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand of the orifices through which we daily transpire.

3. Water can be made to freeze *in the middle of summer*, provided that 'tis brought *close to the fire*.

4. A lens of *ice* may be used as a *burning-glass*.

5. A line of but *an inch long*, is capable of being divided into as many parts as one of *a mile in length*.

6. *The sun* is some millions of miles nearer to us *in winter than in summer*.

7. When a person travels round the earth, his head goes many thousand miles further than his heels.

8. There are two lines, in mathematic certainty, which may continue to approximate, *ad infinitum*, without even a possibility of ever coming into contact with each other *.

Prithee, now, my good infidels, is there any one article of *faith*, in the whole christian creed, which appears to be more contrary to reason or probability, than these eight foregoing propositions? And yet they are all of them capable, either of experimental proof, or mathematical demonstration.

Can any person, who is capable of making such reflections as these, be ever supposed an infidel to either natural or revealed religion? They must have a faith of *incredulity*, who could give credit to such a supposition. — *Qui studet, orat*, is a just expression.

* *The asymptotes of an hyperbola. — See Conic Sections.*

CHAP. XXIV.

THE CONVERT.

I HAPPENED to have an intimacy once with a man of sense and virtue ; but who had, at the same time, a certain indolence of mind, that suffered him to acquiesce in the opinion of others, without ever taking the trouble to examine them. He had more wit than wisdom ; and a jest was an argument to him, as well as it was with Shaftsbury *.

I loved and pitied him — to have virtue enough to act rightly, and yet not sense sufficient to judge so ! We have had frequent conversations on this subject.

—— He said often, that he would give the world to be able to think as I did, and begged my assistance.

I soon made him a *deist*, without any other help than my own poor philosophy — I then put Duncan Forbes's *Thoughts upon religion* into his hands †. He read the book carefully through, and returned it to me with this reflection, written at the foot of the last page, "Thou almost persuadest me to be a christian."

I then presented him with Paschal's *Thoughts* on the same subject ‡. He returned them to me soon after,

* *Who makes ridicule the test of Truth.*

† *The argument he urges, is, that expiation, by the means of blood and sacrifice, which runs through all the Jewish and Pagan rites, was so irrational an idea, that nothing but an original revelation of the method of redemption, which was thereafter to obtain in the Christian system of Providence, could possibly have ever induced the belief and practice of it.*

‡ *In his Provincial Letters, one of the strongest proofs he offers for the truth of Christianity, arises from the very obstinacy of a whole race of people, who continue still to deny it. Upon this account he styles the Jews a standing*

after, with this indorsement on the cover, “ *I am not only almost, but altogether such as thou art — except in the absurd and unphilosophical notion of transubstantiation.*”

Make a person but a sound moralist first, and it must be then owing to indolence or ignorance, rather than to impiety or infidelity if you cannot afterwards make him become a christian. I have had the satisfaction ever since to see this worthy man *add faith to good works*, and live an orthodox and exemplary life, both in belief and practice.

Which that we may all do, &c.

CHAP. XXV.

CHEARFULNESS.

IT is this true sense of religion that has rendered my whole life so chearful as it has ever so remarkably been — to the great offence of your *religionists*. Though why, prithee, should *priests* be always grave? Is it so *sad a thing* to be a parson?

Be ye as one of these, saith the Lord — that is, as merry as little children. — *The Lord loveth a chearful giver* — why not a chearful taker also? The *thirty nine articles* are incomplete, without a fortieth precept, injoining chearfulness. — Or you may let the number stand as it does at present, provided you expunge the thirteenth article, and place this heavenly maxim in the room of it.

Might not the archbishop of Cashel — I don't mean this man by any means — have been a sound divine, though he added the arch stanza about Bro-glio to the old Irish ballad †? — Did the bishop — not the earl — of Rochester's poem, on the

H 3

standing miracle, *because they have ever since remained under the remarkable description of the prophetic curse.*

† *In praise of Moll Roe.*

the *man-like* properties of a lady's fan, ever impeach his orthodoxy in the least?

Heliodorus, bishop of —, I forget where — was deprived of his see, because he wrote *Theagenes and Chariclea*. — This was doubly absurd in the pope. Here his holiness's infallibility happened to overshoot the mark. — In the first place, there was nothing either arch or heterodox in the whole novel. — In the next, was not the circumstance of a *white child* being generated from *black parents*, by the impression of an European portrait hanging at the foot of the bridal couch, a corroboration — if it wanted one — of the scripture philosophy about the *streaked goats*? — I begin to suspect, that your popes are like other men, after all.

Plato and Seneca — and surely they were both grave and wise enough to have been consecrated — thought that a sense of chearfulness and joy should ever be encouraged in children, from their infancy — not only on account of their healths, but as *productive of true virtue*. — Which is the literal translation of their very words — as far as I am able to construe Greek or Latin.

Chearfulness, even to gaiety, is consonant with every species of virtue, and practice of religion. — I think it inconsistent only with impiety or vice. — *The ways of heaven are pleasantness*. — We adore, we praise, we thank the Almighty, in hymns, in songs, in anthems — and those set to music too. Let *O! be joyful*, be the christian's psalm — and leave the sad Indian to incant the devil, with tears and screeches.

When the Athenians pictured an *owl*, as the bird of wisdom, they never meant the *screech-owl* surely. — But indeed I think, with their leave, that the *sparrow* would have been a fitter emblem of true wisdom, as being the *merriest* and *most loving* bird of the air.

There have been some popes who would have excommunicated me for such an allusion as this.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SAD REFLECTION!

THAT there should ever be so much irreligion in the world! that those — for this renders the evil irremediable — whose greatest interest it must certainly be to strengthen and support this great, this only bulwark of our lives and properties, should become the greatest examples, and principal encouragers, of infidelity!

I mean those, whom the world, by a strange abuse of terms, styles *the Great*. — These have certainly an higher stake, at the hazard of vice, immorality, and impiety, than persons in the middle ranks of life — who happily stand a *phalanx* between them and the vulgar.

And yet — other knaves but sacrifice their spiritual to their temporal interest. — These most especial worthies, at once both knaves and fools, equally squander both. — Good lack! good lack! — But men are worse than they need be, though there were neither hell nor gibbet in the question.

Such thoughts and reflections as these might well become a sermon. — But novels are more read at present than serious discourses. I must therefore use the most convenient vehicle for instruction — imitating Doctor Young, who wrote a *play*, for the propagation of *the gospel* *. And I shall ever take care for the rest of my life, that all my writings shall be, if not *sermonic*, *sermoni propria* at least.

But enough for the present of my sentiments and opinions, and let us go on a little further with the series of small adventures in my desultory life.

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CHAP.

* *The Brothers* — the profits of which he consecrated to the society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts.

CHAP. XXVII.

MELANCHOLY.

BUT as my whole scheme of life is *pleasure*, I sometimes *indulge myself* in the dear and heartfelt enjoyments of *melancholy*. — I weep gladly. I give my tears, not *grudgingly*, nor of *necessity*, but like my alms, with cheerfulness.

Were I to be anatomized anew, I do most solemnly declare, that I would sooner part with my *risible* than my *flexible* muscles. — Sympathy is the great *magnet* — the cement of life. — And my concord is stronger with the wretched than the happy — for philanthropy is my *primum mobile*, and pity is an augment to passion.

I can *treat myself*, whenever I please — I have lost some friends! *I can call spirits from the vasty deep* — strike at my breast, and find them there — Poor Le Fevre! unhappy Maria! my lost, my ever dear Eliza!

Or I can read *Sampson Agonistes*. — He must have either a weak head, or strong eyes, who can peruse the first speech of that poem without tears — particularly the later part of it, where he laments his loss of sight. Milton wrote it from his own feelings — and his blindness has often dimmed my sight.

But whenever I have a mind for a thorough *feast* of weeping, I need only turn over to the history of Sir Thomas More's life, and read that passage in it, where his daughter, Mrs. Roper, meets him in the street, returning to the Tower, immediately after his condemnation — My father! Oh! my father!

Sad luxury to vulgar minds unknown!

The mere title of a book, long since lost, stiled *Lamentatio gloriosi regis, Edwardi de Karnarvan, quam edidit tempore suæ incarcerationis* — The lamentation of the glorious king Edward of Karnarvan, which he

he composed during his imprisonment — sunk my spirits for a whole day. — The opposition between the two first words (in the Latin), and then again between the third and last, affected me greatly. — And though it was a very old story, I could not help feeling, for some time, as if I had heard some bad news.

But such things as these have not their effect upon every one — *The many* read only with their eyes, and hear only with their ears. — *The few* peruse with their whole soul, and listen with all their feelings. — Intuition and sensibility are the only organs of genius or of virtue.

The general hardness of heart one meets with among mankind, might tempt us to give credit to the old fable of *Deucalion*, and suppose men to be generated from stones. — Or one might fancy the world to be grown so corrupt of late, that the sacred person who had taken the salvation of mankind upon himself, has thought fit to intrust only a *few*, now-a-days, with the keeping of their own souls; and has kindly taken out those of *the many*, and locked them up safe, in *limbo patrum*, out of harm's way, till the *day of judgment*.

However, I dare not long, nor often, rejoice in this *luxury of woe*. — My nerves are weak. — I can command my mirth, but not restrain my melancholy.

CHAP. XXVIII.

SENSIBILITY.

WHEN I have been reading tragedy, or affecting passages in history, poetry, or even in romance, aloud before others, my eyes have filled, and my voice has faltered: — I attended for the same effect in my auditors — but instead of tears at my recital, have frequently found them laughing at my emotion.

I have retired ashamed — not at them, but at myself. — I have suspected my own weakness, rather than theirs — and the vanity of imagining I had sympathized with angels, has been sunk into the humiliating idea of my being susceptible of a greater foible than mortals — I have begun to doubt the strength of my own intellects, and for some time kept a jealous guard over all my words and actions.

But the countenance and sentiment of a few superior spirits have, for a while, given me confidence once more. — Again have I attempted the same experiment, and have again been banished to the same mortifying reflections — endeavouring still to steel my heart against another's woe — in vain. —

Fine feelings are laughed at by the world, and ridiculed by the stoical philosophy, as a weakness. — This is too apt to put delicate minds out of countenance; who, in order to appear *wise*, conceal their sensibility, and affect a character *above human nature*, from the example of those only who are *below it*.

CHAP. XXIX.

A REFLECTION ON MYSELF.

WHAT an hard fate is mine! with all the spirit, the frolic, the cheerfulness, the tender affections, of youth, not to have nerves-responsible to my feelings! — I want them not for my own enjoyments. — but would have activity and vigour for the sole purposes of others.

I look wistfully often at young women. — This is one of the things that has been misconstrued in me. — The world are but bad *grammarians* of my principles or character. — 'Tis not their beauty I covet, but their youth I envy. — I look as fondly at men too — yet am no *pathic*. — I kiss little children as I meet them in the streets — but am no kidnapper: — I would live among them, like old

Hermippus

Hermippus *, if I could — not for the sake of life — but love.

'Twould sound like blasphemy, to say what I would do or suffer for the sake of mankind.

CHAP. XXX.

Continuation of Chapter XXVII.

THE MAD LOVER.

— **O**R I can recollect some scenes of madness I have — *not purposely* — been a witness of — particularly one, of a Cambridge scholar, who had unhappily fallen in love with his own sister. — His passion and despair had proved too strong for his virtue or his reason.

“ Was not Juno both wife and sister of Jove ?
 “ Adam and Eve were surely nearer relations than
 “ we are. — Their children, at least, were brothers
 “ and sisters — and yet were wedded to each other.
 “ — Were not Amnon and Tamar married — or as
 “ good ? — such marriages as it was thought proper
 “ to permit in those times. — The mode, indeed, is
 “ changed now-a-days. — And why ? — 'Twere
 “ impious to say, that Omnipotence was under a
 “ necessity of dispensing with necessary forms in the
 “ beginning. — He could have created a parson,
 “ sooner than he would have permitted a crime. —
 “ If Sarah was not Abraham's sister, he certainly
 “ told a most damnable lie to Abimelech.”

When they told him, in order to quiet his impatience, that his sister was dead, he swore it was impossible, because that he himself continued still alive.

— “ We are already one flesh, said he, and the
 “ sympathy

* He is said to have attained to an extreme age, by playing constantly with boys and girls — nourishing his old lungs with the balsamic effluvia of their young breaths.

“sympathy is so strong between us, that I know
 “when she is hungry, wakes, sneezes, or ———.
 “*She* had a diabetes, about half a year ago, and it
 “had like to have killed *me*; — but *I* drank plenti-
 “fully of marsh-mallows tea, and it effectually
 “cured *her*. — *She* sleeps ill a-nights, and it breaks
 “*my* rest. — *She* has foul dreams sometimes — I am
 “angry with her for that. — I have done all in my
 “power, continued he, by fasting and prayer, to
 “cure this wickedness in *myself*; but her wanton-
 “ness is too strong for *me*.”

Most of those who were present laughed much at all this extravagance. — I wept. — One of the company observing my emotion, said, I presume, Sir, that you know this poor gentleman. — Yes, I replied, recollecting myself, better than he does himself.

I walked immediately out of the room. — I am sensible of a sympathy in my own nature, even stronger than his. — I feel for all the ills and ails of those who are neither my brothers nor my sisters, except in the scripture sense.

The Mahometans have a veneration for lunatics — saying, that *God hath favourably deprived them of their senses, in order to render them guiltless to sin.* — I am a *Mussul-man*.

CHAP. XXXI.

DOCTOR SWIFT.

TIS natural to speak of a thing, when one thinks of it. In truth, unless one is apt to speak without any thought at all, how is it possible to do it at any other time?

But the subject of my last chapter has brought the biography of Doctor Swift into my mind. It is worthy to be remarked, that this extraordinary person, in his voyage to Laputa, speaking of people who had lost their senses, adds, *which is a scene that never fails to render me melancholy.*

In

In another place, he imagines a set of men, whom he stiles *Strulbrugs*, who had outlived their reason and every enjoyment of life.

And in his will, he bequeaths his whole fortune to found an hospital for ideots and lunatics. He becomes himself a *Strulbrug*, before the years of dotage*; and dies the first tenant to his own endowment.

If these events had happened to have been a matter of any great consequence to the world, an historian would not have failed to have made a large comment upon such extraordinary and concurring circumstances — insisting strongly on his *prophetical* sympathy.

The Lord preserve us all in our senses to the last — and after *the last* too. — For I trust in God, that I never shall be wicked enough to compound for being rendered *guiltless to sin*, upon the Mahometan superstition.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE PAYMENT.

THE method I contrived, in order to liquidate my *pecuniary* obligations to Le Fevre, was this:

I happened to be acquainted with a young man, who had been bound apprentice to a stationer in York — He had just then finished his time, come to set up in London, and had rented a *window* in one of the flagged alleys in the city.

I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement on it with a wafer:

“ Epigrams, anagrams, paragrams, chronograms,
“ monograms, epitaphs, epithalamiums, prologues,
“ epilogues.”

* *There is no such stage in life. Senilis stultitia, quæ deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium. Cic.*

“ epilogues, madrigals, interludes, advertisements,
 “ letters, petitions, memorials, on every occasion.
 “ — Essays on all subjects. — Pamphlets, for or a-
 “ gainst the ministry. — With sermons, upon any
 “ text, or for any sect — to be written here on rea-
 “ sonable terms —

“ By A — B — Philologer.”

N. B. *The greatest honour and secrecy may be de-
 pended on.*

The uncommonness of several of the above titles raised the curiosity of the public extremely. — So that besides the applications made to me for the *useful species of literature*, such as advertisements, petitions and memorials, many more were made for the chronograms, monograms, paragrams, &c. merely to see the nature of them.

At night — or to express myself more poetically — when the evening had assumed its *dusk-gown*, I used privately to glide into my office, to digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the *earnests*, which were directed always to be left with the memorandums. —

The writing to be paid for on the delivery: according to the nature, extent, or importance of the subjects. — A bit of French, to be an additional sixpence — a scrap of Latin, price a shilling — and a sentence of Greek, which, I used to pick up, now-and-then, when I happened to drink a dish tea with Miss Carter, was always charged at half a crown.

All improper applications, immoral subjects, simoniacal proposals, or libertine overtures, were, with scorn and detestation, rejected. — *I held no office opposite to St. Peter.* — The notes of these kinds were thrown into the fire, but the earnest retained, as the fines of iniquity.

The ocean of vice and folly, that opened itself to my view, during the period I continued in this odd department of life, shocked and disgusted me so much, that the very moment I had realized Le Fevre's sum, and discharged the rent of my pane, I closed

closed the horrid scene — or, to express myself more properly in this case — *stopped up the common sewer.*

C H A P. XXXIII.

N U R S I N G.

THE reason why our ancestors, in the higher ranks of life, were more remarkable for bravery and chastity than we are, was, because the mothers in those days used to *nurse their own children*. — They were therefore alimented with the same juices and humours they brought into the world with them; and bred up, even from their infant notices, intire strangers to vice, meanness, or folly.

If our present race of *mamma's* be indifferent about *the blood and humours* of the infant, which the suffering it to be nurtured by an alien argues her to be, what needs she trouble herself about the less precious parts of *flesh and bones*? Then any other person's child might serve her as well as her own — and she may have the advantage, besides, of choice, both with regard to beauty and gender. — I think that ladies may as well get others to *bear* as to *nurse* children for them.

Pray, would it not be but common charity, in all *tender* husbands, to have such wives, on the first alarm, *amazoned* of both their breasts, in order to prevent the fatal consequences of cancers, milk fevers, and other disorders, incident, alas! to all *unnatural* or *unnursing* mothers?

And if our *papa's* also be equally careless about this matter — as by their present supineness and acquiescence, with regard to so material a point, they would incline us to suspect ——— prithe, might not

- “ Some beggar's brat, on-bulk begot,
- “ Or offspring of a pedlar Scot ———
- “ Some boy bred up to cleaning shoes,
- “ The spawn of Iridewell, or the Stews, —

“ Or

“ Or vagrant race the spurious pledges
 “ Of gypsies littering under hedges*, ” —

be as responsible heirs to their names and fortunes, as these sad *outcasts* of their own loins?

A foal of blood may be suckled into a garran. — I have myself tried the instance; and do here recommend it to be added to the course of experimental philosophy, which Bacon, Boyle, and Derham, have so properly hinted to the adepts in science.

For my own part, I have great reason to resent this scandalous neglect in parents — having so severely suffered for it in myself — both in character and preferment. — For though I am a most rigid moralist in my principles, and, bating me about one thousand seven hundred, and I forgot how many years, a *primitive* christian also — completely armed, at all the *cardinal points* — yet I don't know how it is, but I actually do not feel myself always sufficiently possessed of that *virtuous uncharitability* against women of *remiss chastity*, that becomes true *modern piety* to express or exercise.

Now this natural imbecility, this moral frailty, this same laxity of virtue in me, call it what you will — I confess the weakness, and am not nice about the phrase — I do most philosophically impute wholly to the *milkiness* of my nurse — who happened, unluckily for me, to be servant maid to the *parson* of the parish — and her name was *Dorothy*. —

No, no — the influence of certain names upon the future fortunes of children, that my poor anxious father used to make such a pother about, believe me, is not by half so material a point as the other. — Whether I had been aspersed by the name of *Tristram*, *Triglyph*, or *Tria*, were, in all probability, a matter wholly indifferent to my future advancement in life.

* Swift's Rhapsody.

—No — it was, alas! the milk of Dorothy that limited the bounds of my preferment.
You shall hear.

CHAP. XXXIV.

AN HITCH IN PREFERMENT.

THE tenderness of my expressions, with regard to all *synopes* of this sort; with the humanity, charity and forgiveness, I have frequently procured to be shewn by others, towards some unfortunates in this class, have induced reflections on my own character, that have been a considerable disadvantage to my canonical progress in life.

A certain bishop, who would allow none but Christ to sit with *publicans* and *sinners*, replied to a friend of mine, who was soliciting a benefice for me —

“ I can never think of preferring *Tristram* ———
“ not so much on account of the freedom of his
“ writings, as the latitude of his life.” — But Yorick
“ — Yorick, my lord. — Nay, the utmost that I
“ should think even Yorick intitled to, taking that
“ article into the context of his works, would be, to
“ be appointed chaplain to a *regiment of dragoons*.”

And a certain lady, who is what the French stile *un diseur de bon mots*, when I was asking her for some subscriptional aid once towards sending an unhappy young woman home to her friends, who had been inveigled from Bath, some years ago, on pretence of marriage, and then cast off *upon the public*, refused her charity, and called me, in allusion to my spectral figure, and absolving priesthood, *the ghastly father of the chapels of ease* in the parish of *Covent-Garden*.

Thus did the excess of my charity lessen that of others. —

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

P R U D E S.

WHEN I hear women inveigh too vehemently against the objects of this misfortune, I am apt to suspect their hearts to be a good deal inflamed, with a certain *envious jealousy* — according to the poet,

Prudes rather envy than abhor the crime.

— Who, in *revenge* for those pleasures that they themselves remain perhaps untempted to, *provokes* them to denounce the penalties of *the world, the flesh, and the devil*, against such *interlopers*.

The self-sufficient prudes embattled stood;
Near hand, but none t'assist the vanquish'd flies;
Their neighbours ranks they saw with joy subdu'd,
With spiteful mirth triumphant in their eyes —
With scoffs, and *wise reproaches*, they upbraid
Those that, o'er-power'd, for help or pity call.
And can they yield to — ? in rage they said,
Unaided, helpless, let the wretches fall. —
Themselves were now attack'd, the rest o'erthrown,
And weakness scorn'd so late, too soon became their
own. BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

In truth, I have seldom heard a woman speak with violence upon this subject, who was either of an established or an unsuspicious character. Prior describes these kind of *virtuosos* most admirably, in his *Paula Purganti*;

She to intrigues was e'en hard-hearted,
And chuckled, when a bawd was carted.
But, in an honest way, the dame — &c.

and Pope,

A fool to pleasure, but a slave to fame.

And

And yet stronger still in another place,

A very heathen, in her carnal part,
But still a sad, good christian, at her heart.

If what I have said, and these poets have sung, be not the *natural* reason of the fact, prithee, why such partial distinction between the *undoer* and the *undone*? Why, ladies, dutchesses, and countesses, is the latter — below a certain rank — branded with infamy; while the former,

“ Whose harden’d front, unblushing, unappall’d,
“ Laughs at reproaches, and enjoys disgrace,”

is so favourably accepted of, in the assemblies of the fair?

If what I have hinted, be not the real state of the case, why should these obdurate females, whom Will Honeycomb stiles the *outrageously virtuous*, be more severe against — than *against thieves*? For surely, in ethics, it must be a less crime to give *what is one’s own*, than to take *what belongs to another*.

A failure in *chastity* may be a breach of duty toward one’s self; but a want of *charity* is certainly so against one’s neighbour. —

In fine, I fancy that your *chaste* ladies seem to consider love as their peculiar merchandise; and look upon courtesans as *smugglers*, who undersell the *fair trader*.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE BREECHES-MAKER.

BESIDES, really — as I hope there are none but philosophers by — there are so many ways for a woman to be undone, without the imputation either of vice or wantonness — such accidents, incidents, contingencies, and synchronisms, may happen in her way through life, that unless every circumstance can be fairly stated, and candidly weighed

weighed ——— which must be the great use of the *day of judgment* ——— it is morally impossible for any man, *bors d'elle*, to determine whether the fair delinquent may have been most deserving of infamy or compassion.

I have known several of these equivocal cases myself ; — two of which I think proper to indulge the curiosity of my reader with in this place, by way of specifying my argument merely —

The first instance was a very pretty modest young woman, that was only daughter to the clerk of the first parish I ever officiated in. She had been most carefully brought up, went constantly to church with her father, morning and evening ; sat upon a little stool in the aisle, just under the desk ; and having a most tuneable voice, used generally to help him to raise the psalm. —

There had never appeared the least turn of lightness, forwardness, or *flirtation*, in any part of this good girl's behaviour, as she grew up. There are usually certain *patterns* pointed out in every country village ; and *Miss Amen* was the paragon of our parish — till about the age of seventeen, she happened suddenly to disappear — because, it seems, she found herself, as we were soon after informed, to be *too big to be seen*.

The place of her concealment was kept a profound secret from us all for some months, till after the fair eloper had become the *sorrowful mother* of a child ; when I received a private billet from her, intreating me to grant her an interview the next day, at a little cottage about five miles from the town I lived in ; and begging that I would come alone.

My humanity, with a little mixture of *femality*, namely curiosity, induced me to obey the summons most punctually. — I went. — She threw herself on her knees before me, covered her face with her hand, and wept bitterly — *but not alone*. —

After I had spoken comfort to her soul, by preaching to her the great efficacy of repentance, and calmed her mind, by promising to mediate a reconciliation
between

between her and her unhappy parents, the second part of my errand operated so strongly on me, that I began to question her, in the stile of a confessor, about the whole process, the commencement, progress, and arts which had led to, or were laid for, her undoing.

She answered me, with a frankness and a candour that fully persuaded me of her truth and ingenuousness. — She declared to me, that her failure had not proceeded in the least either from passion or from vice; — that she had never in her life been sensible of any warm desire, prompting her from within, nor had even sustained any strong solicitation, urging her from without. —

No, reverend Sir, exclaimed the fair penitent, with an heavy sigh, it was nothing of all this, that I am to be cruelly reproached with upon this sad occasion. — It was — it was, alas! my father's trade alone that thus hath wrought my overthrow. —

Your father's trade! his trade! I replied, with surprize, the cause of your ruin! — But so indeed the fact was, without peradventure. —

Besides the vocation of parish-clerk, old *Amen* had, it seems, followed the occupation of *breeches-making* also. — He had bred up his daughter to the mysteries of the same manufacture, from the time that she had begun to enter into her *teens*; — and as ill luck would have it, they happened to be *leathern breeches* too that he dealt in.

The unfortunate girl — now a *woman* — assured me, that this kind of employment used, by degrees, to occasion certain involuntary wanderings to stray in her mind, which, without ever tainting her chastity in the least, had insensibly, however, sullied the purity of her thoughts; — that she had done every thing in her power to restrain her reflections from running into such reveries; and had sung psalms for whole evenings together, to divert her attention to fitter subjects of contemplation. — In vain, alas! for while she sung, breeches were still *the burden of her song*. —

This

This unlucky image haunted poor mademoiselle *Culote* continually. — When she lay down to rest, she imagined she saw them taken off, and laid under the pillow; — and when she arose, she fancied still she saw them taken up, and put on again before her eyes.

The familiarity of such ideas, though it had not in the least staggered her virtue — and I believe it — yet had pretty nearly produced the same effect, by discomfiting her modesty — so far, as to prevent a proper alarm, resentment and resistance from taking place, and coming quick enough to her aid, when she was assailed by the young squire of the manor, for whom she had just finished a neat pair of leathern breeches, which he happened to call on her for, one evening about twilight, when the rest of the family were attending a funeral in the parish.

The poor girl! Happy had it been for her, if men had never worn any breeches at all, or that they had even worn them as the *Chiriguanes* are reported to do theirs — as fops wear their hats — under their arms. — We are not yet informed how the women wear their petticoats in that country; but we may suppose, at least, that the *retort courtois** is properly returned among those people, as well as in all the other nations of the earth. — The world, 'tis thought, would soon be at an end, if it was not for such exchange of courtesies.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE MAN-MIDWIFE.

WITH regard to my second instance, I shall be but short. — She was daughter to a man-midwife; — and all that has been urged upon the former case, is equally referable to this one also. —

Her

* *An expression in As you like it.*

Her father used to be frequently called up anights, with a *Juno Lucina, fer opem.* — This would disturb her repose — She used often to lie stretching and yawning in her bed, and communing with herself about the matters and things which could occasion all this bustle and stir. —

She had a vast turn to philosophy. — She would get at her father's books — she would sometimes read more than she understood — but happened often to understand more than she was the better for. — It made her wiser, forsooth — but, alack! how dearly have we since paid for the first instance of female wisdom! 'Twas in this very science, they say, that the first curiosity was exercised. — *The know-
ing ones are sometimes taken in.*

Her father told me, one day, soon after her accident, she had declared to him, that, without labouring under the power or influence of any other inordinate passion, or propensity in nature, her curiosity was so predominant in her, that she would, at any time of her life, have stood a shot to have been made a *free-mason*.

O philosophia! dux vitæ! — The deuce it is! — But pray, Sir, is there not such a theorem in this same philosophy, as that *action and re-action are equal* — and in *opposite directions* too? And is not the *natural philosophy* ever still at fifty-cuffs with the *moral one*? — In such conflicts as these the fair *Ob-
stetrica* fell!

But the philosophy, of all others, that finally tript up poor miss Midwife's heels, was the *Platonic* one. — How beautiful a system is there displayed! To have two fond and faithful hearts mutually attracting each other, their *syssolé* and *diastole* the same, tide for tide, and by a sweet compulsion drawing nearer and nearer together, for life, like the *asymptotes of an hyperbola*, without ever coinciding, or rushing in to the *point of contact* *.

How

* *Vide the Conic Sections.*

How enviable and truly seraphic a state is this! How like to heaven itself, where they are said *neither to marry, nor to be given in marriage!* What pity is it that it is not real! and that those who would rest upon this enchanted island, as on *terra firma*, would soon have their feet slip from under them!

This same contingency — this *synchronism* — is the devil. — Ye *breeches-makers*, and ye *men* or *women midwives* also, send out your daughters from underneath your roofs, I say. — They are, alas! too dangerous seminaries for young women to be educated in. —

But enough on such subjects as these — I cannot bear to dwell long upon melancholy stories. —

CHAP. XXXVIII.

ORIGIN OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

UPON turning over this manuscript just now, I find that I had mentioned a design of writing my own memoirs once, upon a time.

I did really sit down to this work formerly, with the most serious and stupid intention possible. — But the *Brutum fulmen*, or *Will o' the wisp* of imagination, glared full before me, and led me a scamper, over hedge and ditch, through briars, through quagmires, and quick-sands, for nine intire volumes, before I attempted to introduce myself into life. — In truth, great part of that work was spent before I even pretended to have been born. — I knew the world, alas! too well, to be in any manner of hurry to step into it.

The oddness and novelty of the first volumes caught hold of the capricious taste of the public. — I was applauded, abused, censured and defended, through many a page — However, as there were more readers than judges, the edition had sufficient vogue for a sale. — This encouraged me — I went on still with the same kind of *no meaning*; singing at the end of every

every chapter, this line from *Midas* to my *asf-carest* audience.

Round about the *may-pole* how they trot. — with a parody on the text; where, instead of *brown-ale*, you are to read only *small beer*. —

But what entertained me the most, was to find a number of my most penetrating readers had conceived some deep laid scheme or design to be couched under these vagrancies or vagaries, which they fancied and affirmed would unfold itself toward the conclusion of the work. —

Nay some, more *riddle-witted* than the rest, have pretended to be able to trace my clue, through every volume, without losing once sight of the connection. — A fine spirit of enthusiasm this? — With what intelligence and profit must such persons read the *Apocalypse*! — *A millennium* must certainly be a very clear case with them.

However, I must have the *modesty* to admit, that there were, here and there, some striking passages interspersed throughout those volumes. — *In sterquilino margaritam reperit*. — There are many foibles ridiculed, and much charity and benevolence instilled and recommended. — One saunters out, sometimes, into the fields and highways, without any other purpose than to take the benefit of a little air and exercise; — an object of distress occurs, and draws forth our charity and compassion.

After this careless manner did I ramble through my pages, in mere idleness and sport — till some occurrence of humanity laid hold of me *by the breast*, and pulled me aside. — Here lies my only *fort*. — What we strongest feel, we can best express. — And upon such subjects as these, one must be capable of a double energy, who, while he is *pleading for others*, is also *relieving himself*.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE FEMALE CONFUCIUS.

I happened to be very ill at the time, and sitting by the fire side one morning in my lodgings, when I received a very polite card, in a female hand, unknown, acquainting me, that having been struck with that rich vein of philanthropy, she was pleased to say, which flowed like milk and honey through all my writings, Mrs. — would be much obliged, and flattered, if I would afford her an opportunity of a personal acquaintance with the author, by doing her the favour of drinking tea with her that evening.

I was too weak to venture abroad. I wrote her word so — assured her that I longed equally for the pleasure of an acquaintance with any person, whose heart and mind seemed to sympathize with those affections she was so kind to compliment me upon, and intreated the honour of a *sans ceremonie* visit from her, upon this occasion, that very evening.

She condescended to accept my invitation, and came accordingly. — She visited me every day while I continued confined; — which kindness I returned, most punctually, as soon as I was able to go abroad.

She was a woman of sense and virtue — not lively, but possessed of that charming sort of even cheerfulness which naturally flows from goodness.

— *Mqns*

— *Mens conscia recti*. — She was reserved, and, like a ghost, would rarely speak till spoken to. — She had, like a lute, all the *passive* powers of music in her, but wanted the master's hand to bring them forth.

She had quitted England very young — before her tender affections had been rendered callous, by the collisions of the world. — She had been carried into *India*, where she continued, till those sentiments had been ripened into principle, and were inspired with all the sublime enthusiasm of eastern morality.

She seemed to be unhappy. — This added a tenderness to my esteem for her. — I guessed, but inquired not her private history, and she communicated nothing. — She would repine, but not resent. — She had no gall to boil over — her overflowings were of the *pancreatic* juices only *.

From that time we held on a constant and refined intercourse, while she remained in the kingdom, and a friendly correspondence succeeded our parting — to meet no more — in this world — I prophecy! — she happened to be *another man's wife* too.

But the charity that had attracted, with the virtue that united us, were not able to screen us from the censure of base minds. Neither her own fair character, nor the *memento* of my ghostly appearance, were sufficient bars to slander.

The improbability of a malicious story serves but to help forward the currency of it — because it *increases the scandal*. — So that, in such instances, the world, like Romish priests, are industrious to propagate a *belief* in things they have not the least faith themselves; or, like the pious *St. Austin*, who said he believed *some things*, because they were *absurd and impossible*.

* *The Sweet-bread.*

CHAP. XL.

Continuation of Chapter XXXVIII.

THE PRIMER.

I CONTINUED this rodomontade through nine volumes, upon *fools-cap paper**; — but had reason to find at last, that the *nine day's wonder* had sown its *gape seed* long before. The novelty grew stale, and the oddness began to loose its singularity. This, I say, I confess to have perceived a considerable time before. — But one who has *run down a bill* for any way, cannot well stop his speed, till he has got to the *bottom of it*.

I then thought proper to cease *titupping my bobby-horse* about — to alight, and perform my promise to the public in a more ingenious and systematical manner. — Upon which occasion, I began to *frame* these notes — but could never since find time to *glaze* them. — So many other themes and schemes shot across my fancy, and puzzled my purpose, that I could not stick to any one subject long enough to make a volume of it — or acquit myself as an author.

One of my most favourite designs was to compose a *little book*, to be stiled *The Primer* — for the use and benefit of *grown nobility, gentry and others* — to instruct them what to say, and how to act, upon all the general occasions of life †.

I know of no work so shamefully wanted, at present as some code of this kind. There is, I confess, a certain connate liberality of nature in some persons I have met with, that *inspires* them to think, speak, and act, with a spirit and virtue which supercedes,
in

* That is the name which printers give to a certain sized paper, upon which all the authors works have been published in England.

† Here read the dedication over again.

in a great measure, the necessity of education. These instances, though, are rare — they may be filed *moral comets*.

The *many* are born with a sort of original meanness in their minds, which resolves every action, every idea, into *self* — and which the longest line in heraldry, with the possession of the largest fortune, are not sufficient to countervail, without the assistance of an academical tuition.

But the generality of the *curled darlings* of our nation, *tandem custode remoto*, shake off a load from their shoulders, when they are *emancipated* from college: for such is their sense, or *nonsense*, of this matter. — They are then apt to class *Tully's Offices*, with *Burgersdicius*, among the pedantry of the schools, and become soon possessed of just *christianity* enough to set them above all *pagan moral* — or the *shining sins* of the heathen world, as our orthodoxy affects to stifle them. They then begin to look upon their own feelings to be the sure way of judging, and the usages of the world their only rule of acting.

From hence many illiberal notions are suffered to obtain, and many ignoble deeds are practised. — From hence arise, among *the great*, Newmarket jockies, Change-alley brokers, and corporation casuists. — From hence the dignitaries of the law degenerate into attornies, and priests in lawn dwindle into tythe-proctors.

The scope then of my ritual, was to set forth the *verum, atque decens*, of morals, the truth and beauty of human actions — which it is incumbent, at least, on persons of a certain rank in life, either to *practise* or *pretend*. They would then be taught to perceive, that neither *their own feelings*, nor the *usages of the world*, were of authority sufficient to support vice, meanness, or indecorum. This would be putting them to school again. — Those who want *hearts*, should be taught *to get by heart*.

Princes and nobles, *so titled*, however they might be tempted to wallow in their own sties, would not then, perhaps, dare to emblazen their strumpets to

the public view. — *Turfministers* also might then be informed, that they had mistaken the metaphor, when they let go *the helm* to take up *the reins*.

The marchioness of Tavistock had not then lived the reproof, and died the reproach, of so many matrons on the first benches at court. Thou hast, most spotless Ephesian relict, devoted thyself to the grave with thy dead lord! They would sacrifice their living ones. — *Et faciles nymphae risere.* — And such the accommodating spirit of our modern laws, that divorces, now-a-days, like the section of the *polypus*, are suffered to generate new members from each part of the separation.

I am not such a visionary as to expect that any thing of this kind would render persons virtuous, in spite of *the whole course of modern education.* — *Et quæ fuerunt vitia, mores sunt.* — But I think that it might possibly shame your *grown nobility, gentry, and others*, into the disguising, or concealing their vices at least; — which is, perhaps, no inconsiderable point gained in morals.

Est quadam prodire tenus — Si non datur ultra.

The appearing or pretending to have more virtue than one has, is hypocrisy; — but the not exposing all the vices we are really guilty of is certainly some merit — to the public at least.

So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

A rich lawyer might, perhaps, notwithstanding, be tempted to purchase an estate *for half its value*, because the person who sold it did so in haste, *to extricate himself from a gaol.* — But after he had perused my *little book*, he would never have boasted of the action — My ears would not then be so much shocked and offended as they are too frequently now every day.

A profligate might still delude a simple maiden, or purchase the innocence of beauty from a needy parent; but he would not make a confidant of such amours. — He would not cast the victim off to want,

want, as well as infamy; nor dare to proclaim his villany to the world. My enmity, my abhorrence, my resentment, with all the tribe of the uncomfortable, the uncharitable, and unhealthy passions, would not then harass my poor shattered frame.

CHAP. XLI.

THE NATURAL EXHIBITION.

ANOTHER vision of mine, was, to open an exhibition for fine children, male and female, remarkable for their beauty, symmetry, or athletic frame. In order to which, I had prepared a new and copious edition of the *Callipædia*—or, Art of getting pretty Children; illustrated with notes of my own, and enlarged with several philosophic hints, which had occurred to my mind whilst this pleasant fancy was running in my head.

There have been many schools opened, for the exhibition of all the *arts and Sciences*; but none, O shame! for *nature*, and her *originals*. He who *copies* the *human face-divine*, receives a premium, and applause—while he that presents you with the *master piece*, or *prototype*, of the mimic work, has but *his labour for his pains*—or, at best, is referred, like virtue, to *its own reward*.—

This might encourage the good old moral and political work of propagation.—It would be reviving something similar to the useful Roman law, the *jus trium liberorum*—and be a restraint on promiscuous intercourses, which terminate in barrenness.—Profligacy is a monster, and never generates.

I can conceive no other reason for such a scheme as this not having yet become an object of the royal foundation, except that his present majesty might have so justly thought that his own family would be best intitled to the greatest emoluments of it, both from excellence and number.

I have amused myself sometimes in one of my philosophic moods, with supposing an handsome, well-made young couple setting out on such a project as this. I will not indulge the freedom of imagination on this subject — though well assured I am, that the Author of beauty, harmony, and order, cannot be displeased with a disquisition into it.

Can the origin of nature be jealous at our investigation of the very inmost recesses of its secrets? Philosophy would become impiety at such a thought.

Many other projects of these kinds, sufficient *loquacem delassare Fabium* to relate, and which would require the age of a patriarch to execute — *besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking* — have presented themselves to my active imagination, even in the midst of pain, sorrow, and sickness; — but I never was able to carry them farther than *minutes*.

For my mind has ever represented the jargon of the schools, with regard to matter, which is defined to possess a *conatus ad motum*, with a *vis inertiae*, or perfect acquiescence *ad requiem*, at the same time. — You may see what a fine thing this same learning is.

CH A P. XLII.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I FIND myself labouring, this instant, under an irresistible impulse to mention one particular design of mine — because 'tis of a singular nature — which was, to write an historical and philosophical account and description of all the several great epochs of the world, from the *creation* to the *conflagration* — from the beginning of time, when God said, *Let there be light, and there was light*; till the end of it, when he shall say, *Let there be fire, and there shall be fire*.

And there is but one notable event to be expected, between the present æra and the final consummation
of

of all things — namely, *the gathering in of all nations, so as they all may become of one faith* — when Turks, Jews, Infidels, and Hereticks — Papiſts, Preſbyterians, Janseniſts, Methodiſts, Moravians, Quietiſts, Arrians, Hugonots, Socinians, Anabaptiſts, Muggletonians, Swadlers, and Quakers — are there any more of them? — ſhall all become good proteſtants of the church of England, *as by law eſta- bliſhed*.

This might, I ſay, at firſt, appear a difficulty upon me. — But on conſidering *the train* that has been already laid, both in church and ſtate, to bring that matter to paſs, I fancy that the intelligent reader will be of opinion with me, that it requires but a competent knowledge in politics and theology, to be able to predict the time when, and the manner how, this great criſis muſt be brought to paſs.

I gave my ſentiments on this ſubject ſome years ago, in a private letter to Frederick the Third, his preſent majeſty of Prussia. — Pray, now I think of it, do you know what became of that paper? It was put into the hands of the Prussian miniſter here, to be preſented to his maſter, and we have heard no more of the matter ſince.

But to conclude —

As the firſt thing in intention is generally the laſt in execution, I have proceeded in this work accordingly, by writing backwards, or Hebrew-wiſe, and ſhall here preſent you with the laſt chapter firſt.

THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE
EPOCHAS.

A R G U M E N T.

THE LAST DAY.

The Pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

MILT.

NOX, Erebus, and chaos, now renewed their reign. — All nature was convulsed. — The panther, lion, and the leopard, fled affrighted from their dens, and, tamed by terror, grew the friends of man. — The world became an ark, and adverse beasts forgot their wonted strife, and sought alliance in each other's fierceness. — The howling wolf now bleated like the lamb. — The hawk, the vulture and the eagle, became *pigeon-livered*, and *lacked gall*. — The birds of rapine forsook their prey, and trembled for themselves. — The shark, the dolphin, and leviathan, merged from the boiling deep, and sought the fervid shore. — The elements themselves were changed in nature's wreck. — The rivers were dried up, and liquid ore supplied their burning channels. — The clouds were turned to fire, and shot their meteors through the astonished sky. — The air was flame, and breathing was no more. — The firmament was melted down, and rained its sulphur o'er the prostrate globe. — The earth's foundation to the centre shook. — *Even charity was dumb — and virtue's self stood scarcely unappalled!*

F I N I S.

M U N D I.

C H A P.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MYSELF.

AND here, perhaps, since I have got into a train of describing myself, it may amuse you — or myself — which makes very little difference, in the mood I am at present — to give you the character and peculiarities of *Triajuncta in uno*: — to which purpose I shall appropriate the whole of this chapter.

The first and principal characteristic of *my indoles* — not *indolence* — for it is as active as passionate — is philanthropy. — This is the *sine qua non* of my composition. This is my divinity, in which *I live, and move, and have my being*.

The *momentum* of my affections towards mankind is in a *reciprocal ratio* between heaven and earth. I place myself as a *medium* — and love others with that warmth and indulgence I would have my Creator manifest toward myself — forgiving their errors, palliating their infirmities, and willing both their temporal and eternal felicity. — Amen.

This turn of mind is the first thing that awakens with me, and the last I part with when I take leave of my senses. — I have frequently supposed myself a sovereign prince, and spent many an intire day in settling my household, with all the other offices and departments of my kingdom.

Nay, I do actually aver, that I sat down gravely one morning to a sheet of paper, and entered the names of all my friends and acquaintance for employs; classing them according to their respective merits and capacities, preferring still, *as becomes a king to do*, superior talents and virtue, to my fondest connections. —

Pray, was not this a scene for *Moorfields*? And would not such a manuscript as this, found in my possession, appear to have been copied from charcoal on the walls of a cell? Nay, I do confess, that I did

once

once seriously think myself mad, for a considerable portion of my life, on account of such reveries and extravagancies as these — till I happily found out that my suspicion arose chiefly from my having kept company, during that *sad* interval, with a parcel of *LUKE-warm* fools.

At other times, I have absolutely refused being a king. I burned *my list*, and cried out, *Nolo coronari*. This station did not sufficiently satisfy my thirst of power and dominion. It extended only to the *temporal* welfare of mankind, and was restricted to that scanty portion of them which was comprehended within the narrow limits of my own empire — and could bear an insurance only during my own life.

I prefer Socrates to Solon, and would rather preside in the moral than the political government of mankind. — This is the only true ambition, to assume to one's self that department in life which extends equally to all nations, to all ages, and reaches even to eternity itself. —

I am, perhaps, one of the greatest philosophers you know in the world. — Men of sense admire, and fools envy this *supposed superiority* of talent in me. — They think it must have been atchieved by dint of study, labour, and resolution, with the natural advantages of a gifted capacity, and great strength of mind.

I would not have them think so: — in the first place, because it is not true; — and in the next, such a notion as this might deter others from ever attempting to arrive at such an happy, but easy excellence of character. — Let me undeceive them. —

I was as other men are, till about the age of two-and-twenty. — I resented pain, sickness, disappointment, and distress, as naturally as I did heat and cold, hunger and thirst. — I had ever a turn for reflection. — I lay tumbling and tossing one morning in bed, my mind labouring just then under the pressure of some one or more of the above catalogue of ills, and contemplating the infinite superiority of the ancient philosophy, upon all such trials as these.

I envied,

I envied; I admired this happy possession of one's own mind. I took *heart of grace*, on the instant, and filliping my fingers, cried out, *I will myself be a philosopher*. I immediately arose — resolving not to fall asleep again, and forget it. — I put on the breeches of a philosopher — possibly, at that time, of an *beaten one* — and so commenced philosopher for life — and *I also am a painter*. —

This, be assured of it, gentlemen, was the only lesson or degree I ever took in that *truly noble science of defence* — and found it to be all-sufficient. —

The difficulties we apprehend, more than those we find, in an attempt of this kind, as well as in the strife with all our passions, is the only thing that prevents philosophy and virtue from being commonly attainable in general life.

What makes the difference, between a chaste woman, and a frail one? *The one had struggled, and the other not*. — Between a brave man, and a coward? *The one had struggled, and the other not*. — An honest man, and a knave? *One had struggled, the other not*. —

I am generally chearful — but more remarkably lively under pain, sickness, or misfortunes — provided the misfortune be all my own — than at any other time of my life. Visiting the sick ceases to be a scripture duty, when referred to me. — Folks crowd to my couch, not to bemoan, but be merry at, my sufferings — to hear me confess wit on *the rack*, and refine my *ore* in the *crucible*.

A friend of mine, thinking me expiring once under the severe disorder of a bilious cholic — and I should certainly have popped, at that very instant, if I had not, most luckily, *been given over by three physicians* — and consequently no longer plied with medicine. My friend, I say, expressed himself extremely shocked at the *indecent merriment*, as he stiled it, with which I was just going out of the world. — The reply I made him was, pretty nearly, in these words: —

“Your lazy or indolent christian is too apt to cherish in his mind a dangerous opinion of the efficacy
“of a death-bed repentance — I was never mad
“enough

" enough to trust to it. — When Socrates was asked, just before his trial, why he did not prepare himself for his defence, he nobly answered, *I have been doing nothing else all my life.*

" He who defers the great work of salvation till his last moments, hath loitered away his time, *till the night cometh, in which no man can work.* —

" A death-bed *attrition* * — and what is it more, when it comes to that? — may be compared to Vanini's last exclamation — who, though an atheist all his life, called upon God in the flames.

" Shall an apoplexy deprive us of salvation? If not, then what but fear need render us so dismal on our exit? Life is itself a jest — Then surely death must be the very *cream* of it. — The longest life is as short as an *epigram*, and our end is but *the point* of it."

My sober friend walked away into a corner of the bed-chamber, and ejaculated.

CHAP. XLIV.

A SHORT CHAPTER.

WHAT a chapter was the last! There will be no end of it if I once get into an habit of writing such long ones. — But when ever *self* happens to become the subject, one seldom knows when to have done. — This is the only theme upon which I was ever tempted to *expatiate* — which, in other words, is *to be tedious*.

For, in general, my writings do not smell much of *the lamp*. — They seem most of them rather to have been written when I had *natural light* enough — even at the very *full of the moon*. — Can the Critical Reviewers themselves say any thing worse of them?

CHAP.

* *Repentance through fear of punishment, not sorrow for sin, which latter is called contrition.*

CHAP. XLV.

A SHORTER.

BUT even these short chapters appear too prolix to me — I hope not to you — though they contain each of them, only one head a-piece. So that I am resolved here to put an end to them all, and write nothing but sentences, throughout the second volume.

I am not so vain as to think that my proverbs will be as good as Solomon's — or Sancho's either — but this I will venture to say, that they shall beat them all to nothing in number.

END OF PART I.

WHICH CONCLUDES VOL. FIRST.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE PRINTER.

PLEASE, Sir, to send your *devil* with my compliments to Messieurs the Ministry, assuring them, that it was not, by any means, in derogation to the *golden age* of the present administration, but merely from the casualty of my subject-matter, that the chapters of this book, happen so exactly to complete the number *Forty-five*.

THE EDITOR.

THE EDITOR
OF THE
NEW YORK
Herald

Dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the
New York Herald, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. M. Smith

TO THE
HONORABLE
THE EDITOR
OF THE
NEW YORK
Herald

THE EDITOR
OF THE
NEW YORK
Herald

THE
K O R A N:

OR,

ESSAYS, SENTIMENTS,
CHARACTERS, AND
CALLIMACHIES,

OF

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, M. N. A.
OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

V O L. II.

PART THE SECOND.

NESCIO QUID MEDITANS.

HOR.

THE

K. O. R. A. N.

OR

ESSAYS, SENTIMENTS,

CHARACTERS, AND

COLLIMATIONS

OF

THIS VOLUME

OF MASTER OF NO. 1

VOL. II

LAST THE SECOND

THE SECOND

T H E

A U T H O R

T O T H E R E A D E R.

WHETHER any of the following thoughts or remarks have been conceived by others, before me, or no, I cannot pretend to say; for as they spontaneously occurred to my mind, I minuted them down, without ever taking the trouble of inquiring into their origin or derivation.

And in truth, a labour of this kind would have been infinite and uncertain — for it is almost impossible, after all, for any person who reads much, and reflects a good deal, to be able, upon every occasion, to determine whether a thought was another's, or his own. — Nay, I declare, that I have several times quoted sentences out of my own writings, in aid of my own arguments in conversation; thinking that I was supporting them by some better authority.

For my own part, I do affirm, that it would afford me a most flattering pleasure to find them all imputed — For as I can truly acquit my conscience of the least manner of plagiarism, this very coincidence of sentiment and opinions, would serve to prove the justness of them, pretty nearly — as two clocks which chime together, very probably mark the right hour of the day — for the degrees of error are so numerous and various, while the point of truth is but *simplex, duntaxat, et unum*, that the odds must be manifold, that no two irregular agents shall exactly hit upon the same false measure.

But that *nothing is new under the sun*, was declared by Solomon some years ago: and it is impossible to provide against evils that have *already come to pass*. — So that I am sure I have reason to cry out, with *Donatus, apud Jerom* —

Percant,

Pereant, qui, antè nos, *nostra* dixerunt.

For I have ever wrote without study, books, or example, and yet have been *overcharged* with having borrowed this hint from Rabelais, that from Montaigne, another from Martinus Scriblerus, &c. without having ever read the first, or remembered a word of the latter.

So that all we can possibly say, of the most original authors, now-a days, is, not that they say any thing *new*, but only that they are capable of saying such and such things themselves, *if they had never been said before them.*

But as monarchs have a right to call in the specie of a state, and raise its value, by their own *impression*, so are there certain prerogative geniuses, who are above plagiarists — who cannot be said *to steal*, but from their improvement of a thought, rather *to borrow* it, and repay the commonwealth of letters with interest again; and may more properly be said *to adopt* than *to kidnap*, a sentiment, by leaving it *beir* to their own fame.

I do not pretend to class myself among such privileged wits. — I never *borrow*, lest I should not be able *to pay* — but have only made the above remark, to shew the candor of my own criticism upon all such occurrences as these.

It may, perhaps, be requisite here to explain a new term I have made use of in the title page of this part of my work. The word *Callimachies* I have framed from *Callimachus*, the name of a Greek poet, of whom it is said, that he had written above eight hundred elegant poems; which were all comprehended in about five hundred pages.

I was pleased with this character of his works. — I hate your *scriptus et in tergo* authors — and have therefore taken the liberty of denominating all concise or sententious writings *Callimachies*, after his name. I thought it adviseable to give this definition of the word, lest the Critical Reviewers should derive it from the *French* phrase *Gallimatias*. —

I like

I like this manner of writing extremely. — It is really being too hard upon the public, *to turn over a new leaf with them*, upon an old score, continually.

— And whenever my bookseller, who buys by the *bulk* — and such works deserve to remain on it — obliges me to augment my pages, I generally contrive to give the reader some new subject — *or none at all* — which does as well, as it serves equally for amusement to find one out.

But indeed, if the editor of these *loose sheets* — I don't mean immodest ones — would take my advice, for his own profit, he would by no means publish them at all — but sell them privately, to some of the *wit-lesfs* authors of the present age, who have attained to a certain *knack* of writing, both in prose and verse, without matter, fancy, or invention —

Without one thought to interrupt the song.

This collection then might, perhaps, serve to embellish their works, and help them off the *bulk* a little.

Farewell, neighbour —

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

1. The first part of the report is a general statement of the purpose of the study. It is to determine the effect of the new law on the business of the State.

THE K O R A N.

CALLIMACHIES, &c.

1. **A** PERSON may not merit *favour*, as that is only the *claim* of man, but can never demerit charity, for that is the *command* of God.

2. In Sophocles, Jocasta prays to the Lycian Apollo, and says, that *she came so his temple, because it was the nearest*. This was but a sorry compliment to his godship. — It is the same, however, that people generally pay to religion; who abide by the doctrines and faith they have been bred up in, merely to save themselves the trouble of seeking farther.

3. Inveni portum — Spes et fortuna valet —
Sat me lufisti — *Ludite nunc alios*.

There is a bad moral expressed here, in the word *Ludite*. — I would have said rather *parcite*. — The writer did not deserve *invenire portum*.

4. There is a great stiffness in the stile and manner of Pliny's Epistles. — This was his character throughout; for he professes himself an admirer of *evgreens*, clipt into the shapes of men and other animals. — I think, that Orrery was a fitter translator for him than Melmoth, for that reason.

5. Political and natural connections are different ideas. — I look upon all ties of affinity, or consanguinity merely, to be of the first kind. Love and friendship form the only natural alliances.

6. There is no such thing as an impartial representation. A looking-glass, one might be apt to imagine, was an exception to this proposition; and yet we never see our own faces justly in one. It gives us nothing but the *translations* of them. A mirror even reverses our features, and presents our left-hand for our right. This is an emblem of all *personal reflections*.

7. I prefer a private to a public life. — For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

8. The confinement of the *unity of time*, in the drama, forces the poet often to violate nature, in compliment merely to the appearance of truth. — For he must be obliged to compress actions within the compass of *three hours*, which in the ordinary course of things, would require the leisure of as many days, perhaps years, to bring to pass.

A play is but an *acted novel*, of about three hours reading; and should not be restrained within the limits of any given time, in the story, though the *representation* ought not to exceed the usual one.

9. Impatience is the principal cause of most of our irregularities and extravagancies. I would sometimes have paid a guinea to be at some particular ball or assembly, and something has prevented my going there. After it was over, I would not give a shilling to *have had been* there.

I would pay a crown at any time for a venison ordinary. But after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to *have had* it venison.

Think frequently on this reflection, ye giddy, and ye extravagant.

10. There is such a torture, happily unknown to ancient tyranny, as *talking a man to death*. Marcus Aurelius advises to assent readily to *great talkers* — in hopes, I suppose, to put an end to the argument.

An epitaph on the unlamented death of a talkative old maid. By myself.

Here lieth the body of M. B. spinster, aged forty-three, who, on the tenth day of August 1764, became silent.

11. A tragic writer can *call spirits from the vasty deep*, and re-animate the dead.

12. Mr. Guthrie, in his Essay on Tragedy, distinguishes between a *poet* and a *genius*. He must have meant only rhimers, versifiers, or poetasters; for I will not admit a person to be a *poet*, without a *genius*.

13. One does not require nor think of a fire, often, in spring or autumn; yet I don't know how it is, but when we have happened by chance to pass near one, the sensation it communicates is so pleasant, that we feel rather inclined to indulge it.

This is analogous to temptation — and the moral is, *keep away from the fire.*

————— Who venture in,
Have half acquiesced in the sin.

This is the sentiment of some poet; but I cannot make out the distich. — Nor is it at all material; for that sentence must be poor, indeed, that owes its merit to its metre. — *Weight*, not *measure*, is the proper standard of true *sterling*.

14. *Custom* is too apt to obtain a sanction, by becoming a *second nature*. — This should be admitted only in indifferent matters; for in others, use only renders abuse familiar, and makes custom the more reprehensible.

15. Persons of sense foresee a *crisis*, and temporize with *occasion*. Short-sighted people never comply, till *occasion* becomes *necessity* — and then it is often too late.

16. Some folk think it sufficient to be *good christians* without being *good men* — so spend their lives in whoring, drinking, cheating — *and praying*.

17. Some people pass through life, soberly and religiously enough, without knowing why, or reasoning about it — but, from force of habit merely, go to heaven, *like fools*.

18. *Mechanical christians* make an office of their pews, for the dispatch of *business*.

19. Going to prayer with bad affections, is like paying one's levee in an undress. —

There is a great deal of this species of wit, in many admired writings, where the simile falls short of the comparison.

20. Religion was too abstracted before the coming of our Saviour. — But the cloathing the Divinity with matter, hath presented us with a *sensible object* for our adoration — which was absolutely necessary

to attract the devotion of the *many*. — For a *philosophic religion* is a religion — for a *philosopher* only.

21. Marcus Aurelius says, that he had learned from Apollonius, *not to be impatient when his arguments happened not to be apprehended*. —

I think there is a reason, besides the philosophic one, for this. — A person ought rather to triumph upon the advantages of superior knowledge or understanding; which should incline him more to pity than resentment.

22. People who are *always* taking care of their health, are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure, which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

23. When I see good men dying often, while worthless fellows are suffered to live, I feel the force of that passage in the Psalms most emphatically — *The lord wishes not the death of a sinner*.

24. The nibbling of critics, like the mites in cheese, depreciate a work to some, but enrich it to others. Quere?

25. Men *tire* themselves in pursuit of *rest*. The reply of Callisthenes to Alexander may be here applied — Was it Callisthenes, or — — — — —? Not material — though some literary blockheads would perhaps make a bustle about it.

26. It is an impious prostitution of the sacrament, to administer it to the adulterer, the oppressor, or as a test, merely by way of *qualification*, for some temporal office. Those only should be admitted to the communion who *qualify* themselves for the next world — not those who receive it solely for this.

27. Titles of honour are like the *impressions* on coin — which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.

28. There is no such thing as real happiness in life. The justest definition that was ever given of it, was, *A tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion*. — I forget where.

29. I have known many men who have worn out what little sense had been born with them, long before their deaths — but yet, having been trained

ed up in office business, or some mechanical trade — as *the army*, or *the church* — continue to pass through them still, like children in a *go cart*, without either suspecting themselves, or being detected by others.

If you slice off the head of a turkey-cock, after it has been once set a-running, it will continue to keep striding on, in the same stalking gait, for several yards, before it drops.

I have known several people pass through life, plausibly enough, with as little brains as *an headless turkey-cock*.

30. It was an apt saying of Epicurus, *Stultus semper incipit vivere*.

31. Swift's *love-song*, in the *modern taste*, beginning,

“ Flutt’ring, spread thy purple pinions,

“ Gentle Cupid, o’er my heart ;

“ I a slave in thy dominions —

“ Nature must give way to art,”

was not a whit too *outré*, upon the *prettily worded* nonsense of our *lyrics and sonneteers*.

I happened to be looking over my daughter’s music-book this morning, and met with several *celebrated* songs, performed with *vast applause* at Renelagh and Vauxhall, which have been penned since that cautionary ode had appeared in the world — where the authors, *not having the fear of Swift before their eyes* — and in utter *contempt of our sovereign lord the poet laureat* — such horrid murders as these have been wilfully perpetrated, viz.

One lover begins, in open defiance of the laws, thus —

“ Have you *not* seen the sun,

“ *When sunk beneath the hills?* —

“ *Then have you seen my Molly fair,*” &c.

which, being interpreted, is exactly this — “ *Provided that you have never happened to see the sun, when it had become invisible, then I will admit*

"mit that you might have seen my *Molly fair*, who
 "beats the sun — *out of sight*."

Another poet bewitched, too sublime for groveling nonsense, elevates his passion at once into a crime.
 — For concluding a verse with this position, that

"Friendship with woman is *sister* to love,"

he commits a *poetical incest* at once — slapdash.

But the genius that pleased and puzzled me the most, was the author of the following stanza:

"Come, take your *glass*,

"The northern lass

"So *prettily* advised. —

"I took *my glass*,

"And really was

"*Agreeably surprized*."

Upon which arise two questions, equally interesting, to be resolved here — namely, What was *the glass*? And what *the surprize*?

The latter, indeed, he lets us into the secret of, in the next verse — which happens to be the lass's beauty — and we are to suppose this to have been the very first time he had ever seen it — by his being so much *surprized* at the sight. — But then, why not *surprized*, before he had *taken his glass*, as well as after? — Which leads us to the solution of the first question, what manner of *glass* this was.

Here the commentators differ extremely — one *sect* affirming it to have been a *magnifying glass* — which had *surprizingly* increased the *dimensions* of those charms, which had appeared nothing remarkable to the naked eye before.

Another opinion, and to which, I confess, I more incline, as being the most orthodox, is, that it must have been a *drinking-glass* — That the *northern lass*, being somewhat *chilly*, had challenged our poet to take *about* with her — and had bumpered him into a sort of *Scotch* — or *second fight* — or, in other words, had plied him up to that pitch of potation, when men are said to *see double*. — By which means it became

came a *multiplying-glass* — which must have increased the *number* of her charms to so agreeably surprising a degree as the lover appears to have been so enraptured at.

And what serves, in my opinion, to render this the more natural interpretation of the difficulty, is, that philosophy has observed, in proportion as men grow warm with wine, their *penchant* toward the act of *multiplication* grows stronger and stronger.

32. *Zed* led a sort of *zig-zag* life, gaining his points by indirect courses, as a ship makes her voyage, by *tacks*, in an adverse wind.

33. *Varium et mutabile semper femina.*

VIRG.

These epithets are said to be synonymous — I think not. — The first expression alludes to *the temper*, and the second regards *the affections*.

34. A reflection, on the shortness and vanity of human life:

I never see a man cock his hat, but I think of my poor father, who has been long dead; and am apt to cry out, as becomes a philosopher — *What signifies cocking one's hat?*

35. I never knew but one person who interfered between man and wife either with safety or success. — Upon a domestic *pro* and *con* once between the parties, that was rising even to blows, a friend of mine, who happened to be by, hit the husband a stroke with his right-hand, crying, “Be quiet, you brute;” and struck the woman at the same time with his left, saying, “Hold your tongue, you vixen.” — Then repeating his moral admonitions, and friendly buffers, with a “Peace, you monster — Have done, you termagant — Hands off, you coward — Retire, you virago” — a fit of shame and laughing seized them both at the same time at so extraordinary and impartial an umpirism; they shook hands, immediately, and became good friends for the rest of their lives.

36. Poets should turn philosophers in age, as Pope did. — We are apt to grow *chilly*, when we sit out our fire.

37. A certain person expressed himself once very happily, in making an apology for his epicurism, by saying, that he had unfortunately contracted *an ill habit of living well*.

38. The more tickets you have in a lottery the worse your chance. — And it is the same, of virtues, in the lottery of life.

39. *Tot homines, tot sententiæ*. — It cannot then be deemed partiality or prejudice to prefer one's own opinion to that of others. — If you can please but one person in the world, why should you not give the preference to yourself?

So much for the sport of fancy. — But I should rather give the preference to another. — It is impossible for faith to conceive, without having felt it, the superior pleasure of loving another person better than one's self.

40. Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians — only that they do not deal in *scruples*.

41. Writings of wit or genius, in the present times, is but *lighting a candle to the blind*. — It supplies them only with a glare, but affords them no view.

42. The definition of the Godhead is, *that his intelligence requires no reasoning*. — *Neither propositions, premises, nor deductions, are necessary to him*. — *He is purely intuitive*. — *Sees equally what every thing is, or is possible to be*. — *All truths are but one idea only*. — *All space but a single point, and eternity itself but an instant*.

This is a truly philosophic idea of the Godhead; and is suited to it alone, in one very peculiar sense — that any being, less than infinite, would be rendered miserable by such endowments. — Reasoning, investigation, progressive knowledge; hopes, completions, variety, society, &c. would be at an end.

The

The sole pleasures of such a being, if not God, must be those of a brute—reduced to sensuality alone.—This must have been the state of your demigods, if ever there had been any such——your bull and swan Jupiters—your swine-wallowing Bacchus's——your *B-li-m-e* Pluto's——&c.

43. *A clever fellow.*—The word *clever* is an adjunct, in which all the learned languages are deficient.—There is no expression in any of them which conveys the comprehensive idea of this epithet.

May we not from hence suppose, that the character here intended, as well as the expression, is peculiar to these kingdoms? and indeed it is in a land of liberty only that a man can be completely *clever*.

44. How shocking to humanity, to see the picture of religion besmeared with superstition, justice blooded with cruelty, and love stained with lust!

45. A tree is to be judged by its *fruit*, not its *blossoms*.——Quære——

46. There was a book lately published, titled, *Of the future lives of brutes*, which gave great offence to your *divines*. I cannot see why.—The only fault I found with it was, that it was but poorly written.

Is there only such a portion of salvation in the gift of Providence, that parsons need be jealous of the participation? To suppose the inferior animals of the creation to be endowed with souls, must pre-suppose our own to be out of all dispute.

There is certainly a remarkable difference in *the morals* of all the domestic animals, even of the same species. The beasts of the desert we will suppose to be uniformly vicious. We will suppose also that these are to be *the devils* of brutes in the four-footed Tartarus.

47. *O navis!* referent te, &c.—

The comparing a commonwealth to a *ship*, is one of the justest allusions in politics that can be imagined.——But this simile is more peculiarly adapted to Great Britain than to any other state in the world; as it has a double right to it, both as an island, and

the first maritime power, both in naval strength and commerce.

Whenever, therefore, I hear of our entering into a Continental war, I think I see the brave tars dragging their ships through the streets of London, and begging their bread, like the Thames boat-men in the time of a frost; or drawn up from the sea-coasts, through Flanders, to be used as scaling-ladders, or battering arms, against the walls of Fontenoy, Ghent, or Bruges.

48 I had a patron once, who used to publish his kind *intentions* toward me to the world, and so paid himself before-hand, without waiting for a *reversion* from gratitude.

A generous mind may be compared to the Latin *dative*, which has no *preceding* article, and does not declare its case till it comes to the *termination*.

Is there not such a proverb as *working for a dead horse*? This was the case. — As he had already paid himself, the work went slowly on — and *is not finished yet*.

49. I have such aversion to ill temper, that I could sooner forgive my wife adultery, than crossness. — I cannot taste *Cassio's kisses on her lips*, but I can see a frown on her brow.

50. I have so great a contempt and detestation for meanness, that I could sooner make a friend of one who had committed murder, than of a person who could be capable, in any instance, of the former *vice*.

Under meanness, I comprehend dishonesty — under dishonesty, ingratitude — under ingratitude, irreligion — and under this latter, every species of vice and immortality in human nature.

51. There are many ways of inducing sleep — The thinking of purling rills, or waving woods — Reckoning of numbers — Droppings from a wet sponge fixed over a brass pan, &c. — But temperance and exercise answer much better than any of these *succedaneums*.

52. Live

52. Live to learn, and learn to live ———
Quaint.

53. I have an higher opinion of the sense and virtue of women — and ever had — than men, or even women themselves, generally have.

54. Death is only terrible to us, as a change of state. — Let us then live so, as to make it only a continuation of it, by the uniform practice of charity, benevolence, and religion, which are to be the exercises of the next life — unless we are to be as idle and worthless there as the gods of Lucretius.

55. I would rather go barefoot than do a dishonest thing. — Better to have one's *feet* dirty, than their *hands*. — Whose stile is this?

56. Some peers of my acquaintance put me in mind of a person I once knew, whose name, names, or *nomen multitudinis*, was Cæsar Augustus, Gustavus Adolphus, Mark Antony, Timothy Keeling — *dancing-master*.

57. It shocks me to think how much mischief almost every man may do, who will but resolve to do all he can.

58. To frame a corps de reserve, of the ugliest and most misshapen men, and a body of *Amazons* too, of the same stamp, trained to war, to be sent upon the service of the *forlorn hope*, would, methinks, be a vast improvement in *tactics*.

Persons under such descriptions must be more prodigal of life than others — and would, besides, be a less loss to the community. — The *Feri faciem* won Pharsalia, because poor Pompey's troops happened, unfortunately, to have been handsome fellows. — But if his legions had been formed, or *deformed*, out of the above corps, Cæsar might perhaps have had reason to be sorry that he had ever passed the *Rubicon*.

There is also something terrifying in the ugliness of an enemy. — One is apt to expect less humanity, mercy, or quarter, from such physiognomies. *Novitate aspectus milites perculsi*, says Tacitus. — *Kill or be killed*, seems, in this case, the only word of action.

From hence such persons are filled *frightful* — that is, apt to create fear in others. The king of Prussia seemed to have conceived such a philosophic notion as this, when he framed the *regiment of death* in the last war.

59. Our doctors say, that the dead shall rise again with bodies. — This notion appears to be an article of faith, agreeable rather to the doctrine of a Mahometan priest than a Christian divine. —

It would be unphilosophic to suppose that flesh and blood shall lose their properties after resurrection — nor indeed, to do them justice, is it pretended. — And if so, I'll answer for it, that the Turkish scheme of paradise will be the *practice*, though all the metaphysics of a christian should be the *faith*.

60. Physicians ought never to drink. ——— Whenever any distemper affects themselves, they always call in foreign aid ——— thinking, very justly, that the slightest disorder might impair the judgment. And yet, methinks, a man may be able to preserve his senses much better, in the first stages of a fever, than after a bottle of wine.

61. The preachers abroad use so much gesture and action in their delivery, that the congregation becomes an *audience*, the moment the text is given out — for they may imagine themselves to be present at Æschylus's theatre, where the speeches were all spoken with correspondent gesticulation from a pulpit.

62. We may *imitate* the Deity in all his attributes; but *mercy* is the only one in which we can pretend to *equal* him. We cannot indeed *give* like God — but surely we may *forgive*, like him. — This is the stile in which South and Taylor quibble your souls to heaven.

63. The different judgments we are apt to frame upon the deaf and blind, with regard to their respective misfortunes, is owing to our seeing the blind generally in his best situation, and the deaf in his worst — namely, in company. The deaf is certainly the happier of the two, when they are each alone.

64. An

64. An epicure desires but one dish; a glutton would have two.

65. An atheist is more reclaimable than a papist
—— as ignorance is sooner cured than superstition.

66. A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him, that a drunken man has when he is sober.

67. The chaste mind, like a polished plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.

68. Shakespear may be stiled the *oracle of nature*.
—— He speaks *science* without *learning*, and writes the language of the present times.

69. It is a great error in the political constitution of England, that the peerage is not limited. — The body itself would derive greater honour, respect and consequence, from such a restriction. At present, lords are as plenty in these kingdoms, as German counts and French marquis's abroad; or as the Polish nobility, who are reported to be two hundred thousand *strong* — read *throng* — and as little distinguished from the commonalty.

But this is not the particular that I most resent. — I speak not as a lord, but as a common-wealth-man. — The increase of the peerage must soon destroy the great bulwark of the state, by overbalancing the weight of the commons. Men of the largest fortunes obtain titles, and leave none but middling ones in the *lower house*. This reduces their importance and dignity.

And those who succeed these peers, in parliament, are, generally their brothers, their sons, or other dependants — This increases the influence and sway of the *upper house*. — So that the rule of *omne majus*, may, possibly, soon be as true in politics, as it is in philosophy.

The *constituents* are a restraint on their *representatives*, once, at least, in *seven years*. — Too seldom!

And

And if the crown should refuse its assent to wholesome laws, the commons can, in turn, withhold its revenues.

But the lords are independent of controul. — They may prevent the passing of any bill they please, and the community has no manner of redress against them. The king cannot *unlord*, nor the people *unchoose* them.

In ancient states, persons were honoured with a *crown*, for saving a nation. — *Coronets* were not then conferred, for destroying one. — Nor are they now. — I allude only to the *twelve peers*.

70. A certain person had once done me a signal piece of service, but had afterwards behaved himself very unworthily toward me. — An occasion soon occurred, which put it into my power to requite his ill offices; and I was urged to take advantage of it, by a *friend of mine* — or rather, *an enemy of his*.

I objected, that this man had formerly obliged and served me. — True, he replied; but surely his ill behaviour since that time, has sufficiently cancelled both the service and the obligation.

By no means. — Merchants accompts are never to be admitted into the higher and more liberal commerce of friendship. A person who has once obliged, has put it out of his power ever after to disoblige us. The scripture has inculcated a precept to *forgive our enemies*. — How much stronger then must the text imply the *forgiveness of our friends*?

The *disobligation*, therefore, being thus cancelled by religion, leaves the *obligation* without abatement, in moral. — A kindness can never be cancelled — *not even by repaying it*.

71. The advantages of academical learning, as far as it relates to the study of languages, is only this — that the time and labour required to understand an author in the original, fixes the matter and reasoning stronger in young minds, than a cursory reading in their own language can be supposed to do.

— By

— By which means knowledge may be said to be *inculcated* into us.

Conversation too has the same effect. — We remember the person, his figure, his very dress, the circumstances of time, place, &c. which all concur to fix the ideas in our minds. — This would be a shorter and a pleasanter method of instruction; and why not practise it?

If the chief, which ought in this case to be the sole end of learning, be to teach us knowledge, science, and virtue, how are the dead languages necessary to that acquirement? *Ars longa, vita brevis*, is an old complaint. But the general method of education, which the superstition of our European universities keeps us still incumbered with, increases this evil, even beyond the natural state of it, by, *in effect*, *lengthening art*, and *shortening life*.

72. What persons are by starts, they are by nature. — You see them, at such times, off their guard. — Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion — but intervals best discover the man.

One must live intimately with people, to know them — and it is not much for the honour of human nature, to say that friendship subsists longer than love — because the intercourse is not so frequent.

73. That virtue is its own reward, may be understood not only in a *moral*, but an *orthodox* sense of the words also. — For, according to our divines, that virtue which proceeds from a mere natural good disposition, or a regard to *ethic beauty* only, is so far from having any merit with God, that it is made a doubt, by the *thirteenth article* of our faith, whether it does not *partake of the nature of sin*.

So that mere simple virtue, according to this opinion, must take up with its concomitant pleasure for its reward — as no action, which does not spring wholly from a religious principle, and is not dictated either by our love or obedience to God — and does
not

not direct itself, either actually or virtually, immediately or ultimately, to his glory, can be, in the least degree, intitled to the promises of the gospel.

And those *miserable sinners*; Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Epictetus, Titus, and Marcus Aurelius, while they ignorantly meant to have heaped benefits upon mankind, were, it seems, according to this same *thirteenth article*, but *heaping coals of fire* upon their own heads.

So that were a bishop, now-a-days, to take the trouble of converting one of such fellows as these, he ought to begin by stripping him stark naked of all charity, benevolence, and virtue, and after he had been left for some time *to cool* in that situation, then put him out to school, to some clerk of a parish, to be taught them all over again anew.

I hope that the right reverend fathers of the church will now think me sufficiently orthodox, in this passage, to intitle me to a deanry at least.

74. Socrates, in the *Phedon*, makes a great difference between *virtue* and *habit*, with regard to the allotments hereafter. He says, that a person who behaves well, from a moral principle, shall be intitled to an infinitely higher reward, than one who fills up the same measure of duty merely from use or exercise.

This is a fine reflexion in a pagan: — The christian divines carry their distinction much farther, by giving the same advantage to religion over morals, that Socrates does to morals over habit.

75. When the different species of animals are not distinguishable throughout, as the ass, the mule, from the horse — the monkey, the baboon, from the man — they are apt to shock and disgust our sight.

The different sexes too in human nature should be as strongly marked as possible, for the same reason. An effeminate man, or a masculine woman, are still more offensive than the former instances — because they

they hurt a moral too. *Hic mulier* and *hæc vir* are unnatural concords.

76. I take the errors and absurdities of the Roman catholic tenets and doctrines to have arisen merely from this — That as soon as the christian religion came to make its way in the world, to be established in governments, and endowed with lands, benefices, jurisdictions, and other temporal emoluments, certain deists, or moral heathens, began to attack *the church*, as a mere political institution, framed to overturn states and kingdoms — urging, that there appeared to have been no sort of necessity for a revelation, which had advanced nothing new or unknown to mankind before, from the pure light of nature and philosophy.

Thus then the best evidence of its divine origin — its being but a more rational, compact, and refined system of ethics, introduced with humility, recommended with meekness, and practised with mortification and self-denial — neither enforced with worldly power, nor subversive of any laws, natural, moral, or political — was pleaded against it.

Upon which the councils of priests, in those days, alarmed for their temporal estates, power, and dominion, began to convene themselves together, in the devil's name, and put every text of scripture *on the rack*, to confess articles of faith and practice; of such extraordinary nature as the light of reason could never have dictated, and which were directly contrary to whatever its logic could ever have submitted to — such as infallibility, transubstantiation, supererogation, absolution, indulgence, dissolving of allegiance, temporal jurisdiction, inquisition, corporal penances, and propagating the gospel of peace and mercy by the arguments of fire and sword. — The infidels were *non-suited* upon this.

77. Algebra is the metaphysics of arithmetic.

78. The stumbling-block of the Jews, was their mistaking the second coming of the Messiah in glory, for his first appearance in obscurity. They had conceived

ceived such a vain notion of their deliverer, that they scorned to submit their faith to a private person, when they expected an earthly king.

They may, perhaps, plead some excuse for this mistake at first — but they appear really to have been, *a perverse and stiff-necked generation* of infidels, who did not submit themselves to *the church* of Rome, when the popes had established their temporal kingdom, their absolute dominion over all the powers of Europe, and shewed them, according to their own opinions, *the triumphant state of Christ* upon earth.

79. A supplement to Bacon's Mythology of the ancients —

Perhaps the fable of Jupiter's supplanting his father Saturn, the first of all the gods, might have arisen from a corruption of the tradition handed down from Adam, that the Son of God was the creator of the world, and all animated beings therein — which, in the dark ages of ignorance in divine mysteries, might have been interpreted as a superceding of God the father's power, and usurping the Heavens.

80. Another.

Perhaps the story of Prometheus creating man, bringing fire from heaven to animate him — his attempting the chastity of Pallas, and being condemned to severe pains, in consequence of these acts — might have alluded to the *Logos* regenerating human nature, informing it with the *Holy Spirit*; its entering into the *Virgin's womb*, and suffering *the passion* for the redemption of the world.

81. Another.

I wonder much that those mystic divines, who are fond of deducing types of christianity, out of the pagan mythology, have never made an allusion, from Cerberus, with his *three heads*, to the pope, and his *triple-crown*.

The first guarded the entrance into the Elysian fields, and the latter assumes the keys of St. Peter — the power of absolution, excommunication, &c.

82. Another.

82. Another.

In the heathen mythology, reported by *Avienus* in his *celestial history*, Jupiter is said to have placed *Hercules* next to himself, in the Heavens, with his *beel* bruising the great serpent's head, that had kept possession of the garden. — Apply this.

83. Learning is the *dictionary*, but sense the *grammar* of science.

84. *Art* and *Science* are words frequently made use of, but the precision of which is so rarely understood, that they are often mistaken for one another.

I don't like any of the definitions of the schools. — I met with a distinction, somewhere, once, comparing *science* to *wit*, and *art* to *humour*; but it has more of *fancy* than *philosophy* in it. It serves to give us, however, some idea of the difference between them, though no idea of either.

I think that *science* may be stiled the knowledge of *universals*, or abstract wisdom; and *art* is science reduced to practice — or science is reason, and art the mechanism of it — and may be called *practical science*. — Science, in fine, is the *theorem*, and art the *problem*.

I am aware that this objection will be made — that poetry is deemed an art, and yet it is not mechanical. — But I deny it to be an art — neither is it a science. — Arts and sciences may be taught — poetry cannot. — But poetry is *inspiration* — it was breathed into the soul, when it first quickened, and should neither be stiled art or science, but *genius*.

85. He who desires more than will supply the competencies of life, except for the sole purposes of charity, respects others more than himself. — For he pays an expensive compliment to the world — as all beyond the first requisites is expended merely to attract the admiration, or provoke the envy, of his neighbours.

86. Sir Thomas More, and other remarkable persons, have been censured for behaving too lightly at the point of death. — But perhaps there is a certain heaviness

heaviness of heart, that may occasion a lightness of head, and give people the appearance of a bravery which they do not feel — like that kind of temerity with which cowards are sometimes inspired by despair.

As this may be the case, a neglect of a proper gravity and decorum, upon so serious and interesting an occasion, should no more be imputed to them as a fault, than the deliriums of a fever.

I speak not here against christian resignation, or philosophic composure, upon such a crisis.

87. I agree with Erasmus, on the subject of the Trinity — *Satis est credere.* — And therefore, shall never perplex myself, either with philosophizing or theologizing about the matter.

88. Positiveness is a most absurd foible. — If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph. — If in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

89. A singular person may be compared to a monster — more admired at, than esteemed.

90. Desire in youth is a passion — in age a vice — While it solicits us, it is pardonable — but when we pimp for it — O shameful!

91. Friends may be compared to wine — the new more pure, and every drop is potable: — the old more rich — but there are apt to subside some dregs of age. Quære?

92. Writings may be compared to wine. — Sense is the strength, but wit the flavour. No quære.

93. St. Evremond is the best modern ancient I ever read.

94. Probably Providence has implanted peevishness and ill temper in sick and old persons, in compassion to the friends or relations who are to survive; as it must naturally lessen the concern they might otherwise feel for their loss.

95. I prefer the Greek epigram to the Latin one. — The first consists in a natural, but not obvious thought, expressed with strength and delicacy. The latter

latter has too much *point* and conceit in it : it has not the true simplicity of ancient wit.

Catullus wrote in *the spirit* of the former — Martial in *the ghost* of the latter. — Almost all the moderns have generally *imitated* the Roman poet, because it is the easiest manner of writing — requiring less wit or genius. — But the former stile must be *original*, and is incapable of *imitation*; or must suffer the censure of Horace —

————— *Frustraque laborat,*
Aufus idem. —————

96. Shaftsbury would impose ridicule on us, as a *test of truth*. — He is, I think, in general, but a slight writer. — His arguments are weak, superficial, and inconclusive. — He was, therefore, under the necessity of calling in the auxiliary of wit to his aid, but failed more remarkably in this resource too — for I think that *he reasons* even better than *he jests*.

97. Let your pleasures be of *choice*, not of *course*.

98. Marriage may be compared to the monster *Lindamira-Indamora*, in Scriblerus — different minds united only by the Body. — But love resembles an *hermaphrodite*, where different sexes are informed with but one soul.

I ransacked all nature to find out more seemly allusions, to illustrate my position — but was obliged to take up with these, *out of nature*, after all.

99. I thought that *to forgive our enemies*, had been the highest effort of the *heathen ethic* — but that the *returning good for evil*, was an improvement of the *Christian morality*.

But I had the mortification to meet with that *interloper* Socrates, in Plato, enforcing the divine precept of *loving our enemies*. — Perhaps for this reason, among others, he was stiled by Erasmus, a *christian*, before *christianity*.

100. There should always be a *clause of divorce* in the marriage covenant of princes, in case of barrenness, in order to prevent greater evils. — For as poison has often been made a political use of upon
such

such occasions, it might *possibly* be some temptation to her majesty to prescribe herself *a dose of adultery*, quantum sufficit, in hope of removing obstructions. — For a queen may have reason to cry out, with Rachel, *Give me Children, or I die.*

This expedient may, perhaps, be *a natural* reason for so many kings, *in history*, having degenerated from the spirit and virtue of their *imputed* ancestry.

101. The English constitution of state is composed out of all the ancient politics — monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and oligarchy — the king, nobles, commons, and privy council.

These several bodies temper and correct each other like the four ingredients of punch — where, according to the good old *catch*,

“ The sharp melts the sweet, and the mild sooths
“ the strong.” —

The first is the sugar, the second the water, the third the spirit, and the fourth *the acid*.

102. There is a maxim, that *it is better ten guilty should escape, than one innocent person suffer.*

This I deny. — Humanity, not policy, speaks this language. — The impunity of even one villain is capable of doing more injury to society, than the loss of even more than one honest man.

The laws of war, though severe, are, however, founded in political justice. — If the enemy has got possession of an outwork, no scruple is made of blowing up the rampart, though part of our own soldiery should be on duty there.

I feel myself shocked on the close of this paragraph. — This is the first time of my life that ever I suffered my philosophy to plead against my humanity. — *Sed fiat justitia*, for justice is humanity.

103. A man's fortune should be his rule for *sparing*, but not for *spending*. Extravagance may be supported, but not justified, by affluence.

104. A gallows, like the forbidden tree, gives at once both death and knowledge.

105. That

105. That truth is hid in *a well*, and that there is *truth in wine*, have both the same import — implying that none but *sober persons* should be intrusted with a secret.

106. However arch I may be said to be in my hints, or free in my allusions, I never remember to have made use of any one loose or obscene expression in my life, and have always discountenanced it in others.

I have ever held the mysteries of the *bona dea* sacred — and have so much of the pagan in me, as to regard love as a deity — which leads me to consider gross language to be a sort of heathen blasphemy.

107. *Date obulum Belisario*. — I would not have given him a farthing. He deserved not to eat the bread he begged — because he *begged it*. — Was Belisarius a *Christian*?

108. Lucretius stiles the intellect *Spiritus unguenti suavis*; and some other poet — for my memory is bad — calls it *Flos Bacchi*. — I say, that spare diet, and clear skies, are Apollo and the Muses.

109. A criticism, after the manner of Bentley:

Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

JUVENAL.

Methinks I never read a poorer Latin sentence than this. *Habet* is not the proper verb here — It betokeneth *possession*, for which there happens to be no manner of application in this passage. *Esse* should have been the verb — changing the grammar.

Infœlix paupertas is a false metaphor, and can only be supported by certain figurative moods of speech, which critics — or rather *commentators* — have framed upon the *defects* of ancient literature. *Durius* is an improper epithet here. — It is expressive of a sensible quality only. — *Pejor* should have been the *comparative* in this place.

In se — Superfluous expletive! This is one of the vices of *Metre*.

Quam

Quam quod — Two adverbs, both monosyllables, and beginning with a double *alliteration* also. — Bald!

Ridiculos homines. — These words ought not to have been joined so close together in the same sentence. — It renders the *scillation* of their terminations offensive to the *Euphonic* ear. Besides, it is quite *ridiculous* to apply that epithet in this place — for poverty may perhaps render a person *contemptible*, but it must be his own fault if it should ever make him *ridiculous*.

Facit. — This is but a poor *make-shift* of a verb, and terminates the sentence weakly. *Reddit* would have been fuller, and more expressive.

110. A critical dissertation on *purpurea nix*, after the manner of commentators:

Purpurea nix, and *purpureæ olores*, are expressions in the classics. It hath puzzled the annotators to account why *snow* or *swans* should assume the epithet of *purple* — and having no other way to *solve* the difficulty, resolved among themselves, that the ancients used to stile all bright colours, *quicquid valde nitens*, purple.

But might not there have been a breed of swans among them of a real purple colour? Or might not this description have been taken from the cygnets, which are generally of a fussy colour, inclining to purple, though *non valde nitens*.

Eric Pontoppidan, bishop of Bergen — not *ap-zoom* — in his learned description of Norway, says, that the north sea is *blue*.

In mare purpureum violentior affluit amnis.

VIRG.

That the ice there is of the same colour, and was stiled by the ancients *cerulea glacies* — and that the *snow* on the tops of their mountains is also *bluish*, and is therefore commonly called *blabren* — that is, of a colour inclining to purple.

I expect

I expect that the republic of letters will acknowledge great obligations to me, for the ingenuity of the above criticism: as I do affirm it to be every way as learned and *material* as many volumes of commentations that, I am sorry to say, I have most stupidly and unprofitably sacrificed too much of my irretrievable and *imputable* time to.

111. To have a respect for ourselves, guides our *morals*; and to have a deference for others, governs our *manners*.

112. A regard to decency, and the common punctilios of life, has been often serviceable in human society. It has kept many a married couple unseparated, and frequently preserves a neighbourly intercourse, where love and friendship both have been wanting.

113. That ridiculous expression, in lord Grimston's play of *Love in a hollow tree*,

“ Let's here *repose* our wearied limbs, till *wearied* more they be,”

may be supported by a passage in Horace, *fatigatum somno* — and by another in *Tibullus*,

Illa meos somno lassos patefacit ocellos.

114. Of all *knaves*, your *fools* are the worst — because they rob you both of your time and temper.

115. It is not the force of friendship, but the prevalence of vice, that makes the moderns so often exceed that admirable rule of the ancients, *usque ad aras* — Carry not your friendships *beyond the altar*.

116. A definition of what are generally stilled bargains, is, The buying a *bad* commodity that you *don't want*, because you can get it *cheaper* than a *good one* when you *do*.

217. The ancient manner of commemorating their gods, heroes, and friends, was by *libations*, not *potations*. — Would it were the same among the moderns. Wine is often better *spilt* than *drank*.

118. Lovers express themselves properly when they

they talk of an *exchange of hearts*. — For this enchanting passion but commutes the characters of the sexes by giving *spirit* to the nymph, and *softness* to the swain, mutually exchanging *courage* and *timidity* with each other.

119. Drink never *changes*, but only *shows* our natures.

120. All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. — An old woman is the only ancient animal that ever is frisky.

121. A moral, in the stile of Seneca :

It is better to do the *idlest* thing in the world, than to sit *idle* for half an hour

122. When a misfortune is impending, I cry, *God forbid* — but when it falls upon me, I say *God be praised*.

123. Courage and modesty are the most unequivocal virtues — because they are such as hypocrisy cannot imitate — and they have this property in common also, that they are both expressed by *the same colour*.

124. The ancients represented Saturn under the character of *Time*, with *wings* on his shoulders, and *fetters* on his feet.

This was to mark the swiftness of it to some, and its slowness to others — according to this line,

O vita ! stulto longa, sapienti brevis.

125. “ There will be two women grinding at the mill — The one shall be taken, and the other “left.” — The miller’s claim to half the corn for grist, from this text, is as good a plea as many of the *pretences* of the church of Rome are supported by.

126. The extravagant encomiums that have been handed down to us from the ancient critics, of many of those authors whose works have been long swallowed up in the gulph of time, and whose names are commemorated only in their commentaries, might make us lament the loss of so much wit, humour, and

and fine writing, as is there pretended, if the fragments of some of them, which, by their being preserved, we may reasonably suppose to have been the choicest parts, did not afford us an opportunity of judging a little for ourselves.

And upon such a *critical review*, I dare say, that a candid reader will think those writings which have happily escaped to us intire, or even maimed, are worth the whole library of those that lie intombed with their authors. Vide *Les jugemens des sçavans*, par M. Baillet, for five volumes of such sort of stuff.

127. One should read both ancient and modern critics with extreme diffidence, upon the subjects of literature. — The difference, nay the contrariety, of opinions, given by persons of equal judgment, capacity and learning, upon the very same work, must surprize us extremely, if we were not to consider critics to be in the same situation with lovers. — Smitten with some features, which another eye might possibly perceive no manner of beauty in, they are apt fondly to impute perfection to the whole.

So that, in one case, as well as the other, the old adage *de gustibus non*, may be affirmed. — And therefore it is not the judgments or the sense of the commentators we have any pretence to reprehend, but their taste, their sympathy, their enivrements, only. — Let us then always judge, taste, or feel, for ourselves, and not be misled by great names.

128. Among the many curious impertinences of the schools, there is none that appears to me so truly ridiculous, as the strife about the *authority* of the works of the ancients. — Is it the *author*, or the *writing* we admire or criticise? But it is still the *authors* we have before us, no matter for their names, when we are commenting upon any work of genius.

I do not care one farthing whether Pisander's or Virgil's manuscript — Macrobius affirms the first — was the original of the second *Æneid* — — or Apollonius of Rhodes the author of the fourth — — Whether one Homer, of *seven cities*, framed the *Iliad* and the

the *Odyssey* intire, or only tacked a parcel of old ballads together and sung them about the streets of

¹ Smyrna, ² Rhodes, ³ Colophon, ⁴ Salamis, ⁵ Chios, ⁶ Argos, ⁷ or Athens, to the title of *The blind beggar-man's garland*.

I do not pretend to say that we have Virgil or Homer before us, when we read those works imputed to them. — But we have certainly *the writers* of them — which is all we need contend for. And I really think that those *scholars*, who affect a precision in this very *immaterial* matter, are not a bit wiser than a very pretty woman, who asked me once, with the sweetest smile imaginable, *Who was the author of Shakespear's plays?*

129. Charles had a sort of philosophy, without reflection, that reconciled him to every thing. Among the other particulars of his life, he was the most contented cuckold too that ever I knew, and could throw *his horns* behind him like a stag darting through a hedge.

130. Scaliger styles *titillation* a sixth sense. — And certainly there is as great a difference, between being *tickled* and simple feeling, as between *taste* and *touch*.

But then the same overstrained philosophy might as well deem the *sea* to be a fifth element, because it differs so much from common water. — For *titillation*, like the briny wave, is but a stronger or more pungent sensation — one of the *taste* the other of the *touch*.

131. Maria was so full of grimace, that she prostituted every feature of her body, but one — and that escaped, only by her not being able to *lie a moment still*.

132. In part of lord Kaim's *Elements of criticism*, he says, that *music improves the relish of a banquet*. — That I deny — any more than *painting* might do. They may both be additional pleasures, as well as conversation is — but are perfectly distinct notices ;
and

and cannot, with the least propriety, be said to mix or blend with the repast, as none of them serve to raise the flavour of the wine, the sauce, the meat, or help to quicken appetite. — But music and painting both add a spirit to devotion, and elevate the ardor *.

133. What a dread of death must some people have, who would rather be *dying* than *dead*?

134. *A toad, fed on the vapours of a dungeon*, is not such a wretch, as a man of sense, who has had the misfortune to be heartily in love with a weak or worthless woman.

Women are apt to be vain of such a conquest; but more, as the poet expresses it, for the *triumph* than the *prize*. — For otherwise, a fool they would count greater gain. They ignorantly flatter themselves, that they have been capable of imposing on men of understanding, when, in truth, it is they who have imposed on themselves, — Their pride will not suffer them to imagine they could ever sustain a passion for a fool: so helping the fair idiot out with their own sense and understanding, they often lend arms against themselves, ere they are aware.

135. Lovers are apt to *hear* through *their eyes*. — But the safest way is to *see* through *their ears*. — Who was it that said *speak*, that I may *see* you?

136. A friend of mine was so conscientious a wencher, that he always compounded with vice, by taking an old mistress — So that though he made an *harlot*, he did not make a *bastard*.

137. Merit, accompanied with beauty, is a *jewel* set to advantage. Quære?

138. *Curat lex* — a motto for a lawyer's coach. *Fiat justitia* — a paragram for an *hangman's* cart.

139. The moral law, without a sanction, is like the English code — a perfect system of constitution,

L 2

on,

* See what *Triglyph* says upon music at meals. — *Triumvirate*, chap. lxxiv.

on, but wanting a sufficient law to put the whole in force.

140. When I see Mrs. ——— and her husband, I think of a monkey fastened to a log, and playing antic tricks.

141. Tom is a mere adjective of society, for he cannot support himself one moment alone — nor is he ever so much as spoken of singly, but is tacked always to others, as Virgil introduces Therfilochus, with a copulative at the end of a line :

————— Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therfilochumque.
Chloreague, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therfilochumque.

142. Modern poets put *too much water* into their ink.

143. Men are like plants. — Some delight in *the sun*, and others in *the shade*.

144. The many, various, and absurd systems of religion, reported from the most ancient histories of the several parts of the world, appear to amount almost to a proof, that there must have been some sort of revelation originally made to our first parents; which, handed down to posterity, by oral tradition, or, at best, by types and hieroglyphics, received such alterations and corruptions, through the mistakes, the weaknesses, or sinister arts of man, as made it terminate in downright idolatry among the ignorant, and in atheism with the learned — *to a certain pitch of error and presumption.*

For had there not been any revelation at all, there would either have been no sort of religion in the world, or a more rational one — For, in that case, it must have been deduced, by tracing effects up to their causes, as far as the philosophy of the age in which this should have happened, might have been able to have reached. — And then — *Deus interfit.* — So that the natural philosopher, and the moral reasoner, both joined in one, must have become a *theist*.

But

But this probably could never have been the origin of religion, for the following reason — That this philosophic research must have happened in later times than those, in which history informs us the many fantastic modes of antient worship had been professed among all the nations of the earth, even the most illiterate, ignorant, and barbarous, who never could have taken up the least notion of religion from their own premises or conclusions.

145. There are two sorts of moral writers. — The one represents human nature in an angelic light, and the other in a beastly one. — The first are generally found among the ancients; and the latter intirely among the moderns — chiefly the French.

They are both wrong. — One argues from the best, and the other from the worst, of our species. Doctor Young has a just sentiment, in his Centaur, which reconciles these different writers —

“ We cannot think too highly of *our natures*, nor too meanly of *ourselves*.”

146. A Montaigniana,
Or a wandering thought, after the manner of Montaigne :

While a man is reading or thinking abstractedly, he is a king for the time — as being quite free from any manner of reflexion regarding his own circumstances. — Indeed, how seldom is it in the day that he *feels* the difference between himself and a king?

Monarchs are unhappier than their subjects. — For use makes state familiar, and the fatigue grows every day more irksome. — Has opulence or grandeur then no advantages? None — but the power of *doing good*.

I have often been surprized that so little of this kind of manufacture is ever wrought by princes, when the very rarity of the work might serve to render their names famous to posterity.

“ And paid a tradesman once, *to make him stare*.”

But away with all ambition, which only affects our *names*, without improving our *natures*.

147. A moral, after the manner of Rochefaucault, and others of that stamp of *immoral* writers, who, in all their philosophic reflections, endeavour to depreciate human nature :

As our bodies are compounded of different elements, so are our minds of various passions. — And as the blending of the former creates the union of body, so is all virtue produced by the balancing or commixing of the several affections and propensities of the soul.

As our bodies are formed of clay, so are even our virtues made up of meanness or vice. — Add vain-glory to avarice, and it rises to ambition. — Lust inspires the lover, and selfish wants the friend. — Prudence is created by fear, and courage arises from madness, or from pride.

148. A reflection, on the *decens et decorum*, in morals :

A friend of mine distrained a tenant's cattle for rent, then took them out of the pound, and put them on his own demesne to graze. The arrear was discharged in a day or two. — The stock was surrendered, but the tenant was charged for their grass.

There appears certainly to be nothing contrary to law or moral, nor the least sort of oppression or extortion in this matter. It was equal to the tenant, whether he had paid for grazing to the landlord, or the pound-keeper. — Then what can it be, that strikes one so strongly with the idea of a difference ?

There must surely be a want of *decency* in this action. — And though it may be, perhaps, too refined a speculation, to trace the subtle connection between them, yet I think that want of *decency* offends, by implying, in some sort, a deficiency of *moral*. It certainly does of that refined moral which Prior hints at :

“ Beyond the fix'd and settled rules

“ Of vice and virtue in the schools,” &c.

If *decorum* be not the *substance* of virtue, it is at least one of its *accidents*. It as an *adjective* which depends.

depends upon some *moral* for its *substantive*. — It is *the round, the full, the fair*, of the great circle *. Or it may be compared to the fine essence of *light* that must have some *solid matter* for its subject, upon which it reflects all the beauty of *colours*.

149. The mind is naturally active, and will employ itself ill, if you do not employ it well. Magicians tell us, that when they raise the devil, they must find him work — and that he will as readily build a church as pull one down.

150. It is in what the world reckon trifles that a good understanding should most employ itself. — Great occasions generally direct their own operations, and but seldom occur — while every day's experience presents you with small cares sufficient to exercise your utmost prudence upon. — Therefore,

“ Think nought *a trifle*, though it small appear —

“ Small sands the mountain — moments make the
“ year. —

“ And *trifles* life. — Your care to *trifles* give,

“ Or you may die — before you learn to live.”

YOUNG.

151. I think that a person may as well be asleep — for they can be only said to dream — who read any thing, but with a view of improving their morals, or regulating their conduct.

152. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge — nor is there any thing so easily attained, or so cheaply purchased — the labour only *sitting still*, and the expence but *time*, which if we do not *spend*, we cannot *save*.

153. If time, like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world — but yet not a full one. — For even this would be such an economy, as the living on a *principal sum*, without making it purchase *interest*.

154. There are three ways of dealing with time — losing it, spending it, or putting it out to *use*.

L 4

Ampliate

* See Prior's tale of Protogenes and Apelles.

Ampliate ætatis spatium sibi, vir, bonus — hoc est Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui. —

155. One of the fathers compares contemplation and action to Rachel and Leah. — The first was *fair-est*, but the latter more *fruitful*.

I am afraid he was not quite *orthodox*, by the wit of his simile.

156. To the many difficult conceits of the ancients, for the *cramp* of wit — such as poems cut out into the shapes of hearts, altars, wings, &c. I would *encumber* literature with a fancy of my own invention — which, if it should once obtain — as, from the *futility* of it, there can hardly be a doubt — may be stiled *the double boutrime* — because the last word in every line is always made to *chime* to the first, throughout the poem — which takes off from the constraint of couplets, and joins the strength of *blank verse*, and the softness of *rhime*, together, in the same line.

Examples.

Love is the pivot, on which all things *move*.

Death is no more than stopping our last *breath*.

With other moral reflections of the same kind.

157. Jack had every merit of a *school-boy* — except *his learning* — and he is now too old to retrieve that article.

158. Miss R — married, only because she had been surfeited with *fornication*, and longed to try the variety of *adultery* a little.

Simple meats become insipid to a vitiated taste — It requires *mixed* sauces to quicken appetite.

159. James supplied the want of *spirit* with the usual succedaneum of *spite*. — Quantum sufficit.

160. Ned had a little spirit of gibe and humour sometimes, that used to render him entertaining enough on particular occasions — but when that vein did not happen to serve him, one might well say that Ned was a dull dog, *without a joke*.

161. Mrs.

161. Mrs. N — was an *insensible* libertine — and intrigued more through *vice* than *passion*.

162. Mr. G — 's house is so *hennelled* with dogs, that one might fancy he lived in a *forest*; and had no other neighbours but *bears*.

163. George has so much *impudence* in him, that, like the *Scythian*, he might be said to be *face all over*.

164. Kitt was master of a kind of *inverted* wit, that consisted in a remarkable *quickness of misapprehension*. — He would often pretend to mistake some one word in a sentence, for any other of a similar sound, and by commenting or running a parody on it, contrive to throw the speaker into an embarrassment.

165. A lie is *desperate cowardice*. — It is to *fear* man, and *brave* God.

166. I never drink ——— I cannot do it, on equal terms with others. ——— It costs them only one day — but me three ——— the first in *finning*, the second in *suffering*, and the third in *repenting*.

167. Sight is by much the noblest of the senses. — We receive our notices from the other four, through the organs of *sensation* only. We hear, we feel, we smell, we taste, by *touch*. But sight rises infinitely higher. — It is refined above *matter*, and equals the faculty of spirit.

168. To put ourselves in other persons places, would obviate a great deal of the jealousies and resentments we are too frequently sensible of toward them; and to put others into ours, would considerably abate the pride and haughtiness of ourselves.

169. *Freethinkers* are generally those who *never think* at all.

170. Sir Isaac Newton used to say, that it was mere labour and patient thinking, which had enabled him to investigate the great laws of nature ——— Hear this, ye blockheads, and go study.

And because I know how much a good example is apt to influence, I will begin a course myself, as soon as I have wrote

FINIS
ESSAIARUM,
SENTIMENTORUM,
CHARACTERIUM,
AT QUE
CALLIMACHORUM.

MEMORABILIA:
OR,
EXTRAORDINARY THINGS,
AND
REMARKABLE SAYINGS,
IN
LIFE, LITERATURE, AND
PHILOSOPHY.

COLLECTED TOGETHER

BY

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, M. N. A.

PART THE THIRD.

SPARSA CORGL.

MEMORABILIA

EXTRAORDINARY THINGS

AND

REMARKABLE SAYINGS

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PART THE THIRD

LEADER 1240

P R E F A C E

GREGORIO Leti wrote as many books as he was years old. Homer divided the Iliad and the Odyssey into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus numbered his books after the muses. And if ever Wilkes should commence an author, he will never stop, probably, till he has published volumes *forty-five*.

From all which premises, I think it must appear pretty plain to the intelligent reader, that *Tria Juncta in Uno* ought to divide his work into three parts, in allusion to his name — which you see I have accordingly done.

And for this reason I make not the least manner of scruple to prefer myself before all and every of the above-named authors — not only on account of my work being so much shorter than any of theirs, but principally in compliment to the number *three*, which you know — or ought to know — to be the completest sum in arithmetic.

To odd numbers, in general, the ancients attributed certain *charms* or *powers* — but *three* stands the foremost of them all — as it is the first that is capable of the act or potency of *multiplication*.

If you would be more deeply learned upon this subject, consult my essay on this same number. — Though I am not quite sure whether I shall afford you an opportunity of doing so, in the course of this work, or no — That will depend intirely upon my having, or not having, sufficient notes to finish this volume without it.

Three was the number of the Graces, the Furies, the Fates, the Syrens, the Gorgons, and the Grææ — those infernal hags, who had but one eye, and one tooth, among them, which they used to borrow, by turns, as they were to *see* company, or *cheer* their cud.

When

When I speak of the Syrens, I only mean the *three* of them that are *now alive* — namely, Aglaop, Pissinóc, and Thelxiop — There had been a fourth among them originally — the dear Parthenopé — my favourite, of them all — They were the daughters of *Melpomené*. — She got them, merely to divert her melancholy — by whom, I really have forgot.

They had been, all four, *maids of honour* to the princess Europa, when the divine bull carried her off. — The chaste, the tender Parthenopé was so shocked at the rape, that she took grief, and died. Her mistress had, happily, a stronger constitution. — Or, possibly, a rape may sometimes offend those who are not ravished, more than those that are.

Geryon had three bodies, Cerberus heads enough for them all; and Solomon as many options. There were *three* *Triumvirates* — Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus — Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus — and Andrews, Beville, and Carewe — This last is formed by one *Triglyph* too.

Apollo had his *tripod*, and Neptune his *trident*. One, two, *three*, and away, was the note for starting at the Olympic races. And the ancients used to call *thrice* upon every corpse, to know if it could *start* any objection to its being interred.

Which naturally leads me to *Hades*, or *Ades*, the old-fashioned region of distribution, according to our good or bad deeds. It consisted of *three* provinces — Erebus, Tartarus, and Elysium — Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. — It had its *three* judges too — Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus — Its *three* rivers also — Phlegethon, Cocytus, and Acheron, — With many other *triads* too numerous and inconsiderable to mention.

In the midst of the above enumerations *tripartite*, it occurred to me to mention the Pope's *triple-crown*, among the rest. — But I supposed that this emblem had its allusion — and I was resolved to restrict myself entirely to *fable*.

With

With regard to the following collection, I think I need not trouble you with any manner of preface about it; for the very title of it sufficiently explains the nature of the design. I thought that a compilation of this kind, might be not only an entertainment to the public, but also, in some instances, improving.

Adieu —

That ye may *thrice* happy be, prays your *thrice* obliged, and *thrice* humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

1. The Commission has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the above-mentioned matter.

T H E
K O R A N.

M E M O R A B I L I A .

1. **Z**OROASTER, says Pliny, was reported to have laughed on the day of his birth. Sir Thomas More laughed in the hour of death. — Which was the most extraordinary?

2. Publius Syrus says, that a woman knows no medium between *loving* and *hating*.

3. There were famous women of all the philosophic sects — but infinitely a greater number are recorded of the *Pythagorean* school — though it enjoined *silence*, and the *keeping of secrets*.

4. John Weaver, in his history of the ancient monuments, published in the year 1630, quotes the following prophecy from an holy anchorite in king Ethelred's time:

“ Englyshmen, for as much as they use to drowne
“ kelewnes, to treason, and to rechelesnes of Goddes
“ hous, first by *Danes*, and then by *Normans*, and
“ attre thirde time by *Scottes*, they shall be overcome.”

5. Monsieur Sainctyon, in his life of Tamerlane, says, that in a certain Persian nation, of the province of *Chouwatsam*, the people are all born with a musical voice; and that the childrens moan or cry in the cradle is perfectly melodious.

This must be owing — for I would always rather account for, than dispute, a thing — to the peculiar situation of the country, which may possibly have the effect of modulating the air. In hilly countries, the elastic spring of that element communicates a certain shrillness, or sharp accent, to whatever sound it reverberates. In Wales, the dogs bark with an *ear-piercing* tone — and perhaps with a *brogue*, as Mrs. Digherty says, in Ireland.

6. The

6. The last words that Nero uttered, after he had *done but justice* on himself, were — O what an excellent harper dies this day!

7. My taylor in London used to let his pipe flow all day, by way of lulling himself with the sound of a *water-fall*.

8. That dukes would be ministers of state! and that coblers should keep holy-days!

9. In the Rabbinical account of the Jewish trials and punishments for adultery, there is one very curious particular:

They gave the woman a potion, composed by the priest, called *aqua zelotypiæ*, or the *water of jealousy*. — If she had been guilty, it poisoned her forthwith — *without benefit of Clergy*. But if innocent, it increased her health and fruitfulness — What fine juggling there must have been here!

And if the husband happened to have been guilty in the same way himself, the draught had no ill effect on the woman, though she had been ever so culpable. — Natural justice, this.

10. The Spanish inns make a charge for *noise* always in their bills, whether you make any or no.

11. The bishop of Beauvois, who succeeded cardinal Richlieu, as premier, in France, proposed to the Dutch, that they should all turn Papists, or be turned out of the alliance with the *grand monarch*.

12. Lewis the fourteenth, *though a king*, rewarded merit, and encouraged literature.

13. The two last letters in *Shibboleth* would be as good a test of an *Irishman*; as the two first were of the *Ephraimites*.

14. The Athenians always cast their children into the sea, that happened to be born with any manner of defect or deformity. — I prefer my own scheme in the *Callimachies* to this. See N^o 58.

15. *Inter se* is an idiom, in the Latin, which signifies, *from each other*; though both the grammar and dictionary of that language would render it, *among themselves* — which is the very reverse.

16. To

16. To Grammarians, linguists, nurses, and philosophers, greeting:

What can be the reason, that all the little children of Great Britain and Ireland universally say *Me*, for *I*? — *Me* love you — *Me* is sleepy — *Me* is hungry, &c.

This cannot be imitation — For the most illiterate parent, nurse, or servant, always say *I*.

17. The ancients have depicted Cupid and Somnus so alike, that they are not to be distinguished, but by their emblems.

Surely they could not mean by this equivocation, that *love* was but a *dream*, which vanishes into air, as soon as we awaken to our senses.

18. The Devil is Milton's hero. — Ovid seems to have been as partial to the *old giants*.

19. Spence, in his *Polymetis*, says, very gravely, that the giants were not so *easily* conquered, *as might have been expected*.

And again, that some poets had described *that affair*, as attended with *more difficulty than they ought*.

20. Spence says also, that Statius describes Minos and Æacus sitting in judgment, to assist Pluto — and adds, *but it must have been only occasionally*.

21. *Adad* was the greatest of the Assyrian gods. — Is this what we mean, when we swear *adad*?

22. Lord Kaims, in his *Elements of Criticism*, hints, that brutes might become rational, if the use of speech was communicated to them. — Pray, are parrots or magpies rational? Women are, we know — but would they be less so, if they spoke less?

23. Androcles was the name of the person who led the tame lion about the streets of Rome. — See the story of it in Aulus Gellius; and believe it, if you can.

24. The expression in Shakespear, of sack and sugar, is not so absurd as it sounds. — Put sugar to sack, and it gives it a brisk, lively flavour, that cures it of that heavy, luscious taste, which it has in its own nature.

25. Sir

25. Sir Isaac Newton was mistaken in his philosophy of vegetables being nourished by moisture. It is only the *vehicle*. — The *pabulum*; or *incrementum*, is received from the earth.

I am sorry that his *postulatum* is not true. — It would have destroyed the assertion of the atheists, that this world was from all eternity. — Had plants taken their augment from moisture, and then perished into earth, there could not have subsisted such an element as water now in nature. Therefore the Mo-
saic history, of the world's having been made *in time*, must have been true.

It might also have suggested a philosophical proof of this world's being finally to be destroyed *by fire*. — For heat will increase, in proportion to the decrease, of moisture.

26. A certain Venetian, a person of polite learning and fine taste, was so struck with the refined difference between Catullus and Martial, in their epigrams, that he used to perform an annual ceremony in his library, on each returning day of Catullus's mortality, in which he sacrificed a volume of Martial's works to the manes of his favourite author.

27. It has been remarked, that men are often most strongly attached to women who have not one valuable, or amiable quality to recommend them — The argument for which must then be, that if a man happens to fall in love *without any reason*; he can never *have any reason* for ceasing to love.

28. George has lately obtained a peerage. — He was little, but would be less — so purchased a title, and became more contemptible.

29. Fish-women cry *Noble Oysters*. — They certainly are full as *noble* as any family blazoned out in Collin's peerage. — If not of as ancient *an house*, of as old *a bed* at least. — And to shew their richness too, *pearls* and they are *congenial*.

30. The deriving of families from ancient times, merely from the sound or similarity of names, as is done in all books of heraldry, puts me in mind of Swift's conceit, in proving the antiquity of *bees*, from
the

the *Hivites*, a race of people mentioned in the Old Testament.

31. The Jews were the first nation upon record who introduced an attention to genealogy. — They had a reason for it, both in their law and in their gospel. — But after the coming of our Saviour one should conclude all such superstition to have been at an end — as St. Paul says, “Neither give heed to fables, and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying.” — And again — “But avoid foolish questions and genealogies.”

32. The Beggar's Opera was written in order to run down the Italian ones. — But it is of late become the object of its own ridicule. — They have so carbonadoed and fritterellied it, that it is now neither one thing nor the other — an English, nor an Italian opera — They are, at length, become allies, and hobble *en pair*.

33. The circumstance of Robert discovering his father, William the Conqueror, at an engagement in Normandy, just as he was going to kill him, their reconciliation in the fight of both armies, &c. would be a fine situation for an affecting tragedy.

34. A friend of Sir Thomas More's offered him the choice of his daughters for a wife. He liked the second one the best, but accepted of the eldest, merely to save her the mortification of having a younger sister preferred before her.

This is a fine story, by way of test, to try the force of sentiment in others. The question happened to be proposed to me once in this way. — I approved of the generosity of the act, but had the modesty to answer it only by saying, that a person ought to be ashamed to differ in opinion from so great a man, in any action of his life.

35. Tacitus gives the character of a man, *magis extra vitiiis, quam cum virtutibus*. — This expression is by no means just, in a strict sense; for it is a vice to be void of virtues. *Dum satis putant vitio, carere, in id ipsum incidunt vitium, quod virtutibus carent,*
says

says Quintilian, who was not only an excellent critic, but a sound moralist.

Tacitus has many beauties in his writing, but would sacrifice any thing to the framing of an *antithesis*. Salust and others among the ancients had the same passion.

36. Locke says, that *wit and judgment* rarely meet in the same person; because that their talents are directly opposite — the first collecting together all ideas which are any way alike — and the latter employed in separating those which in any particular differ.

Methinks there is *more wit* than *judgment* in this remark — For the same quickness which can form an assemblage, is as nimble at distinguishing. — The proverb is not unapplicable here, those *who hide can find*.

37. In the ninth book of Pope's Iliad, there is a note on the 494th line, where I think that both Eustathius and he have mistaken the sense.

When Achilles says that he despises Agamemnon, like a *Carian*, he seems to hint that he must have had as venal a soul as the people of *Caria* — a nation of Bœotia, that used to hire out its troops like the modern Swiss — to think that he could be bribed to battle by the presents he offers. He says just before, *his gifts are hateful* — and immediately after,

Not though he proffer'd all himself possess'd, &c.

The best way of solving the text, is by its own context.

38. Ah! te meæ si *partem animæ* rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror *altera*,
Nec carus æquè, nec superstes
Integer?

Hor. L. 2. Od. 17.

Please to observe here, that Paddy Horace says his friend is *part* of himself: and that if this same *part* should be taken away, the *remainder* — *altera* — would not be the *whole* — integer.

Now

Now if any modern author had written the above passage, would not the *English* critics stile it an *Hibernicism*?

39. There is another passage too in this author, which may likewise be carped at, but that it is not certain whether the error is to be imputed to the writer or transcriber — most probably to the latter, because that so small an erratum would set it right.

————— Quid terras alio calentes.

Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul?

Se quoque fugit?

Lib. 2. Od. 16.

Here the sense is deficient in the first sentence — because the *commutation* is not proposed — and the expression abounds with a pleonasm in the second. — For *exul* comprehends *patriæ*.

But change this last word into *patriâ*, and join it to the first sentence — let us see how it will stand upon this alteration.

————— Quid terras alio calentes

Sole mutamus patriâ? Quis exul

Se quoque fugit?

You see that the deficiency is by this means supplied in the first part, and the abundance rescinded in the latter.

40. Pere Rapin says, very justly, of most of the Italian writers, that they strive rather to say things *wittily*, than *naturally*. — But both French and English authors have frequently the same fault.

Look back to number 35, for the commencement of this vicious stile of writing.

41. The Apollo Belvidere is confessedly the finest statue in the known world. — How could the very ingenious Mr. Spence, in his *Polymetis*, mistake his figure and expression, just after having slain the *Python*, for a simple *Apollo Venator*?

42. Who need ever be vain of a poet's praise, when it is *so notoriously known* that the muses sang a funeral elegy on the death of this same serpent *Python*, slain by Apollo, their very god?

43. In philosophy it is said, that *eunuchs* bear wine better than *men* do. — The philosopher then who claimed the prize of drinking, for being the first drunk, did honour to his gender.

Listen to this, ye jovial country squires, and never boast again of being *able to carry off a greater quantity of liquor* — I think that is the phrase — than other men.

44. St James says, *Count it all joy, when you fall into divers temptations.*

45. By the institutions of Lycurgus, the rigour of the Spartan discipline, both in apparel and diet; was relaxed *in time of war.*

46. There be six things, in physic, stiled *non-naturals* — And what do you think they are? Even the most *natural things in nature* — diet — evacuation — air — exercise — sleeping — and waking.

47. In the Harleian Miscellany, volume the first, and page first — the preamble — there is this expression: — “To shew that when *God* is on our side — neither the power nor the policy of *man*, is able to “do us harm.” — What a deep reflexion! How many volumes of sermons have I seen wrote in the same way!

48. The *capitol* of Rome was so called, because that a *man's* head — which might have been a *woman's*, for aught they knew — the gender does not lie there — happened to have been dug out of the foundation.

From this hint, the Augurs prophesied, that Rome should become the *capital* of the world. — You may see what sort of reasoners priests must have been from the beginning.

Rome was stiled also the *mistress*, not the *master* of the world. — Which seems sufficiently to justify my surmise, above hinted, about *the head.*

49. Madness is consistent — which is more than can be said for poor reason. Whatever may be the ruling passion at the time continues equally so throughout the whole delirium — though it should last for life.

Madmen

Madmen are always constant in love; which no man *in his senses* ever was. — Our passions and principles are steady in phrenzy; but begin to shift and waver as we return to reason.

50. It is an hard case, that the laws should not have made any manner of difference, between *murdering* an honest man, and only *executing* a scoundrel. — I really think that these things should always be rated *ad valorem*.

51. Pliny says, that the crocodile increases in strength to its latest age, and dies in full vigour. — This would be a good poetical simile for *avarice*, which

“ Grows with our growth, and strengthens with
“ our *weakness*.”

52. A lady of my acquaintance told me one day, in great joy, that she had got a parcel of the most delightful *novels* to read, that she had ever met with before. They call them Plutarch's Lives, said she. — I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyship, that they were deemed to be *authentic histories*. — Upon which her countenance fell, and she never red another line in them.

53. A servant maid I had once — her name was not Dorothy * — returned home crying one day, because a criminal, whom she had obtained leave to go see executed, happened to get a *reprieve*.

She had no spleen to the fellow, for he had been condemned only for a rape, nor was she of a cruel nature — but she had lost a *fight*.

54. Ravisius Textor has given us a catalogue of persons *who died laughing*.

55. The Lex Papia forbad men to marry after sixty, and women after fifty.

I think the law was wrong in the first article — because men may have children, long after that age — or their wives may, at least, which answers as well

* See chapter xxxiii. last paragraph but one.

well for the community. — But matrimony is generally thrown away upon any woman after *Wilkes's number*.

To have children, is the only *modest reason* a woman can give for marriage. — And after such *pretence* has ceased, what an indecent thing must it be to see her proceeding to the gratification of her concupiscence, at the very foot of the altar?

56. A watch, or clock, goes the faster for being foul.

57. The famous princess Catharine Sforza, being besieged in a fortress by rebels, was threatened by them to have her children put to death, if she did not surrender the garrison — “Do with them as you please,” said she, “for behold I have a *mold* to cast more.” — So saying, she stepped up on the wall. — I leave the historian to tell the rest. *Hist. des femmes illustres.*

I think that she might have been celebrated for her immodesty, as *Fael* was for her treachery *above women in the tent*.

58. Monsieur Menage, a poet of distinguished eminence in France, always sent a criticism to the press, immediately after every piece he published, to prove that he had not one requisite of a poet in any of his writings, and that he wrote all his verses, *in vitâ Minervâ*, by the mere dint of labour only. — What a caprice!

59. Alecto inspiring Amata with rage, is compared by Virgil to a boy whipping his top.

60. Ask Doctor Smollet what he means in his Travels, by the Genoese, the empress of Russia, and making heaven accountable for the death of Peter the Third — Joan — and the predestination of her son?

61. There are certain fishes, stiled abdominals, that have fins underneath their bellies — which your fishmonger philosophers say prevent their turning on their backs.

This particular, I hear is only true of fishes, but not of those animals *quæ desinunt in piscem*.

62. Diotima, a female philosopher, was the person that initiated Socrates into the *philosophia amatoria*,

ria, which the Platonist afterwards extolled so highly.

63. Theano, another female philosopher, used to advise married women *to lay aside shame with their clothes*.

This *brothel-maxim* is finely reprehended by the chaste Plutarch, who says, that *women ought never to be naked, for when they put off their garments, they should clothe themselves with modesty*.

64. The same Theano told Timæonides, who had often reviled her, that notwithstanding his unkindness, she always spoke well of him — but had the luck still to find that her panegyric had the same fate with his satire — to be equally discredited.

Prior and others have stolen epigrams from this expression.

“ You always speak ill of me,

“ I always speak well of thee. ———

“ But spite of all our noise and pother,

“ The world believes nor one nor t’other,”

PRIOR.

65. I knew a man who was governed by no one principle in the world but fear. — He had no manner of objection to going to church, but lest *the devil might take it ill*.

66. The learned are not yet agreed, whether an olympiad contained four or five years. — The lustre is happily *out of dispute*, and fixed at five.

67. How children become to be marked, before they come into the world, by an impression made only on the sight of the mother, is inexplicable by philosophy. — Nay, philosophy denies the fact, but leaves the *contingency* of it rather a greater mystery.

68. Women entered originally into the Olympic games — but some confusion happening once on their accounts, they were forbidden to appear there for the future, *on pain of death*, if found disguised.

Yet a woman, named Herenice, did afterwards venture her life, for the mere pleasure of wrestling and boxing there — and won the prize.

She could not conceal her triumph: which coming

to the judges ears, they ordered, that thenceforward all athletics should be performed *naked*.

This, my author, who is a joker, says, prevented their entering the *circus* for the future, but made them all crowd to *the ring*.

69. Solon deprived parents of all paternal authority over bastards. — The reason he gave for it is curious — That as they were only fathers *for their own pleasure*, *this should be their only reward*.

Married men seem here to be unfavourably distinguished by Solon — as mere drudges in the vineyard. — I suppose Solon had an ugly wife.

70. Hucheson, in his philosophic treatise on beauty, harmony, and order, *plus's* and *minus's* you to heaven or hell, by algebraic equations — so that none but an expert mathematician can ever be able to settle his accounts with St. Peter — and perhaps St. Matthew, who had been an officer *in the customs*, must be called in to *audit* them.

71. The *pseudomenos*, a problem among the stoics — a quibble merely in words.

72. The *anacampserotes* — *a certain root* — the touch of which is said to reconcile lovers.

73. Lycurgus was the person who collected together all the works of Homer in Asia Minor and brought them into Greece.

Plato would exclude all the poets from his commonwealth. — Observe here the difference between a person who had formed *a real state*, and one who had framed only *an ideal one*.

74. Harmonides, a disciple of Timotheus, asked his master, one day, how he should conduct himself, in order to obtain the prize of music, at a public opera that was then to be performed.

“ If the theatre be thin, said the old fellow, play your best — for the audience may probably be select and judicious. — But to a crowded house, be sure to play as ill as you can — because the multitude have Midas's ears.”

Harmonides, like other young people, asked advice,

vice, which he meant not to take — exerted all his talents — excelled every competitor — lost the prize — and died that very night of the mortification he had received by not taking the old sage's counsel.

75. There is an original necessity in our nature *to determine ourselves*. — Providence has implanted this propensity in us, to prevent suspension of action, where reasons may be wanting, or equipoised.

In the most indifferent cases, we are apt to feel an inclination to favour one side of a question more than the other. — Two men boxing, two horses running, two cocks fighting, two dogs snarling — even two fishwomen scolding — though all equally unknown — one will naturally take part with one or the other. — *We must determine ourselves.*

Two competitors for a crown appear on the theatre of war together. Even their very names shall decide the point, with regard to us, unknowing of their respective titles or merits. — It was morally impossible to have remained indifferent, between Meer Jasseir and Cossim Ally Cawn, two rival nabobs, some time ago. — I vowed fealty to the latter; and my wife, whether through loyalty or perverseness, always took part with the first against us.

And if the strife should happen to be between a man and a woman the respective sexes shall take different sides in the contention — though not always on the part of their respective genders — for women are sometimes partial to a woman, merely because she is one — but oftener to a man, for the same reason. — No matter for the motives — we labour under a *physical necessity of determining ourselves.*

In fine, there is but one struggle between man and woman, in which both men and women equally wish success to one side *only* — to which party I need not say. — For as my readers must be either male or female, I shall refer the decision to their joint concurrence.

76. Brutus was originally a name of contempt, given first to Lucius Junius, by Tarquin, on account of his pretending madness and folly, in order to

escape the notice and jealousy of that tyrant, who had put his father and brother to death.

Virtue can render the meanest name great — and vice turn the greatest into contempt. — Listen, ye plebeians and ye peers!

77. Margaret de Valois, queen of Navarre, was stiled a *tenth* muse, and a *fourth* grace.

78. Solon said, that if *all men* were to cast their misfortunes into one common heap, *every person* would rather take up his own lot again, than accept an equal share with the rest.

This is an odd expression — for as he makes the reflexion *general*, it is as much as to say, in effect, that *every one's* evils were *less* when put in, and *greater* when taken out. This might be true of *some*, but could not possibly be so of *all*.

79. Plato said of Dionysius's court, at his return from Sicily, on his being asked what he observed remarkable there — *Vidi monstrum in natura, hominem bis saturatum in die* — By *saturatum* he meant merely *eating*, not *drinking*.

What would he have said, had he lived in modern times, and seen not only *two meals*, but *two debauches*, in the same day!

80. In the life of Henry Prince of Wales, there is a curious story told, of a speech made by a pope, who silenced a priest for preaching doctrines *contrary to the catholic faith*.

The man defended himself, by saying that he had advanced nothing but the gospel, and the word of God. — To which his *holiness* replied, that this was, in effect, *to subvert the catholic religion*.

81. Tiberius was the person who offered a premium for the invention or contrivance of any new pleasure.

82. Providence has supplied the body with refreshment and medicine, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world — and to our minds he hath given, both for relief and cure, religion, music, and the sciences.

Whether I write the above observation from reflex-

ion.

ion or recollection, I do declare, most ingenuously, that I cannot be certain this moment. — Memorandum that *memory* is apt to *forget*.

83. Ludovicus Jacob says of Pontus de Thiard, who was both a bishop and a poet, that his erudition was too *universal* for the first, and too *profound* for the latter.

84. Balzac said that Virgil had prevented Tasso from being the first epic poet of Italy, but that Tasso had prevented him from being the last.

85. It is reported of Sebastian, a very good Latin poet, that he could seldom avoid speaking in verse, in his common conversation.

In general, warm people, as poets naturally are, speak usually in blank verse — except they stutter.

“ I lisp’d in numbers — for the numbers came.”

86 The Count de Bonarelli, an Italian nobleman, had passed through a regular course of divinity and philosophy, and distinguished himself in both these studies.

He was afterwards taken from those pursuits, and employed by the great duke of Ferrara, in sixteen embassies of state; in all which he acquitted himself with great address, both as a politician and a minister.

He had never written one line of poetry in his life, till he was about threescore years of age; when having retired from public business, he undertook for his amusement, a pastoral poem, which he executed with a same equal to Guarini’s *Pastor Fido* and Tasso’s *Amintai*.

87. The covetous man is poor — but the contented one rich — said Bias the philosopher,

88. Solon built a city in Cilicia, which he named *Soleis*, and peopled it with a colony from Athens; who mixing with the natives of the country, corrupted their language, and were said to *solacise*. — Diogenes Laertius gives us this derivation for the word *solacism*.

89. Simonides, a very sweet Greek poet, was so affected about the nicety of his expression, that being

to mention *mules*, upon some occasion, he stiled them *daughters of mares*. — Upon which Diogenes rallied him, by asking whether they were not *daughters of asses* as well.

90. In Plato's *Phedon*, Socrates says, that while the soul is immersed in matter, *it staggers, strays, frets, and is giddy, like a man in drink*.

There is a passage in the *Psalms*, from whence one must be almost certain he must have borrowed this image — *They reel to and fro, and stagger, like a drunken man, and are at their wits end*. Psalm 107. verse 27.

Here, not only the simile is the same, and the expression almost so — as near as different translations of the same text, *not performed by the Septuagint*, can be supposed to approach — but the very occasions are parallel also. The first describes the state of the soul, under the innumerable of corporeal affections, and the latter speaks of men unassisted by grace.

91. Plato allowed mirth and wine to old men, but forbade them both to young ones. *To be merry and wife*, might have been a proverb deduced from this law.

But Plato's reason was truly philosophic — that while our natural cheerfulness and spirits remain, we should never use incitements. *To spur a free horse*, soon makes a *jade* of him.

92. Antigonus said, *Qui Macedonia regem erudit, omnes etiam subditos erudit*. — *Qualis rex, talis grex*, says somebody else.

This is not always so. It is only what may be stiled a *capable truth*. — Virtue will not be sufficient — for example alone won't do. The king must have both sense and spirit too. He should let all his bounties, honours, and preferments, flow in one chaste channel, and, like heaven, *bribe us* to our good.

93. Is it not an amazing thing, that men shall attempt to investigate the mystery of *the redemption*, when, at the same time that it is propounded to us

as

as an article of faith solely, we are told, that *the very angels have desired to pry into it in vain?*

94. See the character of Francis David Sterne, in the Annual Register for the year 1760, and compare it with the jealous phrenzy of Jean Jacques Rousseau. — The unaccountable caprices of human nature!

95. I asked an hermit once in Italy, how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation? — He replied, that *Providence was his very next door neighbour.*

96. A library.

Plerumque in quâ simulac pedem posui, foribus pessulum abdo. — Ambitionem autem, amorem, libidinem, avaritiam, excludo, quorum parens est ignavia, imperitia nutrix — et in ipso æternitatis gremio, inter tot illustres animos sedem mihi sumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut subindè magnatum me misereat, qui fælicitatem hanc ignorant. HEINSIUS.

In the world, you are subject to every fool's humour. — In a library you can make every wit subject to yours. HENRY AND FRANCES.

97. The mareschal de Bellegarde was a lover, and a favourite of Anne of Austria's, but happened to be discarded upon the following occasion:

When he was taking leave of her majesty, to repair to his command in the army, he solicited her, with an air of passion and mystery, to give him her hand; which after she had, with a blush, some hesitation, and turning aside her head

“ With neck retorted, and oblique regard,”
at length consented to, he applied it immediately *to the hilt of his sword.*

A most stupid piece of old-fashioned gallantry, to be sure. — But observe, at the same time, the unaccountable caprice of woman, in his dismissal.

98. Plutarch has a fine expression, with regard to some woman of learning, humility, and virtue — That her ornaments were such as might be purchas-

ed without money, and would render any woman's life both glorious and happy.

99. Extract — unde nescio.

Adam signifies *earth*, and *Eve* *life*. But not to insist upon Hebrew definitions, man was originally made of the *dead earth* — but woman of the *living man* — therefore, of a more excellent nature. — There are no conclusions so strong as those that are drawn from the *petitio principii*.

100. Another fragment in favour of the sex:

It is remarkable, that as by a woman we were all undone, so by a woman we were all retrieved again.

For as the virgin conceived without the co-operation of man, all the human nature that Christ took upon himself, must have been derived intirely from the feminine gender.

101. The Laplanders have odd notions. They encourage the killing of bears in their country; and have framed this law, that any man who destroys one, shall be exempted from cohabiting with his wife for a week — and so on, *totius quoties*.

102. Heraclitus was the person who first introduced the *burning of the dead*, upon this philosophy, that fire was the predominant principle of all things; and that by such dissolution, the æthereal flame, or soul of man, was better and sooner purified and dis-united from the grossness of matter.

103. The doctors of the Sorbonne, in the year 1550, caused a priest to be deprived of his benefice, for pronouncing the words *quisquis* and *quamquam*, as they are spelled, instead of *kiskis* and *kankam*, as they had reformed them. — Which were the greater fools, they, or the priest?

104. Sophocles has written a tragedy, which consists of but one intire monologue, of a person complaining and lamenting a *fore beel*. See the *Philoctetes*.

105. In the whole Hebrew dictionary there is not one word to express nature or philosophy.

106. Pythagoras was the person who first changed the

the arrogant appellation of *sophos*, or *wise man*, to *philosopher*, or a *lover of wisdom*.

107. What a savage race of men must the ancient Romans have been, who had but one word, *hostis*, in their language, for an enemy and a foreigner?

108. Mr. Hume says, "Can we expect that a government will be well modelled by a people, *who know not how to make a spinning-wheel, or to employ a loom to advantage?*"

109. A good simile — *as concise as a king's declaration of love.*

110. Sir Isaac Newton standing by the side of a quarry saw a stone fall from the top of it, to the ground — "Why should this stone, when loosened from its bed, rather descend, than rise, or fly across? Either of these directions must have been equally indifferent to the stone itself."

Such was his soliloquy; and this the first philosophic reflexion he had ever made. This led him first into considering the nature of gravity, &c. — So that to a mere accident we owe all those deep researches, and useful discoveries, with which he has since enriched the sciences.

111. Plutarch imputes the ceasing of many of the oracles, to the world's being thinner peopled at that time than formerly. — "The gods, says he, would not *deign* to use so many interpreters of their wills, to so small an handful of people."

112. Solon was the person who granted a power to parents of putting their children to death. — Who was it that gave them authority to condemn their daughters to a nunnery?

113. Plutarch commends Attalus for destroying all his own children, in order to leave his wealth and kingdom to his nephew.

One unnatural action induced another. — For Attalus's reason for so doing was, that his brother, the father of that nephew, had left him his heir, in wrong to his own son.

114. Men affect parrots, that disgrace human speech

Speech — and are fond of monkies, that ridicule human action.

115. Great eaters have generally but dull intellects — The dromedary is said to have four stomachs.

116. A very curious and authentic letter has been lately brought to light, from the queen of Scots to Elizabeth — which makes the latter's chastity not to be so problematical a point as general history had left it to us. See the Annual Register for 1759, page 323.

117. See the contrasted character of young Servin, in Sully's Memoirs, for an extraordinary instance in human nature.

118. Mr. Spence, in his *Polymetis*, says, that there must have been a nymph whose name was *Aura* — or Procris could never have conceived a jealousy at the expression of Cephalus, *Aura veni*.

How could a person of his taste, and excellent criticism, possibly make so poor a comment! This passage certainly does not, in the least, prove that there ever *was* such a nymph, but only that Procris *imagined there was*.

Had he remembered Shakespeare, he would have known, that

“Trifles light as *air*, are, to the jealous,

“Confirmations strong,” &c.

119. Mr. Spence is shamefully mistaken in another passage too. He says that the Hamadryads were not reputed by the poets to have been the *souls* of particular trees, but the nymphs of the woods in general.

But these latter were always distinguished by the title of *Dryads*, from whence *Druids*, and the former were only thought to be the lives of trees.

120. The seeing an object distinctly, with one eye, and the not seeing it double, with two, must appear to be an unaccountable circumstance in vision. — The same philosophic question may be applied to hearing.

121. What scolds must women have been deemed from

from the beginning, when all the *familiars*, the *familiars*, or female genii, were stiled Junones?

122. I was acquainted once with a gallant soldier, who assured me that his only measure of courage was this:

Upon the first fire, in an engagement, he immediately looked upon himself as *a dead man*. He then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly regardless of all manner of danger, as becomes *a dead man* to be.

So that all the life or limbs he carried back again to his tent, he reckoned as clear gains — or, as he himself expressed it, *so much saved out of the fire*.

123. A man is shorter, standing up, than lying along. He is certainly near *six lines*, or about half an inch, longer in bed than when up.

124. Peculiarities in Clarke's Latin grammar:

He reckons but seven parts of speech, leaving out the pronoun and participle, and substituting the adjective for both.

He admits only five cases of nouns, rejecting the vocative. — His reason for this is curious. — See the note, page 1.

The order of his cases too stands thus: — Nominative, accusative, genitive, dative, and ablative.

125. About the middle of the thirteenth century, and in the pontificate of Gregory the Ninth, a curious incident happened.

Count Gleichen was taken prisoner, in an engagement against the Saracens, and condemned to slavery. He was employed at work in the gardens of the seraglio, and happened to be taken notice of by the Sultan's daughter. — She found out that he was a person of distinction, conceived a passion for him, and offered to contrive his escape, if he would marry her.

He honestly told her that he had a wife already. — She replied, that she made no manner of scruple of that circumstance, as the custom of her country allowed men a plurality. Upon these terms then they agreed, and had the fortune to get safe together

to Venice. He hastened to Rome, made Gregory acquainted with the particulars of the story, and upon promise to make *Miss Saracen* turn Catholic, obtained a dispensation to keep both wives.

The first wife was so much rejoiced at recovering her husband, upon any conditions, that she acquiesced in the articles, and shewed herself grateful, *in the highest instance*, to his fair deliverer. The story mentions another *unnatural circumstance* also in this matter — that the Saracen had no children, but shewed a mother's fondness toward those of her rival. — What pity that she did not leave some of her breed behind her!

At Gleichen they still continue to shew the *bed* in which they all three used to sleep peaceably together — *which*, for that reason, might more properly be filed *the grave*.

They were all buried in the same tomb, in the church of the Petersberg Benedictines, and lie under a stone, with this epitaph, which the count, who out lived them both, ordered to be inscribed upon it:

“ Here lie the bodies of two rival wives, who
 “ with *unparalleled affection* loved each other as sisters, and me extremely. The one fled from *Malomet*, to follow her husband — the other was
 “ willing to embrace the spouse she had recovered.
 — United by the ties of matrimonial love; we
 “ had, when living, but one nuptial bed; and in
 “ our deaths, only one marble to cover us.”

126. Plato describes two Cupids — a celestial and a terrestrial one. — Perhaps he meant thus to divide the ancient opinion of the two urchins, who are said one to *cause*, and the other to *cease*, love — or, more likely, to distinguish *platonic love* from the *natural one*.

127. Sir Francis Bacon says, the muses are in league together with time, and preserve the privileges of the golden age — Poetry subsists after states and empires are lost. The poet's life unites safety with dignity, pleasure with merit — *I wish I could add profit also* — and bestows admiration without envy. —

envy. — It places a man in *the feast*, and not in *the throng* — in *the light*, but not in *the heat*.

128. It was said, very justly, and refinedly, by a lady, mentioned in one of Swift's letters, that in men, desire begets love — and in women, love begets desire.

129. Quid tam dignum *misericiordiâ*, quam *miser*?

130. Il pensiero stretto, et il viso sciolto, was Sir Harry Wootton's advice through life.

131. In Comus speaking of midnight shout and revelry, upon joyful occasions, Milton justly says, *they thanked the gods amiss*.

132. A man must be born a *school-master*. He must be more or less than man, says Le Sage, in his Bachelor of Salamanca, to preserve his patience.

133. It is surprizing that there should be persons on the face of the earth, who love themselves so little, as to fret at every thing, to be constantly out of humour, and set the whole world against them.

134. I have long ceased to wonder at all the operations of nature, except one. Take a seed of a fruit tree, or a flower, cut it to pieces, or bruise it in a mortar, and you will perceive but one colour in it. Sow another grain of the same kind, and it shall produce flowers or fruits, containing every tint in the rainbow.

The lynx-eyed philosopher may *persuade himself*, that he spies the *future tree*, or flower, in the *present seed* — but he can never *persuade me*, that he sees, or *foresees*, their *future colours* there.

There appears to be something more here, I confess, than mere *second causes* requisite to account for such a phenomenon.

135. In a French book I was reading some time ago, I met with a stupid exercise of wit, of which I give you here a specimen, merely because it is new, in a distich of French verse, wrote in the following manner:

O c---l d--- à m-- c--- d-- f----- f-----,
P--- p----- f----- d-- d----- f-c-----.

Another,

Another, in Latin verse.

O m--- t--- l--- m--- p--- u--- v---,
S-----, e-q----- f--- e--- t--- d----- f---!

Another, in English.

F--- f--- m--- g---, t--- i----- a----- c---;
A--- f--- u----- t---, t--- d----- r-----.

If you have nothing else to do, try to puzzle these out. It will be better than drinking, or falling asleep, or fretting because you have not a thousand pounds a year.

136. The following inscription, taken from Aldersgate, is a conceit of the same kind with the former — but much more foolish, because more ingenious and difficult. The language is Latin.

Qu	an	tris	di	c	vul	stra
os	guis	ti	ro	um	nere	vit.
H	fan	chris	mi	t	mu	la

If you have a turn for riddling, I shall leave you to amuse yourself with the above laborious dulness, after you have dispatched the former *carriety witchets*.

137. I knew a common fellow once who had been born a fool. — He was an excellent labourer, and, *barring accidents*, the best verbal messenger in the country where he lived.

While he was receiving his instructions, he used always to hold one hand on the opposite ear, lest the directions should steal through it — and the instant you had done, he would clap his other hand upon the listening ear, and run off with the story to the person appointed to receive it.

But if, by accident, he happened to fall, or was any otherwise obliged to take off either of his hands from his ears, he immediately lost all remembrance of the message, and would return back, crying for fresh instructions.

138. The best account for the belief of miracles has been given by Gil Blas. — He says, that *the marvellous*

marvellous strikes the imagination; and when once that has been gained over, the judgment has no longer fair play.

139. A curious sentence I once met with. I don't know where — *Mundus ipse, qui ob antiquitatem deberet esse sapiens, semper stultizat, et nullis flagellis alteratur; sed, ut puer, vult rosis et floribus coronari.*

140. *Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia.* — This is a very bad moral, and I wonder how the author of Tully's Offices could suffer it to escape him.

141. Lycurgus, in order to confirm his establishment for ever, took a journey to Delphos, on pretence of consulting the oracle; first obliging the king, senate, and people, in an oath, not to alter the state till his return.

He then retired into voluntary exilement for life. — What a deal of virtue and simplicity must they have had in those days!

142. *Ex sensibus antè cætera homini tactus, deinde gustatus — reliquis superatur à multis — Aquilæ clarius cernunt — Vultures sagaciùs odorantur — liquidius audiunt Talpæ, obrutæ terrâ.* PLIN. Nat. Hist.

143. Maria is the only woman in the world whom smiles become not. She is beautiful when grave, but looks like an idiot whenever she laughs.

If I was her lover, I should be constantly picking of quarrels with her, in order to preserve my constancy — For the maxim of *amantium iræ*, &c. is most peculiarly applicable here.

144. How imperfect must the state of orthography have been, when there was no more difference between the numerals that express *four* and *two* hundred, than Π and Υ !

145. Homer, Hesiod, Æsop, the Seven Wise Masters, as they are stiled, and the Sybils, were all born under the *Assyrian*, called the first monarchy.

146. Had all possible musical tones been exhausted by nature, that she was forced to suffer the raven to croak, the owl to screech, the peacock to scream, and the hog to grunt or squeel?

147. The

147. The Emperor Adrian, who wrote the familiar verses to his soul, and was a person of surprising knowledge and literature, for a king, preferred Cato to Cicero, and Ennius to Virgil.

148. Septimius Severus, the nineteenth Roman emperor; died at York, in Great Britain.

There was something most remarkably amiable in his person. His son Caracalla attempted to slay him, *just after he had declared him his successor*, but was prevented by his guards.

The good old man *resented* only, but *revenged not*, the intended parricide; and retiring into his palace, fell ill immediately and died of grief.

I admire the philosophy in him that *forgave*, but more love the nature in him that *felt*.

149. Constantius, the last of the pagan Roman emperors, and father of Constantine the Great, died also at York.

150. Heliogabalus, though a sad dog, instituted one very *favourable*, and therefore *just*, law — which was, the establishing a *female jurisdiction*, to sit in judgment upon all trials relative to the sex.

I think that such a supplement is much wanted in our own constitution. How can a *female culprit* be said to be tried by her peers, without a *female jury*? But upon all indictments for ravishment, particularly, I would have women only impanelled. — For the business, upon such occasions, ought undoubtedly to be, rather to examine the accuser, than to try the accused.

Now girls often give themselves great airs about being ravished, though nothing might have been farther from their thoughts at the time. They might perhaps have been so, in a *natural sense*, though not in a *legal one* — which is all I pretend to contend for. And how is it possible for a man, or even *twelve men*, to declare upon their consciences, under which of these predicaments the evidence might have laboured?

Women then, most certainly, must be the best judges, in these mysteries of the *bona dea*, and can quicker discover whether the testimony arise from a
spirit

spirit of chastity, of extortion, or extenuation of the juror's own frailty. And a man ought only to be condemned upon the first category. — For if the fact itself should be thought sufficient to convict him, his holiness the pope himself must *infallibly* suffer.

151. In the fourteenth century, one Nicolao Gabrini di Rienzi, one of the lowest of the people of Rome, had spirit and ambition enough to conceive a design of compassing the sovereignty of the city — and without money, friends, alliances, or military force, by the mere dint of oratory and perseverance, he did at length effectually obtain his object, and arrived also to such a pitch of power and influence, as to awe several of the potentates of Europe, and to be admitted an arbitrator of kingdoms.

152. Even so late as near the beginning of the sixteenth century, a certain priest, having met with this passage, in some Greek author, *ὁ νῦν ἐστὶν αὐλὸς* *mens humana immaterialis est*, and finding in his Lexicon, that *αὐλὸς* signified *a flute or pipe*, brought no less than fifteen arguments, in an academical exercise, to prove the human soul to be *a whistle*.

153. Henry the Fourth, emperor of Germany, received the imperial diadem from the hands of pope *Celestine* — who, after he had placed it on his head, while he was on his knees, kicked it off again with his *sacred toe*, to shew his authority over the kings of the earth.

154. The Jews sent legates to Oliver Cromwell to know whether he was not the true Messiah.

155. Pope Julius the Second was reading the Bible, when an account was brought him of his troops being beaten by the French. — Upon which he threw down the book on the floor, out of resentment to the partiality of Heaven.

156. The name of *France* is a reproach to the nation. It was derived from a people who were denominated *Frances*, from the remarkable spirit of liberty for which they had been distinguished.

But after they had so poorly succumbed to arbitra-

ry sway, the ancient name of Gaul would better have become them — and the *dungbill*, not the *game-cock* should be their *ensign*.

157. Stephen Barthorius, a king of Poland, said, that God had reserved three things to himself — the power of creation, the knowledge of future events, and *the dominion over our consciences*.

158. The Romans were a wicked people in their public policy, though virtuous in their private morals. They made use of the basest, most oppressive, and most cruel methods of aggrandizing their empire — by subjecting all their neighbours to the yoke first, and then, by the help of slaves of their own making, extending their tyranny over the rest of the world. The *punica fides* of the Carthaginians was never so great, as the faithlessness and treachery of the Romans.

159. Ancient Rome rendered herself *mistress* — which is worse than *master* — of the world, under her consuls, by the same methods that she continued so afterwards under her popes.

The good of the commonwealth was the former pretext — and *the good of the church*, was the latter one. — These being their first principles, to which all others were to be subordinate, whatever vice, falsehood, or oppression, that could favour either of these dominions, was considered as *public virtue*, or *pious fraud*.

160. It was lucky, and worthy of remark, that just when the Greek and Roman story had risen to the highest pitch of *personal* heroism, glory, virtue, and example — and that history had been in full possession of the facts — their *languages* should fall suddenly into corruption and decay, by the destruction of their empires, so as to become *dead ones*.

It is by this means that they have obtained to become classical studies, and we read their authors universally, or *universally*, at least, with pleasure and improvement — which it had been impossible to have done, had those tongues, like the living ones, continued still to have been altered, commixed, or enriched,

ed, and so have become obsolete, as they must have done, long before the æra when they were first established as a study in the European colleges.

161. Boyle, in his *Seraphic Love*, says, "Our Saviour is so *near* unto God, that he might well have said, *I and the Father are one*."--- By which he seems to have thought; that Christ spoke only *figuratively* in such expressions.

Boyle had studied the Scriptures, both as a commentator and divine.--- Nay, in the beginning of the twentieth section of this very work, he expressly says, that he had taken some "pains in the study of *controversial divinity*."

His abilities were great, and his sense of religion warm --- so that, both as an enthusiast and a theologist, he would probably have delivered himself more *Athanasianly*, if he had not been restrained, both as a metaphysician and an expositor.

162. Lewis the Thirteenth took particular notice of De Retz, afterwards cardinal, for his generosity and virtue in placing a girl in a convent, who had been sold to him by her mother; as also for his bravery in desiring his antagonist to take up his sword again, which he had dropt, on his foot slipping, in a duel with him.

The attending to such instances of magnanimity and virtue, in private life, is the being *a king*. This is the only way that a *monarchy* can be said to be preferable to a *common-wealth*.

As this is the most charming prerogative with which princes are endowed, I am surprized that they are not fond of exerting it oftener than they do, during their *abundant leisure*. --- For, like Lucretius's gods, they generally leave the affairs of the world to take care of themselves, under the agency of but *second-best causes* --- or the direction of *chance*, not *choice* --- and their ministers take care, or don't take care, of all the business of state, without ever troubling them --- till after it is done --- or *undone*.

163. Doctor Young said, that Pope *bad put Achilles into petticoats again* ----- alluding, I suppose,

to his first disguise among the daughters of Lycomedes, and to the fetters of rhyme.

164. What has surprized me most in history, is to read of so few kings who have abdicated their thrones --- Not above a dozen or two at the most!

165. I shirted myself this morning the moment I got out of bed. --- There happened to be a large pier glass just before me, which *exposed me* to myself, stark naked. I had never, in all my life, seen such a sight before.

I am subject to reflections, and stood, for near a minute, philosophizing on my figure, with my arms *a kembo*, resembling, both in shape and complexion, one of your new-fashioned brown Dutch tea kitchens --- but alas! without *a salamander*.

Upon a close scrutiny on all my parts, I could fairly account for every inch, member or circumstance about me, except my *nipples*. --- The horse, the bull, the ram --- not even the *baboon*, which comes nearest to man --- have them not. --- No other male animal of the creation is incumbered with such parts, as actually appear to be of no more use to me than they are to the *lady mothers*, mentioned in chapter xxxiii.

166. A solution of the three riddles mentioned in number 135 :

O ciel! donne à mon cœur des forces suffisantes,
Pour pouvoir supporter des douleurs si cuisantes.

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!

Fear first made gods, the impious atheist cries ---
And fear unmade them, the divine replies.

You can easily see the contrivance of it. --- The initials only of each word are set down, and *a dot* made for every letter in it.

I here make a present of this mystery to the public, for the benefit of *the press*. It will be a much better method of *designing* names that one dares not *print out*, than the common way of A ---, B ---, &c.

As for example: ——— Suppose you had been abusing a corrupt minister, till you were tired ——— but indeed, right or wrong, they are all abused — and then were to conclude your spite, with saying, the man I mean is S ———, how readily might one mistake this for *Sandwich*? But were it wrote thus, S ———, the obloquy would be obviated — nor would the candid public suffer malignity to avail itself of the old quibble *b non est litera* — while the decypherer would soon end the dispute, by construing it into *Sejanus*.

167. An explanation of the inscription, in number 136:

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit,
Hos sanguis Christi miro tum munere lavit.

By comparing these two passages together, you may see how artfully the middle line of the former is made up from parts of the first, which serve equally to answer to the fragments of the latter. ——— *Difficiles nugæ.*

168. Female vanity. — Even Minerva the goddess of wisdom, is said to have cast away her pipe, upon being told by her maids of honour that it used to discompose her features — and would never suffer herself to be served, as all the other goddesses had so notoriously been, for fear of spoiling her shape.

169. A friend of mine once had conceived a particular aversion to persons who had been born with red hair. He carried this strange prejudice to an extravagant length. — He used to say, that he could never confide in a friend or a mistress of this complexion — for that the men were false, and women frisky.

An instance or two of this kind had determined his philosophy, with as much reason as the jockey, in an old story, had for the reverse ——— who having once met with a good horse, who happened to be cropt-eared, pronounced that cropt-eared horses were naturally good ——— A barber too recommended white-basted razors from the same experience.

Red hair is only a sign — if it be any sign at all ———
of

of warm or lively affections ; and operates according to the ruling passion, of love, religion, ambition, play, revenge, &c. --- which differs equally both in men and women of all complexions. --- And I have always found more virtue in *warm* affections, than in *lukewarm* ones. --- *Warm passions* may be *tempered*, but *cold ones* can never be brought to *feetb*.

170. In the *Passion*, painted by Michael Angelo, the Virgin is finely described, according to her peculiar circumstances ---- though certainly most absurdly, under the general idea of such a situation.

She stands unmoved, and looking on the sufferings of her Son, without grief, without pity, without regret, without tears --- because she is supposed to have known that the event was to be finally happy.

What different opinions must a Christian and a Mussulman form of this piece ?

171. Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono;
Quod verum atquè decens, curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum. HOR. Epist.

I met lately with the following lines, which are, in sense, and almost in words, the very same with the former :

Hic igitur versus, et cætera ludicra pono :
Quod verum, atquè bonum est, inquirò, et totus in hoc sum.

The author of the latter lines was not quoted, in the passage from whence I have taken them --- which was the Lemma to the Idyllia of Theocritus, translated by Creech. So that I cannot determine which might have been the plagiarist, by comparing their different æras.

Is not this a precious morsel for the critics ? Let me conjecture about it. My opinion is, that Creech meant to have quoted Horace ; and his memory failing him, he might have supplied the verse out of his own head --- as is frequently the case, in repeating without book.

My reason is this --- Creech translated Horace, though

though badly; but must certainly have remembered the above passage in him --- and I cannot suppose that he would have taken worse lines to the same purpose from any other writer.

Now the *verum*, atque *bonum*, in the latter distich, are, in strictness of philosophy, the same thing. --- But there is a beautiful distinction between the *verum* atque *decent*, in the first lines. Horace joins *manners* with *morals*, and adds *good-breeding* to *virtue*.

Perhaps the anonymous lines above quoted may be in Lucretius --- I have read but little of him --- from whom Horace is said to have borrowed not only his principles of the Epicurean philosophy, but to have taken several passages out of his writings --- among which this may possibly be one, that he has improved.

Creech translated both of these authors, and might naturally be supposed to have been partial to the one which he had the best success with.

172. *As obstinate as a pig in an entry.* This would have been a fitter simile for Homer to have applied to Ajax or Diomedes --- Which is it? for I will not take the trouble to look, though the Iliad lies now on my table.

Madame Dacier defends the allusion to the *ass*, in such a way as deserves not a serious answer. --- She had much better have agreed with Horace, and have ranked that simile under the head of

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

173. Aristotle's Art of Poetry is the best esteemed piece of criticism among the ancients. How came he to excel both Horace and Vida, though better poets, and who had also the advantage of studying him before they wrote?

Because they only copied him --- but he had copied nature. --- All his rules, as Pere Rapin says, are but *nature methodized*, or *reason reduced to art*.

174. Some of the altitudes or depths of philosophy, are, to *doubt our senses*, to *discredit our own existence* and to require *impossible demonstrations* for *self-evident propositions*.

N

175. The

175. The philosopher, I think it was Des Cartes, who, after a world of deep reflexion, said, *Cogito, ergo sum*, might as well have said *dubito*, at first, and have deduced his *ergo* from thence at once. — For, in this case, *to doubt, is to be certain*.

176. See the account of the plays, stiled the *Mysteries*, described in the preface to Don Quixote.

Cervantes ridicules penances and priestcraft throughout — but knows not where to stop. — The whipping of Sancho, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and the twitching and pinking him, for the resurrection of Altisidora, are prophane allusions.

In the latter manœuvre, when one of the executioners pinches his face, he cries out, *your fingers smell of vinegar*. — “ And they gave him a sponge, dipt in vinegar, to drink.”

In his last volume, chapters xvii. and xix. he has a stroke at the church, who will not redeem or absolve gratis, as their master did. Why slept the holy inquisition all this while?

177. I have seen whole volumes wrote against the *real presence*, to prove that *matter* was not capable of *ubiquity* — and as many more, *not to prove* that it was.

This is the way that libraries are filled! or rather stuffed. — I approve greatly of Master Triglyph's scheme for one, in chapter xcv. of the Triumvirate — though possibly my own works might have been excluded from it.

178. By the cannon law, if a cardinal be accused of fornication, there must be a *septuagint* of witnesses to prove it — So that he must kiss a girl at the *market cross*, at least, to be convicted. — How many more would be requisite to convict a pope?

179. Socrates has framed an allegory, for pleasure, as allied to pain: that resembles Scriblerus's description of the Lindamira-Indamora. — For though ther faces are turned different ways, there is no enjoying one, without communicating with the other.

180. Sir Francis Bacon — It is enough just to mention his name only, to shew how well intitled he

was to remembrance here — both on account of his greatness and littleness,

“ The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

181. The ancient philosophy *materialized spirit*, and the modern, in order to be even with it, has *spiritualized matter*. — What extremes are men liable to run into, who depart one *line* from common sense!

182. We ridicule the Irish, for saying *kilt*, for *killed*. — But their authority bears no less a name than Spenser.

183. *Tam deest avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.*

184. *Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!*

Digne puer meliore flammâ.

HOR. Lib. 1. Od. 27.

How was it possible for Horace, or no Horace, to be guilty of such a confusion of *figure*, as to say that a person was *drowning*, in one line, and worthy of *a better flame*, in another?

This was going through *fire and water* for a metaphor, with *two* witnesses.

185. Among the unaccountable deliriums of human nature, there was a man, mentioned in ancient history, who fancied that he had got some of Aristophanes' frogs! his belly, crying *Brecé ekex, coax, oop, oop*.

186. “ ———— when, O dire omen!

“ I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,

“ Just where the fatal tale was interwoven,

“ How the unhappy Theban slew his father.”

ORPHAN.

What had the fatal tale of Oedipus to do with the peculiarity of Chamont's situation? If he must have a *dire omen* — though I see no reason for any imagery here at all — he had better have framed his allusion upon the Roman story,

Where the infatuate brother slew his sister,

for this he was fierce enough to have done himself, had he found her guilty.

187. Dr. Russel says, that a woman may have milk, without being pregnant, or having had a child.

188. I am in possession of a faculty, at any time I please, of communicating a sensible pleasure to myself, without action, idea, or reflexion: by simple volition, merely. — The sensation is in a degree between feeling and titillation, and resembles the thrilling which permeates the joints of the body, upon stretching and yawning.

189 Crabs, lobsters, toads, serpents, and other animals, have been found inclosed alive, and in full vigour, in compact oak, and in solid stone.

So that it appears, there are creatures formed by nature for respiration, which yet can subsist, without air, in a preternatural state.

Were I to have limited myself solely to such extraordinary mysteries in natural philosophy as these, I could have supplied this part of my work intirely, without having applied to any other resort. But I thought that a greater variety, under the general head of *Memorabilia*, might have been more amusing to my readers.

However, I think that I have furnished the speculation of the curious with instances sufficient, in this latter class, to hint to infidels, that the common and obvious course of nature comprehends not all the powers of Providence.

Qui studet, orat.

This I have said, somewhere, before — but it can never be too often repeated by

Your affectionate humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

FINIS
MEMORABILIMUM.

A
POLITICAL
ROMANCE.

Addressed to ———, Esq. of York.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little Piece was written by Mr. Sterne in the Year 1759, but suppressed for private Reasons. As it is taken Notice of in his Life, and was perhaps the first Emanation of that Genius that has since so much amused and delighted the Public, we are happy in being able now to add it to this complete Edition of the Author's Works.

Late Parson,
Parson of the Parish,
John the Clerk,
Trim,
Mark Slender,
Lorry Slim,
William Doe,

Abp. H-RR--G.
Abp. H-TT-N.
Dean of York. FOUNT--N.
Dr. T-PH-M.
Dr. BRAITH--T.
LAWRENCE ST--NE.
Mr. BIRDM--E.

Village, YORK.

POLITICAL ROMANCE.

To — — —, Esq.

S I R,

IN my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of sending and proving we have had of late, in this little village of ours, about an old cast pair of black plush-breeches, which John our parish clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one Trim, who is our sexton and dog-whipper. — To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a good deal of the shifty behaviour of the said master Trim — and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain, could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented. —

Now, though you do not say expressly you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity; and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as the true cause of all this uproar amongst us — which does not take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches; but on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it. — To understand which, you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble was not betwixt John the parish clerk and Trim the sexton, but betwixt the

the parson of the parish and the said master Trim, about an old watch-coat that had hung up many years in the church, which Trim had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve Trim but he must take it home, in order to have it converted into a warm under-petticoat for his wife, and a jerkin for himself against winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right; — the parson was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime — for no sooner did the distinct words — petticoat — poor wife — warm — winter, strike upon his ear — but his heart warmed — and before Trim had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul. — But, Trim, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish-matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose, or, if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not — you must have a week or ten days patience, till I can make some inquiries about it — and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve Trim in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was by making some sort of recompence for a multitude of small services which Trim had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way. — For all these

reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve Trim in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if any one had a claim to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raise a clamour in the parish. These inquiries were the things that Trim dreaded in his heart — he knew very well, that, if the parson should but say one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some other reasons not necessary to be told you at present, Trim was for allowing no time in this matter — but, on the contrary, doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-house — plagued the whole family to death — pressed his suit morning, noon, and night; and, to shorten my story, teased the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the side of master Trim, produced its natural effect on the side of the parson, and that was a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his study, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over Trim's behaviour throughout — he was just saying to himself — it must be so — when a sudden rap at the door put an end to his soliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia-list — and he had come with a groat in his hand to search the parish-register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen — then shutting the study-door, and taking down the parish-register — who knows, says he, but I may find something here about this self-same watch-coat? He had scarce unclasped the book, in saying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted; fairly wrote

wrote in the first page, pasted on the inside of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in question, in these express words—Memorandum. “The great watch-coat was purchased and given above two hundred years ago, by the lord of the manor, to this parish-church, to the sole use and behoof of the poor sextons thereof, and their successors for ever, to be worn by them respectively in winterly cold nights in ringing complines, passing-bells, &c. which the said lord of the manor had done in piety to keep the poor wretches warm, and for the good of his own soul, for which they were directed to pray, &c.” Just heaven! said the parson to himself, looking upwards, what an escape have I had! give this for an under-petticoat to Trim’s wife! I would not have consented to such a desecration to be Primate of all England—nay, I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my tithes.

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops Trim with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms—I say, under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to shew the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good families subsisting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation which this unexpected stroke of Trim’s impudence impressed upon the parson’s looks—let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description—as well as all power of proper resentment—except this, that Trim was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his business, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely.—Against this hour, like a wise man, the parson had sent to desire John the parish-clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth,

and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a-year in the township, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was such a one, of whom it might be said, that he rather did honour to his office, than that his office did honour to him — him he sends for, with the church-wardens, and one of the sidersmen, a grave, knowing old man, to be present — for, as Trim had with-held the whole truth from the parson, touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the same thing to others. Though this, I said, was wise, the trouble of the precaution might have been spared — because the parson's character was unblemished — and he had ever been held by the world in the estimation of a man of honour and integrity. — Trim's character on the contrary, was as well known, if not in the world, at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettifogging, ambidextrous fellow — who neither cared what he did or said of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I said, have made any precaution needless — but you must know, as the parson had in a manner — but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his first entrance among his parishioners, which would have disabled him from doing them the good he wished —, so that out of regard to his flock, more than the necessary care due to himself, he was resolved not to lie at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to —

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearsed, from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of John the parish-clerk, and in the presence of Trim.

Trim had little to say for himself, except “that the parson had absolutely promised to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased.”

To this the parson's reply was short, but strong, “that nothing was in his power to do but what he could

would do honestly—that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the next sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place—that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promising that coat was charity to Trim, but wrong to no man—that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: and he declared solemnly “in verbo sacerdotis,” that this was his meaning, and was so understood by Trim himself.”

With the weight of this truth, and the great good sense and strong reason which accompanied all the parson said on the subject——poor Trim was driven to his last shift—and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by promise, at least by servitude—it was well known how much he was intitled to it upon these scores: “that he had black’d the parson’s shoes without count, and greased his boots above fifty times—that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions—whetted the knives at all hours—caught his horse, and rubbed him down—that, for his wife, she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale.”——To this account of his services, he begged leave to add those of his wishes, which, he said, had been equally great—he affirmed, and was ready, he said, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, “he had drank his reverence’s health a thousand times (by-the-bye he did not add, out of the parson’s own ale)——that he had not only drank his health, but wished it, and never came to the house but asked his man kindly how he did—that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile to ask a cunning woman what was good to staunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb.

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in his breeches-pocket. Nay, says Trim, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that strong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a closestool — and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witness, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." Trim concluded this pathetic remonstrance, with saying, "He hoped his reverence's heart would not suffer him to requite so many faithful services by so unkind a return: — that if it was so, as he was the first, so he hoped he should be the last example of a man of his condition so treated." — This plan of Trim's defence, which Trim had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than a general smile — Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be said *pro* and *con*, on both sides, being fairly heard, it was plain that Trim, in every part of this affair, had behaved very ill — and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the course of this debate to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in his parish, that John his parish-clerk — his church-wardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels. — Upon the upshot, Trim was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At first, Trim huffed and bounced most terribly — swore he would get a warrant — that nothing would serve him but he would call a bye-law, and tell the whole parish how the parson had misused him; but cooling of that, as fearing the parson might possibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught he knew, might send him to the house of correction, he lets the parson alone, and to revenge himself, falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I — rips up the promise of the old — cast — pair of black — plush — breeches; and raises an uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had slept ten years — but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other light but as

an artful stroke of generalship in Trim to raise a dust, and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone. —

If your curiosity is not yet satisfied — I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the same exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat.

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when John was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this said Trim took no small pains to get into John's good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which John had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing — Trim only begg'd, for God's sake, to have them bestowed upon him when John should think fit to cast them. —

Trim was one of these kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

John, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty of promising the breeches than the parson had done in promising the great coat; and indeed with something less reserve — because the breeches were John's own, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to say unluckily, but I should rather say most luckily, for Trim, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about some six or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt the late parson of the parish and John the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but Trim) had put it into the parson's head, "that John's desk in the church was at the least four inches higher than it should be — that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inasmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself." — This hardship the parson complained of loudly, and told John, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer — and would have it altered, and brought down as it should be." John made no other reply, but

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but, " that the desk was not of his raising: —
 " that 'twas not one hair-breadth higher than he
 " found it — and that as he found it, so he would
 " leave it. — In short, he would neither make an
 " encroachment, neither would he suffer one." —
 The late parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not humility — so that John's stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters. — This was Trim's harvest.

After a friendly hint to John to stand his ground, away hies Trim to make his market at the vicarage. — What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable; so shall content myself with only guessing at it from the sudden change that appeared in Trim's dress for the better — for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the church yard, clad in a good charitable cast coat, large hat, and wig, which the parson had just given him. — Ho! ho! hollow John, cries Trim, in an insolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl — see here, my lad, how fine I am! — The more shame for you, answered John seriously — Do you think, Trim, says he, such finery gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well? — Fy upon it, Trim, I could not have expected this from you, considering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you — how many shillings, and six-pences, I have generously lent you in your distresses. — Nay, it was but the other day that I promised you these black plush breeches I have on. — Rot your breeches, quoth Trim (for Trim's brain was half turn'd with his new finery) rot your breeches, says he, — I would not take them up were they laid at my door — give them, and be d—d to you, to whom you like — I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parson's any day in the week — John told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his insolence in giving them away to another — but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favours of that
 that

that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the same services, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

Here John mentioned Mark Slender (who it seems the day before had asked John for them) not knowing they were under promise to Trim — “ Come, Trim, “ says he, let poor Mark have them — you know he “ has not a pair to his a — : besides, you see he is just “ of my size, and they will fit to a T; whereas if I “ give them to you, look ye, they are not worth much; “ and besides, you could not get your back-side into “ them, if you had them, without tearing them all to pieces — Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true; for Trim, you must know, by foul feeding, and playing the good-fellow at the parson’s, was grown some what gross about the lower parts, *if not higher*; so that, as all John said upon the occasion was fact, Trim, with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at last, out of mere compassion to Mark, *signs, seals and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER IN AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION. — All this renunciation was set forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to Mark’s nakedness — but the secret was, Trim had an eye to and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloth, and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down — which, by the-bye, could he have wheedled John a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches seven-fold.

Now, you must know, this pulpit-cloth and cushion were not in John’s gift, but in the church-wardens, &c. However, as I said above, that John was a leading man in the parish, Trim knew he could help him to ’em if he would — but John had got a surfeit of him — so, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were

were taken down, they were immediately given (John having a great say in it) to William Dce, who understood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor Mark lived to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possession of Lorry Trim, an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn — in truth; as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But Lorry has a light heart, and what recommends them to him, is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that Trim, let him say what he will to the contrary, still envies the possessor of them, and, with all his pride, would be very glad to wear them after him.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years — and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking-bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that Trim met and insulted John in the public town-way before a hundred people — tax'd him with the promise of the old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding Trim's solemn renunciation — twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cushion — as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding very insolently, that he knew not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that Trim had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours, who remembered the whole affair — and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going to take his leave of Trim forever. But hold — the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having Trim tried upon the spot.

Trim was accordingly tried, and, after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's —

Trim,

Trim, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbours together by the ears, about an old ——— worn-out ——— pair of cast ——— breeches not worth half a crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling but what you have snapped up like a greedy hound as you are. —

In the first place, are you not sexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church-linen which brings you in thirteen shillings and four-pence; and then you have six shillings and eight pence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Easter — the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a-year, you have got that too — you are the bailiff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have six pounds a-year, paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the parish. "Aye, (says the luckless wight above-mentioned who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on,) you are not only mole-catcher, Trim, but you catch STRAY CONIES too in the dark, and you pretend a licence for it, which I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter-sessions." I maintain it, I have a licence, says Trim, blushing as red as scarlet — I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. You catch conies! says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except Trim, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.

I am,

Sir, yours, &c. &c.

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who I expected would have called upon me in his return thro' this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me — I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) Trim had met with so thorough a rebuff from John the parish-clerk, and the town's folks, who all took against him, that Trim would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since Trim sallied forth again, and, having borrowed a sower's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again — alledg'd that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog, not by John the parish-clerk, for I should not, quoth Trim, have valued him a rush single hands — but all the town sided with him, and twelve men in buckram set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth Trim, there were two misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green, who lay all the while in ambush in John's own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together — a plague, says Trim, of all cowards.

Trim repeated this story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack-brain'd and that he actually believed what he said.

After this Trim dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a fresh dispute about the reading desk,
which

which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the *late* parson and John, some years ago.

— This reading-desk, as you will observe, was but an episode wove into the main story by-the-bye, for the main affair was “ the battle of the breeches and the great coat.”

However, Trim being at last driven out of these two citadels——he has seized hold, in his retreat, of this reading desk, with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out obstinately enough, and, had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the great watch-coat, you see he did not run away;—no,—he retreated behind the breeches, and when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading desk. To what other hold Trim will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson’s boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that Trim will once more in his life get hold of the parson’s horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him; but, as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that when he is driven out of the reading desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *close-stool*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If Trim should make this movement, by my advice, he should be left, besides his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where ’tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as Trim seems bent upon *purging* himself, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation — Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand Trim has actually made behind the said desk: “ Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before

before my Lord Mayor, that John and his nineteen men in *buckram*, have abused me worse than a dog; for they told you that I play'd fast and go loose with the *late* parson and him in that old dispute of theirs about the reading-desk, and that I made matters worse between them, and not better."

Of this charge Trim declared he was innocent as the child that was unborn — that he would be book-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover insinuated, that John himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him — Aye, Trim, says the wight in the plush breeches, but that was, Trim, the day before John found thee out. Besides, Trim, there is nothing in that; for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knowest well, that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover gave thee a good warm supper for turning John Lund's cows and horses out of my hard corn close, which, if thou hadst not done, (as thou told'st me,) I should have lost my whole crop; whereas John Lund and Thomas Patt, who are both here to testify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyself was the very man who set the gate open — and after all, it was not thee, Trim, 'twas the black-smith's poor lad who turned them out — so that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not sustain this unexpected stroke — so Trim marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of honour whatever. — Whether after this Trim intends to rally a second time — or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory — none but Trim himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that in three several pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been so *trimm'd* as never disastrous hero was *trimmed* before.

RIGHT HONORABLE
LORD APSLEY,
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR
OF ENGLAND.

LETTERS

THE Editor of the following Letter is to Mr.
LORD APSLEY, and contains a full relation of a
very singular and interesting case.

FROM

THE Editor of the following Letter is to Mr.
LORD APSLEY, and contains a full relation of a
very singular and interesting case.

YORICK to ELIZA.

My dear Eliza,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.
and am very glad to hear from you. I am well
and hope these few lines will find you the same.
I have not much news to write at present, but
I thought I would mention a few things that
have happened since we last parted.

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.
and am very glad to hear from you. I am well
and hope these few lines will find you the same.
I have not much news to write at present, but
I thought I would mention a few things that
have happened since we last parted.

THE EDITOR

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD APSLEY,
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR
OF ENGLAND.

MY LORD,
THE Editor of the following Letters, is so far from having tasted your Lordship's bounty, that he is, and perhaps ever must remain, a stranger to your person, consequently no adulation is to be apprehended from him.

He leaves it the weak and oppressed, the widow and orphan, to proclaim your Lordship's virtues in your public capacity; that which he would celebrate is of a private nature, namely, your filial affection, which is so conspicuous, that he flatters himself a Volume of Letters written by such a person as Mr. STERNE, in which your noble father is placed in a light so truly amiable, cannot fail of engaging your Lordship's gracious acceptance and protection—in this hope, and upon this foundation, he presumes to dedicate these papers to your Lordship, and to have the honour of subscribing himself,

My Lord,
your Lordship's
most obedient,
and most humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

P R E F A C E

THE foul and infamous traffic, between dishonest booksellers, and profligate scriblers, which has subsisted for more than a century, has justly brought posthumous publications under suspicion, in England, France, and more especially in Holland: ministers of state in every European court, great generals, royal mistresses, authors of established reputation, in a word, all such as have had the misfortune to advance themselves to eminence, have been obliged to leave behind them parcels of letters, and other memoirs, of the most secret and important transactions of their times, in which, every fact beyond the information of a news-paper or coffee-house chat is so faithfully misrepresented, every character delineated with such punctual deviation from the truth, and causes and effects which have no possible relation, are with such amazing effrontery obtruded upon the public, that it is no wonder if men of sense, who read for instruction as well as entertainment, generally condemn them in the lump, never, or very rarely, affording them the honour of a perusal, — the publisher of these letters, however, has not the smallest apprehension that any part of this well grounded censure can fall to his share; he deals not in surprising events to astonish the reader, nor in characters (one excepted) which have figured on the great theatre of the world; he purposely waves all proofs which might be drawn concerning their authenticity, from the character of the gentleman who had the perusal of the originals, and, with Eliza's permission, faithfully copied them at Bombay in the East Indies; from the testimony of many reputable families in this city, who knew and loved Eliza, caressed and admired Mr. Sterne, and were well acquainted with the tender friendship between them, from many curious anecdotes in the letters themselves, any one of which

were fully sufficient to authenticate them, and submits his reputation to the taste and discernment of the commonest reader, who must, in one view perceive that these letters are genuine, beyond any possibility of doubt, — as the public is unquestionably entitled to every kind of information concerning the characters contained in these letters, which consists with the duties of humanity and a good citizen, that is, a minute acquaintance with those of whom honourable mention is made, or the publisher is furnished with authorities to vindicate from Mr. Sterne's censures, which as a man of warm temper and lively imagination, he was perhaps sometimes hurried into without due reflection, he persuades himself that no party concerned, will or can be offended with this publication, especially if it is considered that without such information it would be cold and unenterprising; that by publishing their merits he cannot be understood to intend them any injury, and without it, he would in himself fail in his duty to the public.

— Eliza, the lady to whom these letters are addressed, is Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq; counsellor at Bombay, and at present chief of the English factory at Surat, a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe — she is by birth an East Indian; but the circumstance of being born in the country not proving sufficient to defend her delicate frame against the heats of that burning climate, she came to England for the recovery of her health, when by accident she became acquainted with Mr. Sterne, he immediately discovered in her a mind so congenial with his own, so enlightened, so refined, and so tender, that their mutual attraction presently joined them in the closest union that purity could possibly admit of; he loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became presently his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, her children were his; his fortune, his time, his country, were at her disposal, so far as the sacrifice of all or any of these might, in his opinion, contribute to her real happiness.

ness. If it is asked whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never transported him to a flight beyond the limits of pure platonism, the publisher will not take upon absolutely to deny it; but this he thinks, so far from leaving any stain upon that gentleman's memory, that it perhaps includes his fairest encomium, since to cherish the seeds of piety and chastity in a heart which the passions are interested to corrupt, must be allowed to be the noblest effort of a soul fraught and fortified with the justest sentiments of religion and virtue. — Mr. and Mrs. James, so frequently and honourably mentioned in these letters, are the worthy heads of an opulent family in this city: their character is too well established to need the aid of the publisher in securing the estimation they so well deserve, and universally possess, yet, he cannot restrain one observation; that to have been respected and beloved by Mr. Sterne and Mrs. Draper, is no inconsiderable testimony of their merit, and such as it cannot be displeasing to them to see published to the world. — Miss Light, now Mrs. Stratton, is on all accounts a very amiable young lady — she was accidentally a passenger in the same ship with Eliza, and instantly engaged her friendship and esteem, but being mentioned in one of Mrs. Draper's letters to Mr. Sterne, in somewhat of a comparative manner with herself, his partiality for her, as she modestly expressed it, took the alarm, and betrayed him into some expressions, the coarseness of which cannot be excused. Mrs. Draper declares that this lady was entirely unknown to him, and infinitely superior to his idea of her: she has been lately married to George Stratton, Esq; counsellor at Madras. — The manner in which Mr. Sterne's acquaintance with the celebrated Lord Bathurst, the friend and companion of Addison, Swift, Pope, Steel, and all the finest wits of the last age, commenced, cannot fail to attract the attention of the curious reader: here, that great man is social and unreserved, unshackled with that sedulity in supporting a feigned character which exposes most of his rank to the contempt of

wise men, and the ridicule of their valet de chambre ; here he appears the same as in his hours of festivity and happiness with Swift and Addison, superior to forms and ceremonies, and, in his eighty-fifth year, abounding in wit, vivacity and humanity : methinks, the pleasure of such a gentleman's acquaintance resembles that of conversing with superior beings ; but it is not fit to dwell longer on this pleasing topic, least it should anticipate the reader's pleasure in perusing the letter itself. One remark however it suggests, which may be useful to old men in general, namely, that it appears by his Lordship's example, the sour contracted spirit observable in old age, is not specifically an effect of years, altho' they are commonly pleaded in its excuse. Old men would therefore do well to correct this odious quality in themselves ; or, if that must not be, to invent a better apology for it. It is very much to be lamented, that Eliza's modesty was invincible to all the publisher's endeavours to obtain her answers to these letters : her wit, penetration and judgment, her happiness in the epistolary style, so rapturously commended by Mr. Sterne, could not fail to furnish a rich entertainment for the public. The publisher could not help telling her, that he wished to God she really was possessed of that vanity with which she was charged ; to which she replied, that she was so far from acquitting herself of vanity, that she suspected that to be the cause why she could not prevail on herself to submit her letters to the public eye ; for altho' Mr. Sterne was partial to every thing of her's, she could not hope that the world would be so too. With this answer he was obliged to be contented ; yet cannot reflect without deep concern, that this elegant accomplishment, so peculiarly adapted to the refined and delicate understandings of ladies should be yet so rare, that we can boast of only one Lady Wortley Montague among us ; and that Eliza, in particular, could not be prevailed on to follow the example of that admired lady. The reader will remark that these letters have various signatures ; sometimes he signs Sterne, sometimes Yorick,

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Yorick, and to one or two he signs her Bramin. Altho' it is pretty generally known who the Bramins are, yet least any body should be at a loss, it may not be amiss to observe, that the principal cast or tribe among the idolatrous Indians are the Bramins, and out of the chief class of this cast comes the priests so famous for their austerities, and the shocking torments, and frequently death, they voluntarily expose themselves to, on a religious account. Now, as Mr. Sterne was a clergyman, and Eliza an Indian by birth, it was customary with her to call him her Bramin, which he accordingly, in his pleasant moods, uses as a signature. —

It remains only to take some notice of the family, marked with asterisks, on whom Mr. Sterne has thought proper to shed the bitterest gall of his pen. It is however evident, even from some passages in the letters themselves, that Mrs. Draper could not be easily prevailed on to see this family in the same odious light in which they appeared to her perhaps over zealous friend. He, in the heat, or I may say, hurry of his affection, might have accepted suspicious circumstances as real evidences of guilt, or listened too unguardedly to the insinuations of their enemies. —

Be that as it may, as the publisher is not furnished with sufficient authorities to exculpate them, he chuses to drop the ungrateful subject, heartily wishing, that this family may not only be innocent of the shocking treachery with which they are charged, but may be able to make their innocence appear clearly to the world; otherwise, that no person may be industrious enough to make known their name.

L E T T E R S

F R O M

Y O R I C K t o E L I Z A.

ELIZA will receive my books with this — the summons came all hot from the heart; I wish that could give them any title to be offered to yours; the others came from the head — I am more indifferent about their reception —

I know not how it comes, but I am half in love with you — I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you — so adieu.

Yours faithfully,

if not affectionately —

L — S — NE.

ICANNOT rest Eliza, tho' I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do — may thy dear face smile as thou risest, like the sun of this morning! I was much griev'd to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed to at not being let in — "Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician;" — the etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise; no matter, delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines — I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven, when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and will be glad to see thy

Nine o'clock.

BRAMIN.

IGOT thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I din'd; and where I was heard (as I talk'd of thee for an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three several times; and tho' he is now in his eighty-fifth year,

year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend, to my fair Indian disciple; and to see her eclipse all other Nabobesses as much in wealth, as she already does in exterior, and (what is far better) in interior merit — I hope so too.

This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table. —

The manner in which his notice of me began was singular, as it was polite: he came up to me one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court — “ I want to know you, Mr. St—ne; but it is fit you should also know who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard,” continued he, “ of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Pope's and Swift's have sung and spoken so much: I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have surviv'd them; and despairing ever to find their equals, 'tis some years since I clos'd my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again; but you have kindled a desire in me to open them once more before I die, which I now do — so go home and dine with me?”

This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy! for at eighty five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty — a disposition to be pleas'd, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which, a man of learning, courtesy and feeling —

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us — and a most sentimental afternoon till nine o'clock, have we pass'd! But thou, Eliza, was the star that conducted and enlighten'd the discourse! and when I talk'd not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warm every thought I utter'd! for I am not ashamed to acknowledge, I greatly miss thee — best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained all night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words — assuredly does heaven give strength proportion'd to the weight it lays upon us — Thou hast been bow'd down, my

child, with every burden that sorrow of heart and pain of body could inflict on a poor being — and still thou tell'st me thou art beginning to get ease, thy fever gone — thy sickness, the pain in thy side, vanishing also —

May every evil so vanish, that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens her fears for a moment. — Fear nothing, my dear; hope every thing, and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted —

And so thou hast fix'd thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing desk, and will consult it in all doubts and difficulties; — Grateful good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency —

Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time, how worthy of thee!

Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in; thou leavest me nothing to require, nothing to ask, but a continuance of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roses come quick back to thy cheek, and the rubies to thy lips! but trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he is the good feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale poor dejected face, with more transport than he wou'd be able to do in the best bloom of all thy beauty — and so he ought. I pity him — he must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art —

I am glad Miss Light goes with you, she may relieve you from many anxious moments. —

I am glad too, that your shipmates are friendly beings — you cou'd least dispense with what is contrary to thy own nature, which is soft and gentle. Eliza, it wou'd civilize savages; tho' pity were it, thou should'st be tainted with the office —

How

How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter ! 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reasons you excuse it. —

Write to me, my child, only such; let them speak the easy chearfulness of a heart that opens itself any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust —

Such, Eliza, I write to thee, and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe; for I am all that honour and inclination can make me.

Thy

BRAMIN.

I WRITE this, Eliza, at Mr. James's whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl his wife is writing beside me to thee —

I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner; 'tis melancholy indeed my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness; thou art encompassed with evil enow, without that additional weight — I fear it will sink thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovering — Heaven supply thee with fortitude! we have talk'd of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, the whole afternoon. —

Mrs. James and the Bramin have mixed their tears a hundred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces: 'tis a subject that will never end between us — Oh, she is good and friendly!

The * * * by heaven are worthless; I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name. — How cou'd you, Eliza, leave them (or suffer them to leave you rather) with impressions the least favourable? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life; yet still, thou told'st Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately loved thee — her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness. — For God's sake write not

to them, nor foul thy fair characters with such polluted hearts, — They love thee! — What proof? — Is it their actions which say so? or their zeal for those attachments which do thee honour, and make thee happy? Or their tenderness for thy fame? — No; but they weep, and say tender things. —
— Adieu to all such for ever. —

Mrs. James's honest heart revolts against the idea of even returning them one visit. I honour her, and honour thee, for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality to an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right, which arises only out of that fund of affection I have, and shall preserve for thee, to the hour of my death —

Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee: think, whether I can have any which proceed not from the cause I have mentioend?

I think you a very deserving woman, and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know.

I wish I cou'd inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge (tho' to me it has never been visible) because I think in a well turned mind it will produce good effects. —

I probably shall never see you more; yet flatter myself you will sometimes think of me with pleasure, because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourself — I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast — 'tis now out —
So adieu; heaven watch over my Eliza. Thine,

YORICK.

TO whom shou'd Eliza apply in her distress, but to the friend that loves her: why then, my dear do you apologize for employing me?

Yorick would be offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he cou'd execute — I have been with Zumps — and first, your piano forte must be tuned from the bass middle string
of

of your guitar, which is C. — I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of pliers to twist your wire with ; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort to thy hopes !

I have bought you ten handsome brass screws to hang your necessities upon : I purchased twelve, but stole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin at Coywauld — I shall never hang or take my hat off one of them but I shall think of you — I have bought thee moreover a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended upon than brass for the globe —

I have wrote also to Mr. Abraham Walker pilot at Deal, to acquaint him that I had dispatched these in a packet directed to his care, which I desired he would seek after the moment the Deal machine arrives — I have moreover given directions to him, what sort of an arm chair you wou'd want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal cou'd afford, and to take it with the parcel in the first boat that went off. — Would I cou'd, Eliza, thus supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes ! it would be a state of happiness to me —

The journal is as it should be, all but its contents — Poor dear patient being ! I do more than pity you ; for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy as I figure to myself your distresses ; — Do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of * * *, there was a cause, and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one, and indeed cannot ; but adieu to the ungrateful subject —

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James ; she loves thee tenderly and unfeignedly ; she is alarmed for thee ; she says thou lookest most ill and melancholly on going away ; — she pities thee — I shall visit her every Sunday while I am in town —

As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell ! may the God of kindness, be kind to thee, and approve himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless ! and for thy daily comfort bear in thy mind this truth, “ that whatever measure of sorrow
“ and dullness is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee
“ in

“ in a full measure of happiness, by the Being thou
 “ hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend”——Fare-
 wel Eliza ; while I live, count upon me as the most
 disinterested and warm of earthly friends.

YORICK.

My dearest Eliza,

I BEGIN a new journal this morning : you shall see
 it, for if I live not till you return to England, I
 will leave it you as a legacy : 'tis a sorrowful page,
 but I will write chearful ones ; and could I write
 letters to thee, they should be chearful ones too, but
 few (I fear) will reach thee — however, depend upon
 receiving something of the kindly every post, till thou
 wavest thy hand, and bid'st me write no more ——

Tell me how you are, and what sort of fortitude
 heaven inspires thee with : how are your accommo-
 dations, my dear ? — Is all right ? — Scribble away
 any thing, and every thing to me.

Depend upon seeing me at Deal with the James's,
 should you be detained there by contrary winds.——
 Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you,
 could I be the means of rendering you any services, or
 doing you any kindness ——

“ Gracious and merciful God, consider the an-
 “ guish of a poor girl —— strengthen and preserve
 “ her, in all the shocks her frame must be exposed
 “ to : she is now without protector but thee ; save
 “ her from all the accidents of a dangerous element,
 “ and give her comfort at the last. ——”

My prayer, Eliza, I hope is heard, for the sky
 seems to smile upon me as I look up to it ——

I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's,
 where I have been talking of thee these three hours
 — she has got your picture, and likes it ; but Mariot
 and some other judges agree, that mine is the better,
 and expressive of a sweeter character ; but what is
 that to the original ? —— Yet I acknowledge her's a
 picture for the world, and mine only calculated to
 please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philoso-
 pher. ——

In

In the one you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine; in the other, simple as a vestal, appearing the good girl nature made you; which to me conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness than Mrs. D—p—r habited for conquest in a birth-day suit, with her countenance animated, and “dimples visible”——

If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than common care, the day you sat for Mrs. James’s; your colour too brighten’d, and your eyes shone with more than their usual brilliancy——

I then requested you to come simple and unadorn’d when you sat for me, knowing (as I see with unprejudiced eyes) that you cou’d receive no addition from the silk-worm’s aid, or jeweller’s polish——

Let me now tell you a truth, which I believe I utter’d before——when I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and a very plain woman——

The mode of your dress (the fashionable) disfigured you——but nothing now cou’d render you such, but the being solicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one——

You are not handsome, Eliza——nor is your’s a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders——

But you are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor ever was there, nor will there be, that man of sense, tenderness and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not or will not be your admirer and friend in consequence of it; that is, if you assume or assumed no character foreign to your own, but appear’d the artless being nature design’d you for—a something in your voice and eyes, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of:——but it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of *nice sensibility* alone can be touch’d with——

Was your husband in England, I wou’d freely give him five hundred pounds (if money cou’d purchase the

the acquisition) to let you only sit by me two hours in the day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey — I am sure the work wou'd sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told —

I would not give nine-pence for the picture of you that the — have got executed; it is the resemblance of a concerted made-up coquette — your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter, the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly inspired by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other, owing to the attitude of the head; which is a proof of the artist's or your friend's false taste.

The * * *s verify the character I once gave, of teasing and sticking like pitch or bird-lime —

— Sent a card that they wou'd wait on Mrs. * * * on Friday. —

She sent back she was engag'd —

— Then, to meet at Ranelagh to night; she answer'd, she did not go —

She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance, which she is resolv'd to drop at once. —

She knows them; she knows they are not her friends or your's, and the first use they wou'd make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. —

Let her not, then, let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee than thou art to thyself: she begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them — 'twill give her, and thy Bramin too, inexpressible pain — Be assured, all this is not without reason on her side; I have my reasons too, the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon —

I said, I wou'd never more mention the name to thee; and had I not received it as a kind of charge from

from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word —

I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best, and most endearing of girls: a peaceful night to thee; my spirit will be with thee thro' every watch of it.
— Adieu.

My dear Eliza,

OH! I grieve for your cabin; and fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee, — nothing so pernicious as white lead — Take care of yourself, dear girl, and sleep not in it too soon, 'twill be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy —

I hope you will have left the ship, and that my letters may meet and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise to Deal — When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order — the first eight or nine are number'd, but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee — but thou wilt find them out by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefix'd to them: when they are got together in chronological order, sew them together under a cover — I trust, they will be a perpetual refuge to thee from time to time, and that thou wilt (when weary of fools and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them and me —

I have not had power, or the heart to aim at enlivening one of them with a single stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better, and what you will feel more suited to your situation — a long detail of much advice, truth and knowledge. —

I hope too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart in every one of them, which speak more than the most studied periods, and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick, than all that labour'd eloquence cou'd supply — Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them, and upon me.

“ May poverty, distress, anguish and shame be
“ my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent
“ the knowledge of me.” —

With

With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee —

I would not mislead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee in the opinion of a single individual; for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears —

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may stile, and think your's; tho' sorry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake —

Money and counters are of equal use, in my opinion; they both serve to set up with — I hope you will answer this letter; but if thou art débarr'd by the elements which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee, and knowing it is such an one as thou would'st have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's —

Honour and happiness, and health and comforts of every kind sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls! —

I will live for thee and my Lydia, be rich for the dear children of my heart, gain wisdom, gain fame and happiness, to share them with thee and her in my old age —

Once for all, adieu; preserve thy life steadily, pursue the ends we proposed; and let nothing rob thee of those powers heaven has given thee for thy well being —

What can I add more in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last post-man's bell; but recommend thee to heaven, and recommend myself to heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation:

“That we may be happy and meet again—if not
“in this world, in the next.”

Adieu; I am thine affectionately, Eliza, and everlastingly.

YORICK.

My dear Eliza,

I Think you could act no otherwise than you did with your young soldier; there was no shutting the
the

the door against him, either in politeness or humanity —

Thou tell'st he seems susceptible of tender impressions, and that before Miss L—t has sailed a fortnight he will be in love with her —

Now I think it a thousand times more likely, that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza, because thou art a thousand times more amiable —

Five months with Eliza, and in the same room, and an amorous son of Mars besides, "It no can be "Maffer."

The sun if he could avoid it, wou'd not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial, I never heard they were polluted by it — Just such will thine be my dearest child, in this and every such situation as you will be exposed to, till thou art fixed for life. —

But, thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors —

Surely by this time, something is doing towards thy accommodation — but why may not clean washing and rubbing do, instead of painting your cabin as it is to be hung — Paint is so pernicious both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you so much longer too out of possession of your apartments, where I hope you will pass some of your happiest hours —

I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew with which thou must behold them;—so was you know who, from the same fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when — but I will not mortify you — if they are decent and distant, it is enough, and as much as is to be expected; if any of them are more, I rejoice —

Thou wilt want every aid, and 'tis thy due to have them —

Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies; — good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them — Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this and every other deadly trial!

Best

Best of God's works! farewell — love me I beseech thee, and remember for ever, I am, my Eliza, and ever will be, in the most comprehensive sense,
Thy friend,

YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the Cape de Verd Islands — 'twill reach me some how —

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone the voyage to India for another year; for I am firmly persuaded within my own heart, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time —

I fear that Mr. B—, has exaggerated matters — I like not his countenance; it is absolutely killing; — should evil befall thee, what will he have not to answer for: I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity, or that I shall hate more; he will be an outcast alien; in which case I will be a father to thy children, my good girl; therefore take no thought about them —

But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill, still put off all thoughts of returning to India this year — write to your husband — tell him the truth of your case — If he is the generous humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct. — I am creditably informed, that his repugnance to your living in England arises only from the dread which has enter'd his brain, that thou mayest run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he must discharge them —

That such a creature should be sacrificed for the paltry consideration of a few hundreds, is too, too hard!

Oh! my child, that I could with propriety indemnify him for every charge even to the last mite that thou hast been of to him! with joy would I give him my whole subsistence! nay, sequester my livings, and trust to the treasures Heaven has furnished my head with, for a future subsistence —

You owe much, I allow to your husband; you
owe

owe something to appearances and the opinions of the world; but trust me, my dear, you owe much likewise to yourself; return therefore from Deal if you continue ill: I will prescribe for you gratis — you are not the first woman by many, I have done so for with success —

I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you in pursuit of health to Montpelier, the wells of Bancois, the Spa, or whether thou wilt; thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to you —

We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinth of its vallies; and then thou shouldst warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee — “I’m lost, I’m lost;” but we would find thee again, my Eliza —

Of a similar nature to this was your physician’s prescription: “Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France or milder Naples, with the society of friendly gentle beings.”

Sensible man! he certainly entered into your feelings; he knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature whose illness has arisen from the affliction of her mind. — Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthusiastic a votary to the charming goddess deserves —

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself —

There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress.

— Well have you supported that character, my amiable philosophic friend! and indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby’s widow —

I don’t mean to insinuate, hussy, that my opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman’s; nor do I believe it possible for any Trim to convince me it is equally fallacious; I am sure while I have my reason it is not.

Talking

Talking of widows — pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself —

— My wife cannot live long — she has sold all the provinces in France already; and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself —

'Tis true, I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five; rather too great a disparity this! but what I want in youth I will make up in wit and good humour.

Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect — all those names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza.

Tell me in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal; and that you would (like the Spectator's mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper, than in associating with the gay, the voluptuous and the young —

— Adieu, my Simplicitia.

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

My dear Eliza,

I HAVE been within the verge of the gates of death: I was ill the last time I wrote to you, and apprehensive of what would be the consequence — My fears were but too well founded; for in ten minutes after I dispatch'd my letter, this poor fine spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning — I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it: it came, I think, from the heart — I fell asleep, thro' weakness, at six, and awoke with the bosom of my shirt steep'd in tears —

I dream'd I was sitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou cam'st into the room with a shawl in thy hand, and told me; "My spirit had
" flown to thee to the Downs with tidings of my
" fate, and that you was come to administer what
" consolation filial affection could bestow, and to
receive

"receive my parting breath and blessing." — With that, you folded the shawl about my waist, and kneeling, supplicated my attention —

"I awoke; but in what a frame, Oh, my God! — But thou wilt remember my tears, and put them all into thy bottle — Dear girl, I see thee; thou art for ever present to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort —

And when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as utter'd by thee, perpetually ring in my ears. —

"Bless me even also, my father" —

Blessing attend thee, thou child of my heart — My bleeding is quite stopp'd, and I feel the principle of life strong within me — so be not alarm'd, Eliza, I know I shall do well —

I have eat my breakfast with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleasure arising from that prophetic impression in my imagination —

"That all will terminate to our heart's content" — Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion, "That the best of beings" (as thou sweetly hast express'd it) "could not by a combination of accidents, produce such a chain of events, merely to be the source of misery to the leading person engaged in them." —

The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly express'd: I wish my memory did justice to the wording of it —

Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza? You absolutely have exalted it to a science — When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters as *Finish'd Essays*, by an *Unfortunate Indian Lady*! — The stile is new, and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit; but their sense, natural ease and spirit, is not to be equal'd, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I'll answer for it, by any of your countrywomen in your's. —

I have show'd your letter to Mrs. B —, and to half the literati in town: you shall not be angry with me

me for it, because I meant to do you honour by it. —

You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gain'd you, that never view'd your external merits — I only wonder where thou could'st acquire thy graces, thy goodness, thy accomplishments! so connected! so educated! Nature has surely study'd to make thee her peculiar care; for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the best and fairest of all her works —

And so, this is the last letter thou art to receive from me, because the Earl of Chatham (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs, and the wind (I find) is fair — if so, blessed woman, take my last, last farewell! Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee. — Adieu, adieu, and with my adieu, let me give the one straight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms, but I concenter it in one word.

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu once more, Eliza; may no anguish of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face till I behold it again; may no doubt or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children, for they are Yorick's, and Yorick is thy friend for ever. —

Adieu, adieu, adieu —

P. S. Remember, that "Hope shortens all journies by sweetening them;" so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning thou ariseth, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it — Blessings rest, and Hygeia go with thee. May'st thou soon return in peace and affluence to illumine my night; I am, and shall be the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate and hail thy return. —

Fare thee well. —

F I N I S.

